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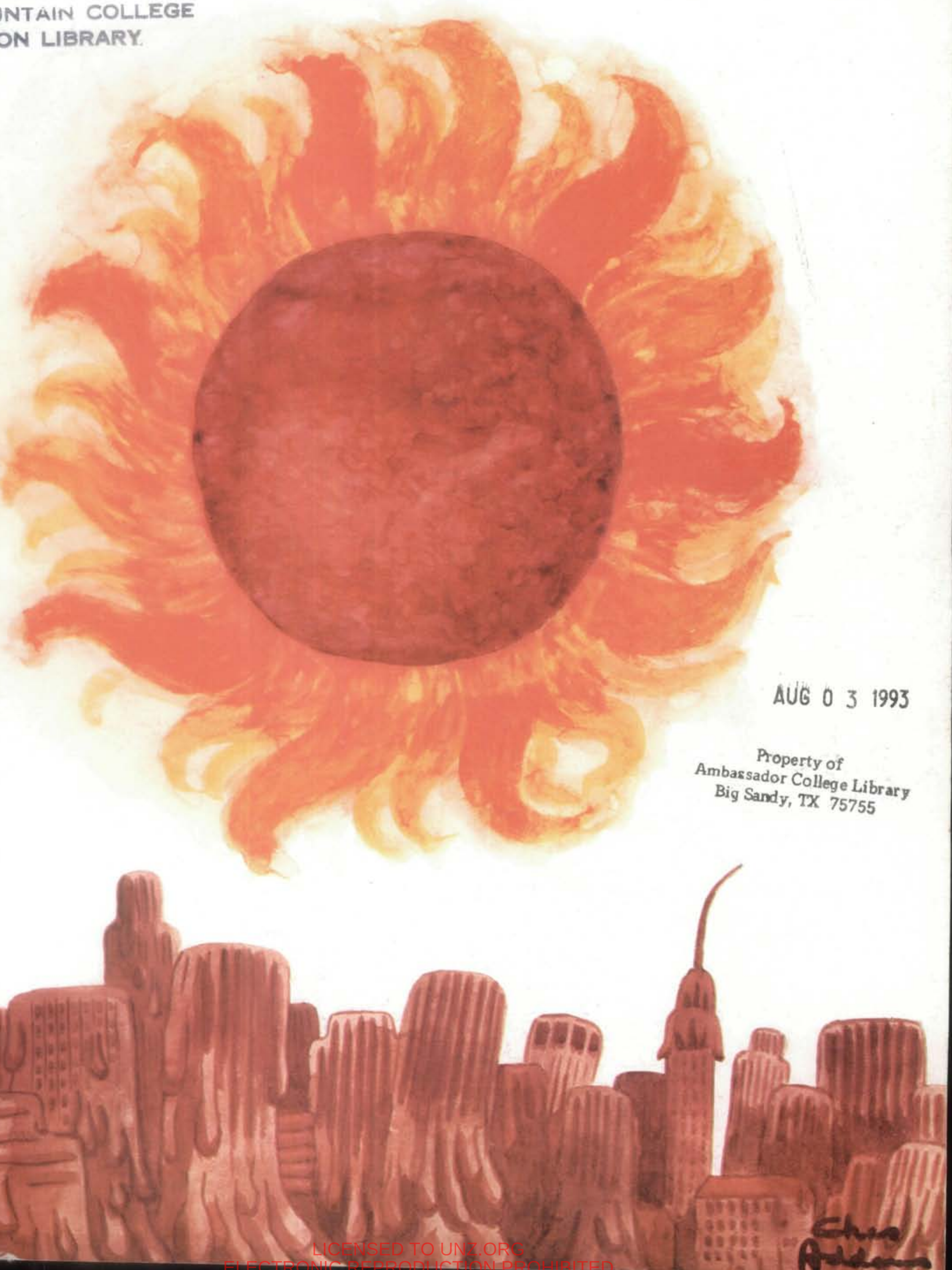

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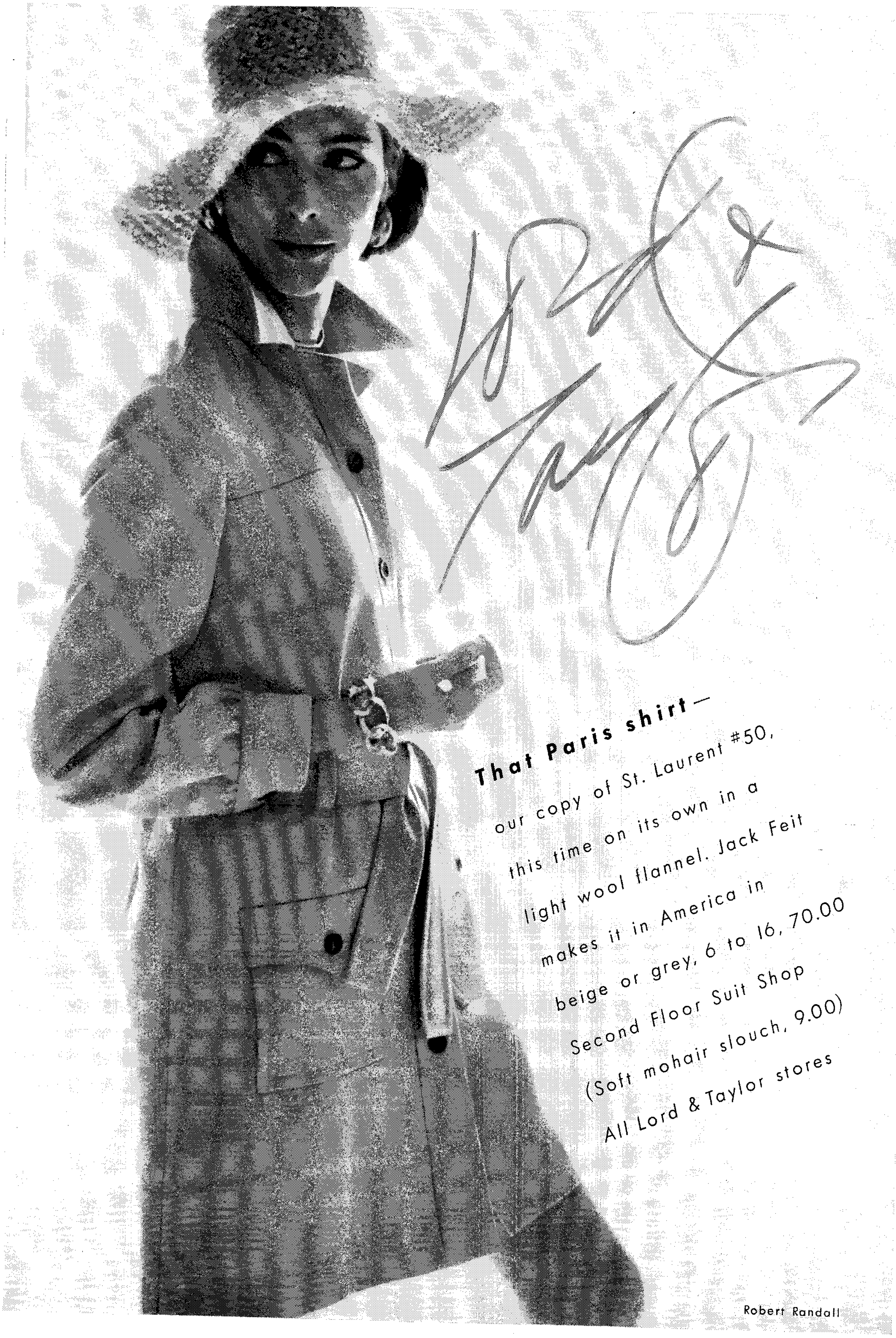

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and NEXT—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten (substituting for James Coco, who will return on Monday, Aug. 11) are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A BLACK QUARTET—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DE SADE ILLUSTRATED—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

FORTY CARATS—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GEESE—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HADRIAN VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

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PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** James Earl Jones in a pageant-like play loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HOOFERS—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its pro-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23
"ON ANGELS" . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 29
"THE GARDENS OF MONT-SAINT-MICHEL" . . . . *William Maxwell* 30
"HERACLITUS" (POEM) . . . . *Jorge Luis Borges* 34
PROFILES (ARTHUR C. CLARKE) . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 40
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 67
THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . *Roger Angell* 70
MUSICAL EVENTS (ROCK, ETC.) . . . . *Ellen Willis* 83
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 86
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 89
"IDYLL" (POEM) . . . . *Dabney Stuart* 94
BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 95

COVER: *Charles Addams*

DRAWINGS: *Vahan Shirvanian, William Steig, Robert Day, Alan Dunn, Charles Barsotti, Stan Hunt, Joseph Mirachi, Richard Oldden, Warren Miller, William O'Brian, Ed Fisher, Edward Koren, Lee Lorenz, J. B. Handelsman, Henry Martin, Eldon Dedini*

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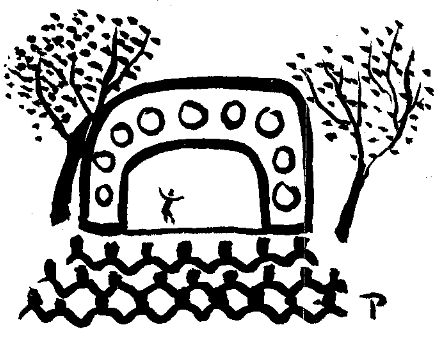

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ponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 6.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Whores, Wars & Tin Pan Alley—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a program of Kurt Weill songs. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 9.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Melissa Hart and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade. He hopped down from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is the antic aunt. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Bob Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, and steer-wrestling return to the Garden for the first time in a decade. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 12-14, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **TWELFTH NIGHT**, with Tom Aldredge and Barbara Barrie, the second of two plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 6, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Monday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Singers Linda Ronstadt and Tony Kosinec perform at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesday, Aug. 13, a rock group called McKendree Spring will arrive. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, loud, and at times a groove. The gamut runs from folk through blues to rock. Shows are at eight and eleven. Ice cream is served in big dishes.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Kai Winding's quartet is on the stand six nights a week in this easeful spot. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Larry Coryell quintet plays most nights from nine to four (from seven on Sundays). On Tuesday, Aug. 12, Lee Morgan's quintet takes over. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Les McCann trio, beginning at about nine-thirty. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: The Miles Davis quintet alternates with the Thelonious Monk quartet through Sunday, Aug. 10. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 12, the Jimmy Smith trio will trade sets with the Charles Mingus quintet. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. The big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band plays nightly through Monday, Aug. 11. The following night, the Sonny Stitt trio begins a gig. Starting time is approximately nine-thirty.

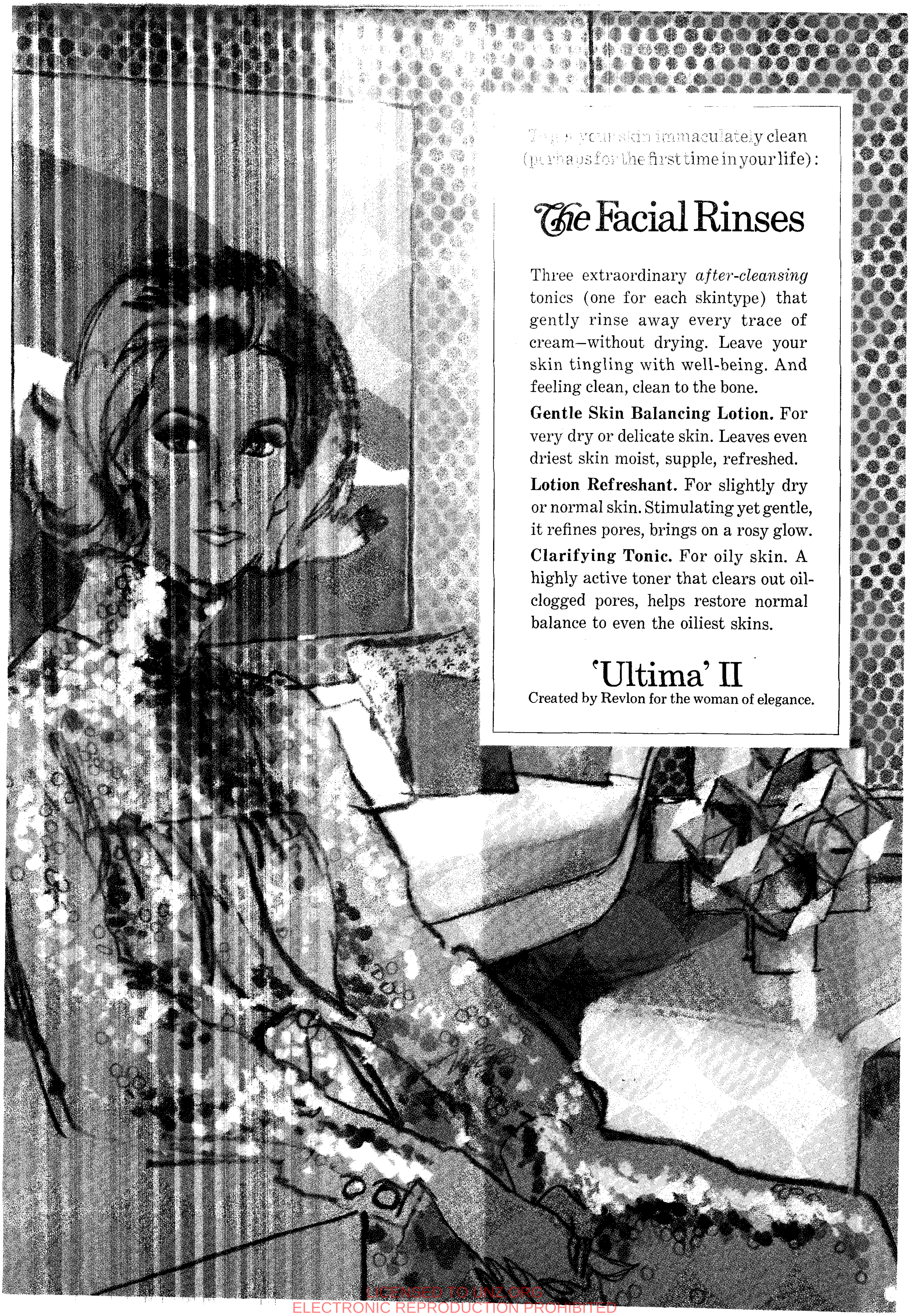
West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Golly, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to rec-



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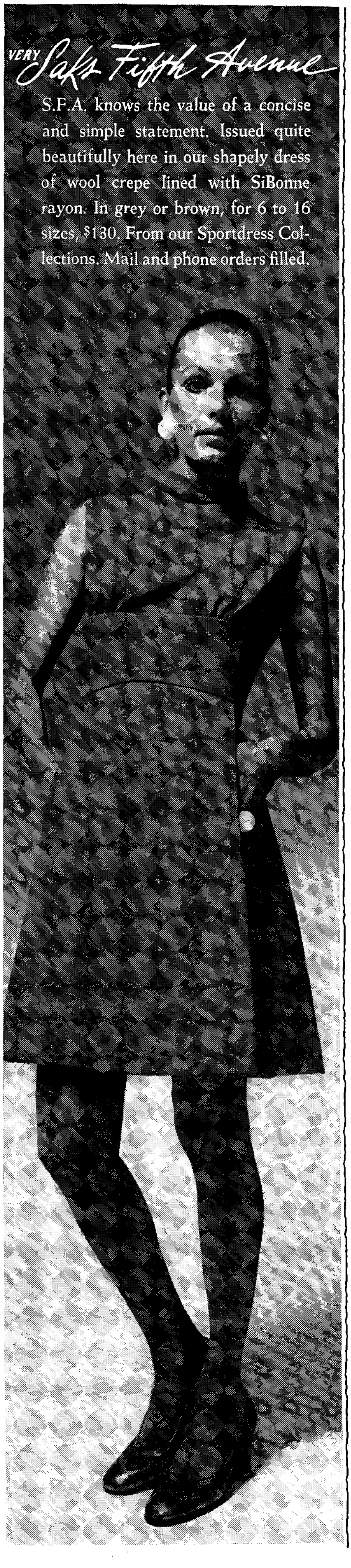
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ords from ten until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from Jam Factory until Tuesday, Aug. 12, when Sirocco moves in. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (oh, wow!) the Danube. Between record sets, some boys and girls known as Tony, Sam and the Tartans entertain. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. Live groups alternate with high-powered records. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Vacationing on the altiplano, and not at all on the American plano; à la carte is much more like it. The bands of Joseph Sudy and Quintero never drop a stitch in their perpetual chanting, and now and then Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann are tempted to demonstrate to the non-pros the lightsome tricks of ballroom dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A life of E's, for Excellence, of course, awaits whoever journeys to the little Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the fox trot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): In defiance of all UFO (some of them probably smog and fireflies), a band canters on the open-air terrace from seven-thirty every night. All hands indoors in case of IFO, such as rain.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—A revised edition of "Free Fall," the local revue, is enacted by a set of boy and girl earthlings and is often possessed by a demon (the mind of Ronny Graham, its head coach), which generally makes the end product that much funnier. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf of Corinth, and tributaries. Among the hands are Avram Grobard, head man and joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; Hedva and David, folksters; and a stately belly dancer. Dancing, and home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

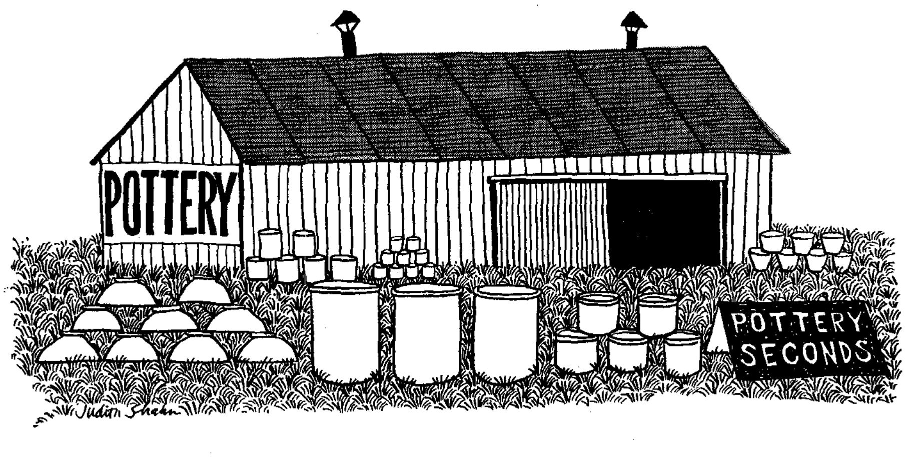
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The patter of tiny feet, contributed by the tiny troupe (only five flamencans) led by Emilia Rivas. Help arrives, though, on Thursday, Aug. 14, when Olga Guillot, an excellent example of Cuba Libre, starts singing. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Emilio Prados) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—After Wednesday, Aug. 6, the premises will no longer be a rock or (for that matter) roll garden, since Little Anthony & the Imperials blow out to sea that night. Next evening's principal arrival is Michael Allen, who sings, and Jerry Shane, who talks. Every night, from dinner on and on. . . . ¶ In the street-level bar, there is hustle and bustle, the professional portion of it provided by the music of the Pacesetters, from ten o'clock until early morning.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The lower deck rises well above room



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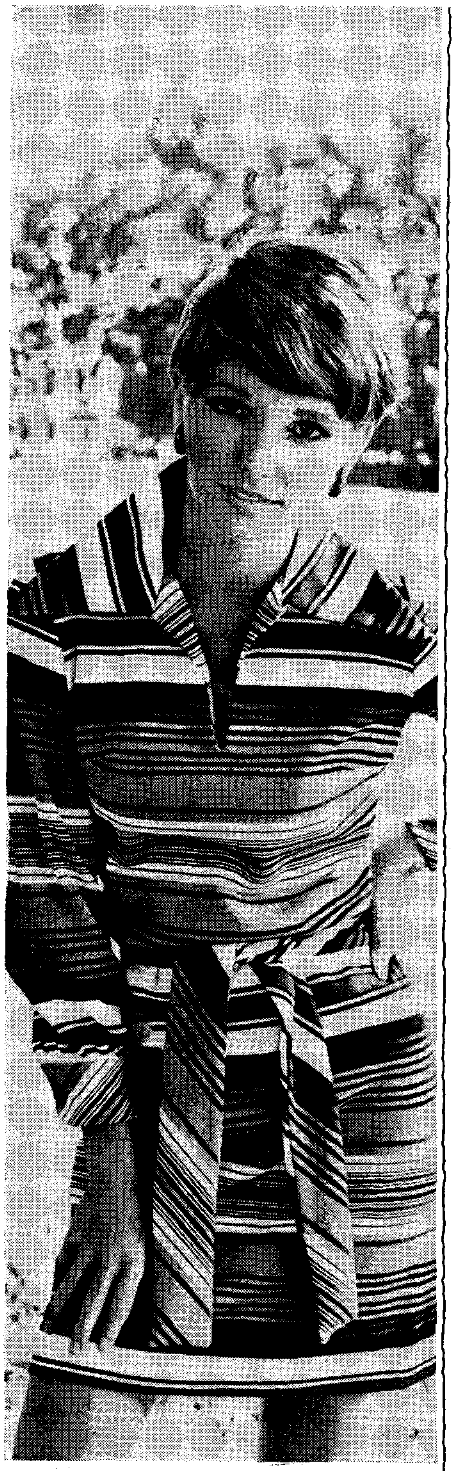

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

temperature as early as six-thirty, and stays that way until two every night but Sunday. entirely because of Jimmy McPartland's pristine-jazz crew (Annette Sanders as songbird) and Junior Mance's latter-day threesome. No dancing.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, even in the droop of summer, remains one of the best of all possible whirls. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte speak out boldly, which is all that's needed. Nevertheless, at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays, Ann Hilton gets up and sings this and that aria. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Chico Hamilton's sextet is for the blithe ear; Mousie Alexander's threesome is for both blithe ears and blithe feet. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight. Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. Closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Dr. Edward Kennedy Ellington and entourage, and let no man put asunder this marriage of sound and sensuality, of power and persuasion. Joya Sherrill is the lark who soars on its wings. Twice a night, except Sundays; dancing, too, as early as seven, but not, regrettably, while the Ellingtons are declaiming.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The city domain of Louis Goldie Hawkins is on its summer demeanor, which does not differ greatly from its winter demeanor, for his alter ego, Wayne Sanders, is still at his jaunty piano, but the weekend holiday is longer—Friday through Sunday. Eight until early morn is the regimen. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Saturday, Aug. 9, brings the current season of strolling Calypso song to an end. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. Chuck Wayne's pensive yet prancing triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): No twenty-per-cent hike in the rental of this flat can be justified unless one stays long enough to catch Charles De Forest, whose songs, delivered across the piano-bar, brim with a fine world-weariness, world-wickedness. He lays off Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the questing traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody, of the earlier-day Havana *boîtes,* sits down at the piano in seemly surroundings at eight-thirty and stays put until half past one. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Bob Kail operates a piano in this noble refectory, where, except Saturdays and Sundays, he is in action from six until midnight. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A piano works out in the bar from four to eight every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the sunken living room, open to all outdoors, music goes on and on until midnight, except on Sundays. It begins at noon, if you really must, but there is always shelter under the beach umbrellas.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

REGINALD MARSH (1898-1954)—New York City scenes in oils, watercolors, and other mediums; through Friday, Aug. 15. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamaya, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Sept. 14. (Closed mornings.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes and still-lifes stressing the theme of summertime; through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Puerto Rican art today; through Aug. 22. (Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 6-8, from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.; starting Aug. 11, Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 8.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Doris Rosenthal, and Roy Moyer; through Aug. 29. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by German Expressionists; through Aug. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 41 E. 57th St.: Gallery painters and sculptors; through Sept. 12. . . . **WADDELL,** 15 E. 57th St.: Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicolas Schöffer; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART,** 15 W. 54th

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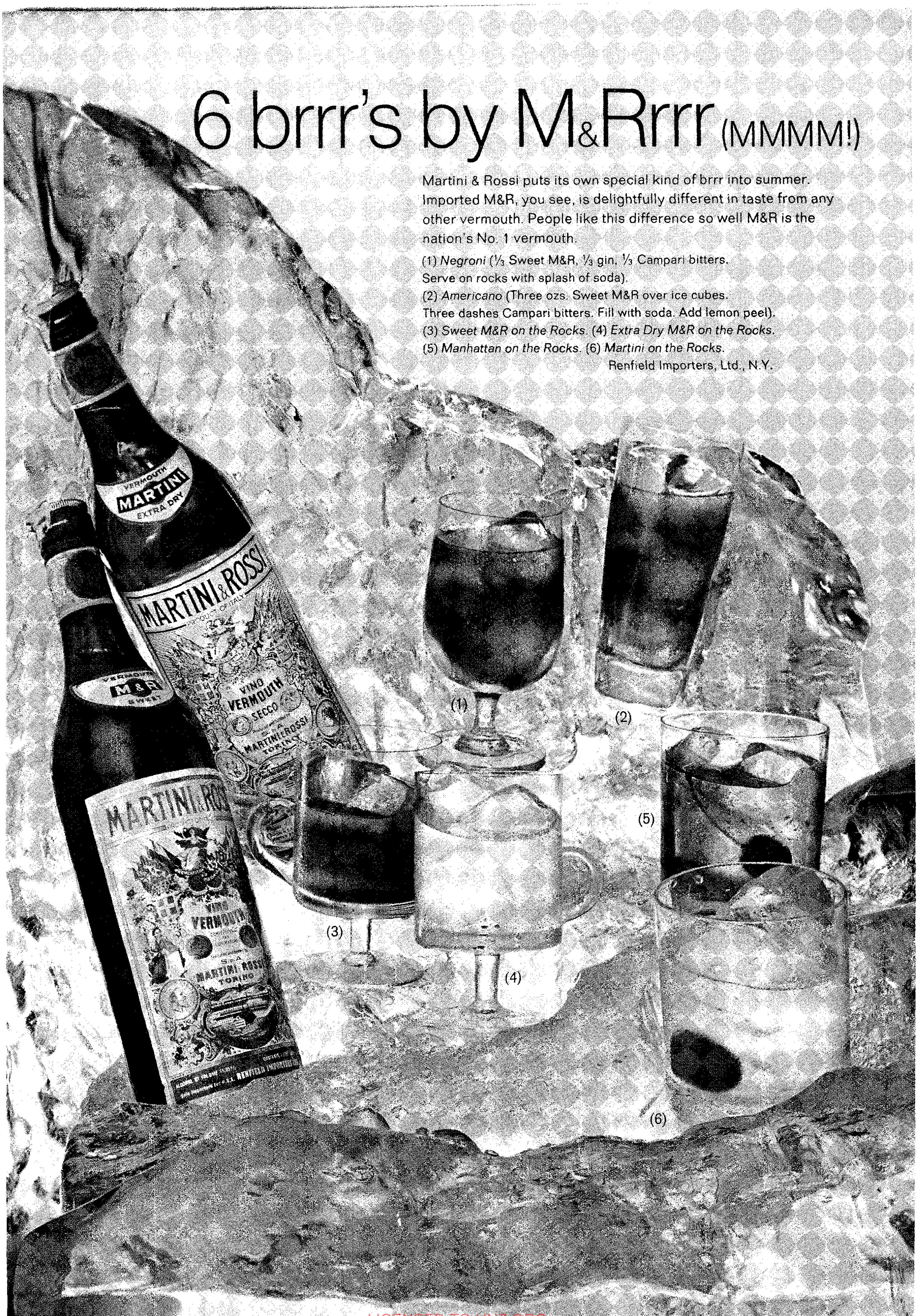
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job;" through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Overseeing the new Hall of Ocean Life and Biology of Fishes is a ninety-four-foot, ten-and-a-half-ton model of a breaching blue whale, suspended from the ceiling in a remarkable way. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Fifty-two works by twenty-eight leading contemporary Japanese poster artists, who deal with such themes as politics, tea ceremonies, travel, and sports; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A presentation of sculptures inflated by various means; through Sept. 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Drawings by George Catlin of early-nineteenth-century North American Indians; through Sept. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of paintings by artists who have been associated with Harlem in one way or another; through Sept. 7. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

CHORUSES

Berkshire Boy Choir—Allan Wicks directing. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Pacific Gas & Electric—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Joan Baez—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Aug. 8, at 8.

Jefferson Airplane, Joe Cocker & the Grease Band, Christopher Tree's Spontaneous Sound, and Glen McKay's Head Lights—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, at 8 and 11:30.

Ted Curson's All-Stars—South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at South and Fulton Sts. Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on Sunday.

Buddy Miles Express, Pacific Gas & Electric, and Santana—Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. 268-5011. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, at 8:30.

Rascals—A benefit concert. (Gaelic Park, Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 543-1200.)

Bob Patterson Gospel Singers and Isaac Douglas Gospel Singers—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30.

Howard McGhee's All-Stars—South Street Seaport. Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30.

Savoy Brown Blues Band, Sir Douglas Quintet, and Charlie Musselwhite—Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 8:30.

Aretha Franklin—Also Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers and Sonny Stitt. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 7. For tickets, call LT 1-0933.)

Tim Hardin, Incredible String Band, Odetta, Tom Paxton, Pentangle, and Ian and Sylvia—Singer Bowl, Flushing Meadow Park. 268-5011. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30.

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra—Also Arthur Prysock, Mongo Santamaria, Cannonball Adderley, and B.B. King. (Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 17, at 6.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

New York Philharmonic—Efrem Kurtz conducting Program II (Rossini, Copland, Prokofieff, Tchaikovsky), with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. Karel Ancerl conducting Program III (Dvořák, Beethoven, Franck), with Byron Janis, piano—**clove lakes park,** Staten Island: The first of two concerts. (Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . **prospect park,** Brooklyn: The second in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . **crocheron park,** Bayside: The first of two concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30, Program II.) . . . **central park's sheep meadow:** The last in a series of three concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8:30, Program III.) . . . **botanical garden's daffodil hill,** Bronx: The second of two concerts. (Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30, Program III.)

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 17.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 7 and 9:30: Little Richard and Checkmates, Ltd. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8 and 10:30: Tom Paxton and Chicago Transit Authority. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8 and 10:30: Musical World of Herbie Mann. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 11, at 7 and 9:30: Arlo Guthrie and Melanie. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 8 and 10:30: Al Kooper and James Cotton Blues Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8 and 10:30: Lou Rawls and also Carl Holmes and the Commanders, with Ruth McFad-

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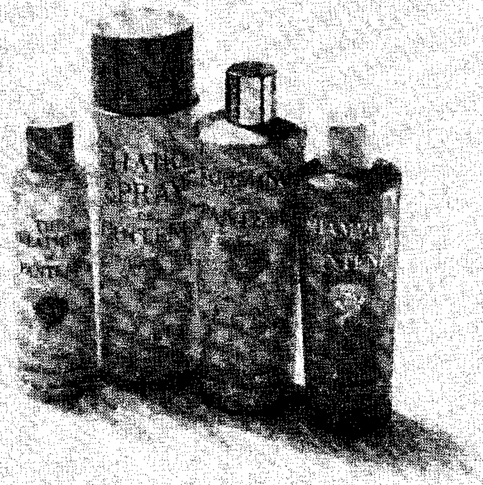

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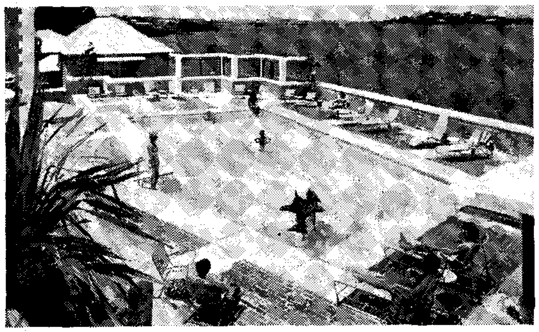

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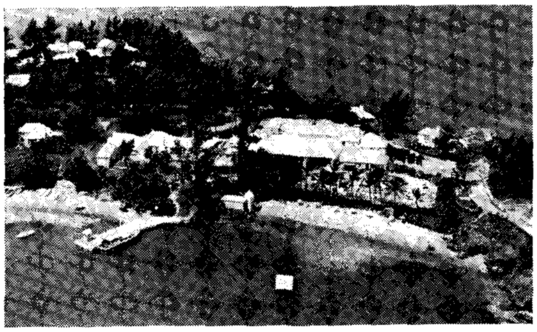

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den. (Through Saturday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Carl Schurz Park—The American Brass Quintet. (Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in a series of concerts. (Fridays at 8:30; through Aug. 15.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 8, at 7: A chamber-music program by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 9: Karel Ancerl conducting the Boston Symphony in a performance of Smetana's cycle of symphonic poems, "Ma Vlast.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the Boston Symphony, with Van Cliburn, piano; Women of the Berkshire Chorus; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2:30: Josef Krips conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8: A concert by the Jefferson Airplane, B. B. King, and The Who. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 7: A chamber-music program by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8: Max Rudolf conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2:30: Henry Lewis conducting the Boston Symphony, with Marilyn Horne, soprano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with Norman Carol, violin, and Murray Panitz, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 3:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with the Romeros, guitarists. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Tony Bennett. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: The Young Americans. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing the Philadelphia Orchestra in a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; the Cornell University Glee Club and Chorus; and the Capitol Hill Choral Society. . . . ¶ Friday Aug. 15, at 8:30: André Previn conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist in a varied program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting another varied program, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3:30: Franz Allers directing a Rodgers and Hart and Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Lee Venora, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Harry Danner, tenor; Richard Fredricks, baritone; and the Capitol Hill Choral Society. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 759-2734, in New York.)

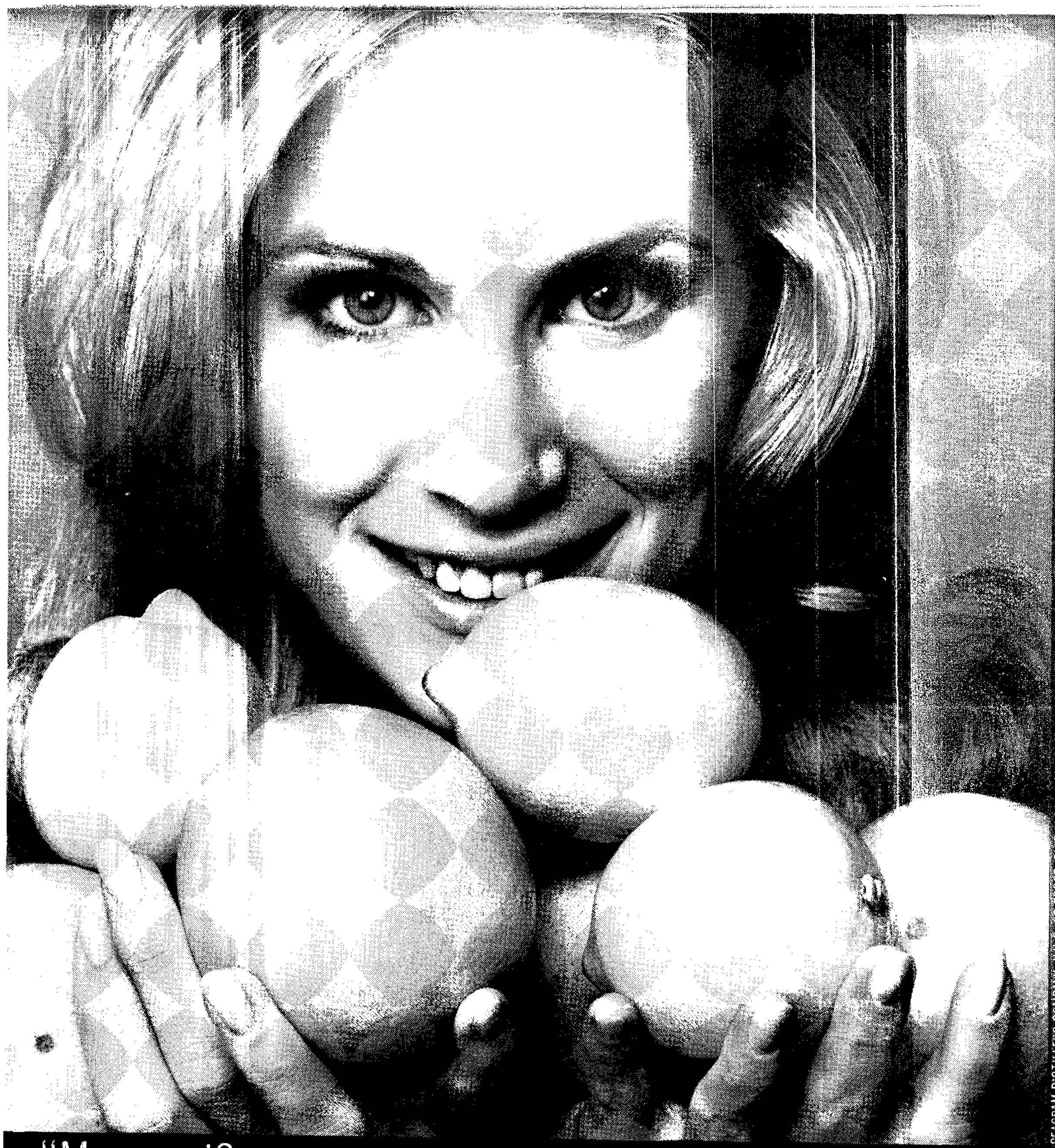
Waterloo Village Music Festival—Eddy Arnold, with dancers Bud and Cece Robinson. The fifth in a series of six concerts. (Stanhope, N. J. Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Center Ballet of Buffalo. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 12-16: Dancers of the American Ballet Theatre and the Afro-American Dance Co. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Final performances—Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: James Clouser, Talley Beatty, and Al Huang. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. California, Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Yan-



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The Perfect Martini Gin
Seagram's Extra Dry Gin

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Forty-five nationalities came to settle Curaçao. Happily they all brought their pots and pans and love of good food.

Keshy Yena (closest to the camera) begins with a rolly Edam cheese, like the ones the first Dutch settlers brought with them to the island. But like its Papiamento name, the heart of Keshy Yena is all Caribbean. The scooped-out cheese is stuffed with meats and raisins and laced with spices. Then it's baked and nested on a bread called funchi.

Soppi Cadushi (on the left) is pure Antillean. Literally it means cactus soup. But it's much more. Cactus of course. But also shrimp. Conch. Salted pig tails. Goat meat. Fish. And a generous dose of hot stuff. It takes some nerve to try it. But the eating is your reward.

All the other dishes you see are one meal, called Rijsttafel. In Indonesian it means "rice table", a blatant understatement. A typical Rijsttafel boasts over twenty dishes. You start with rice. Then pile on meats, vegetables, sauces and relishes. The relishes, called sambals, are flavored fire. Icy beer is a necessity.

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kees vs. Oakland, Friday, Aug. 8, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 9, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Bill Skowron, Bobby Richardson, Joe DiMaggio, and other major-league stars of past years); and Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2:15.

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 9, and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 16. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. The Sapling, Thursday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, Aug. 8, through Monday, Oct. 13. (Buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 9 and 11:30.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, Aug. 9, at 1, and Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Through Sunday, Aug. 10.) . . . ¶ Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 11-17.) . . . ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 16, through Sunday, Aug. 24.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOURS—"Greenwich Village," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 10. Meets at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Tuesday, Aug. 12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all cooperative, forty to sixty meteors an hour may be visible.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Seven programs in a series of science-fiction films: Aug. 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "X—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" (1963); Aug. 8 at 2 and 5:30, "The Fly" (1958); Aug. 9 at 3 and 5:30, "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (1957); Aug. 10 at 2 and 5:30, "Crack in the World" (1965); Aug. 11 at 2 and 5:30, "Fiend Without a Face" (1958); Aug. 12 at 2 and 5:30, "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" (1961); Aug. 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Panic in Year Zero" (1962). . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Las Hurdes" (1932), directed by Luis Buñuel; and "Libre Amérique!" (1943), in French, no English titles; a Nazi propaganda film. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 11:30: "The Naked and the Dead" (1958), with Aldo Ray and Cliff Robertson. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Life Begins" (1932), with Loretta Young. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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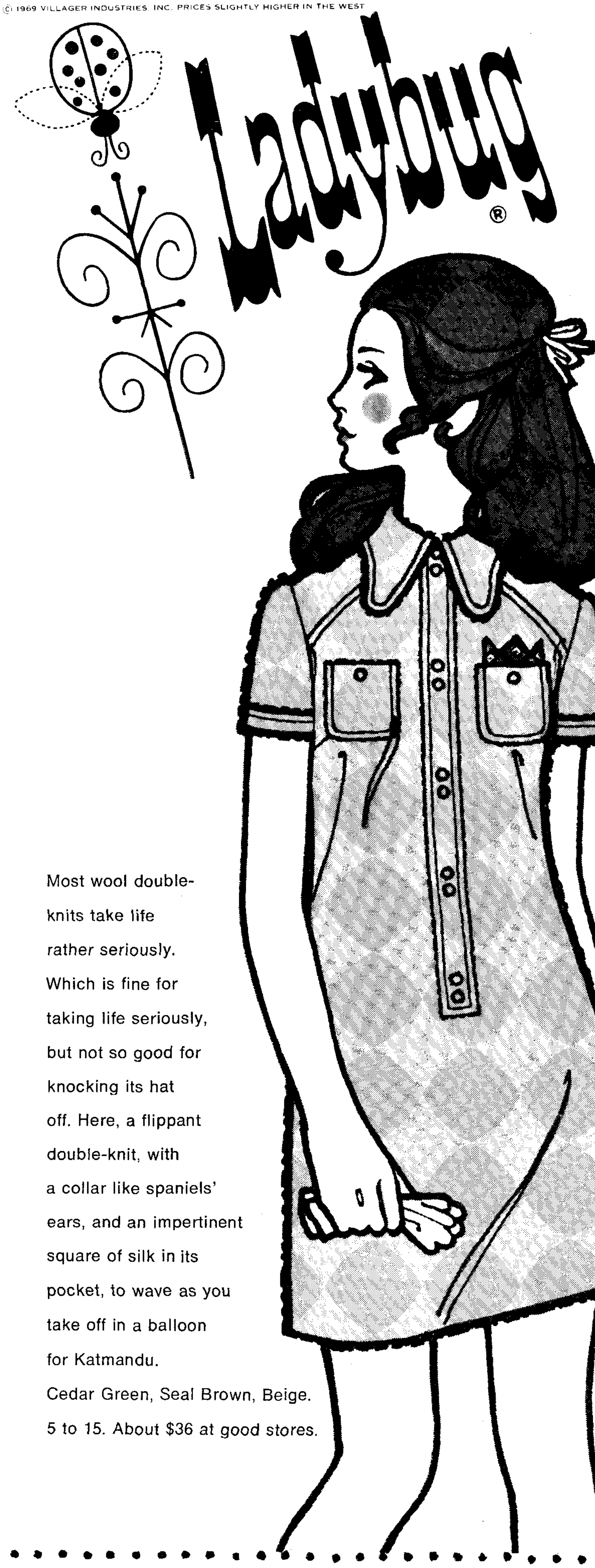

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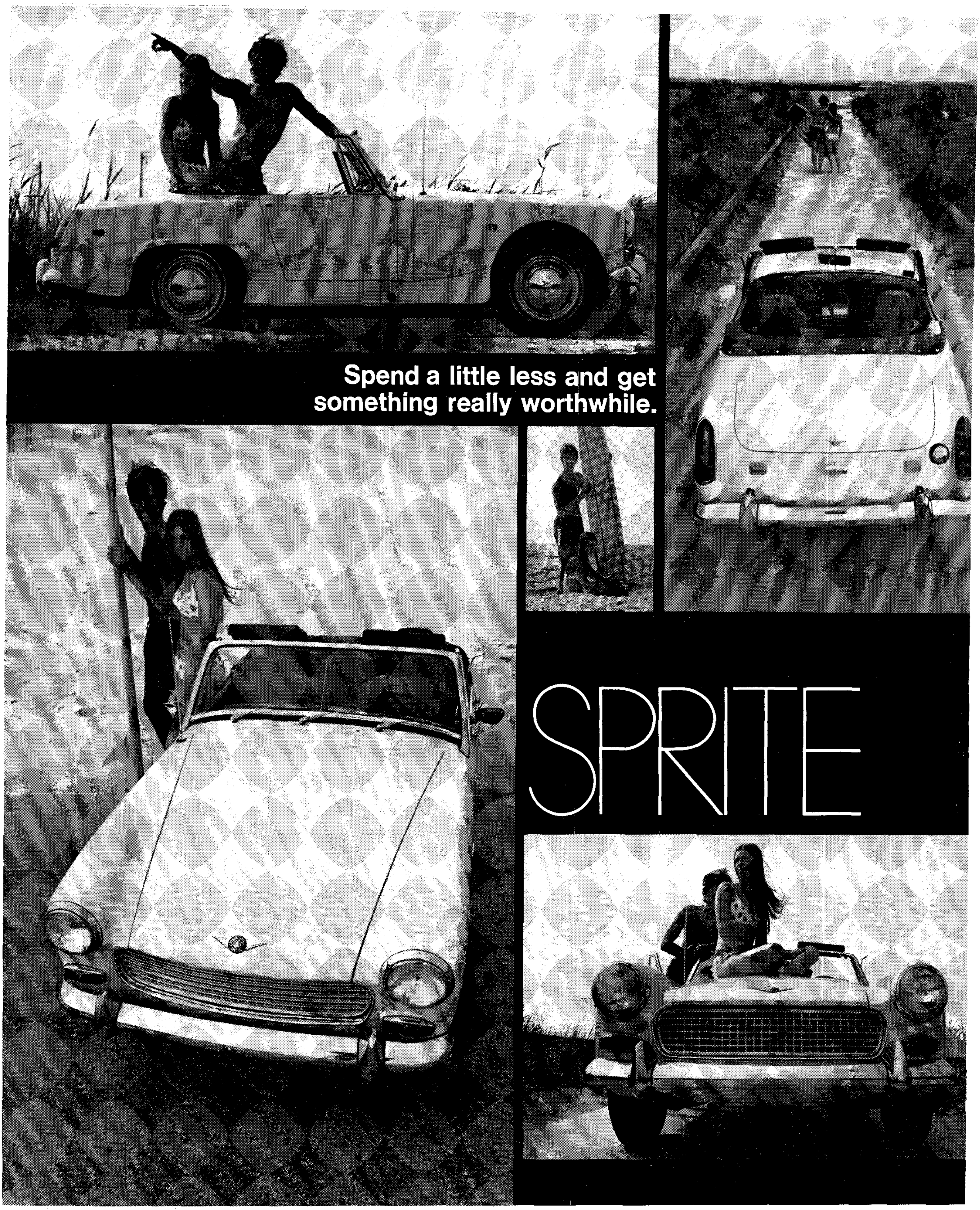
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Ashes and Diamonds (1959)—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 6.)

Bay of the Angels (1964)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Beauty and the Beast (1947)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 12-14.)

The Blood of a Poet (1934)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 7-13.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 7-13.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1965)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jeanne Moreau. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 6.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

Easy Rider—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction, made with a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal who has a surreal vision of Venusians when he gives up Scotch for joints. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth on the theme of a bright young Jewish boy who is caught in the middle of a Jewish joke and not laughing about it, although the film itself is funny, because Richard Benjamin, as the hero, seems exceptionally alert to the familiar gambits with guilt-giving. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time interpreting life on the wild plains. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

The Graduate (1967)—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 7-13.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 12.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 12.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Four Nazi judges on trial before an American military court. Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, and Maximilian Schell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 7-11.)

Justine—George Cukor's decent, flat attempt from a plotty script to film Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet." Dirk Bogarde hams a bit as the aphoristic British diplomat. Anouk Aimée and Anna Karina as Justine and Melissa are well directed, but it makes for a lot of accents, what with Severn Darden as Balthazar as well. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Kanal (1961)—Directed by Andrzej Wajda. In Polish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 6.)

King of Hearts (1967)—A comedy by Philippe de Broca of a First World War soldier waylaid and surrounded by the inmates of a lunatic asylum and a zoo. In French and English. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 13.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3700; Aug. 9.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman look good as the ersatz cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Monterey Pop—*Cinéma vérité* about a pop music festival two summers ago in California, photographed by Donn Pennebaker with a team of associated cameramen and a revolutionary way of recording sound. Showing with a grimly funny short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday conferring in Hawaii. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 10.)

Lola Montès—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown for the first time in its full form. His command of baroque style and comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story in itself fairly trite—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 6.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—Still more Marx Brothers, here cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 14.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 14.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Orpheus (1950)—Directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 12-14.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, a splendid actor, as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 12.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's cockahoop farce about an advertising agency taken over by a black who never meant to be in power—of this sort or any other. Some of the jokes backfire and seem boorish, but a lot of the film is pretty funny. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 7-11.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with a cast of English and Indian actors. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 6.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's extraordinarily clear, extroverted, and masterly account of what people will do to survive the war of the future. With Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 13.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

La Strada (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 10.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

The Wild Bunch—The West of 1913, on the border between Texas and Mexico. Sam Peckinpah has directed a cast including Robert Ryan and William Holden. The film is very good, with Brecht's bitter realism about lone gunslingers who are unwittingly the victims of capitalistic politics. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Aug. 13.)

Winning—Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and the Indianapolis "500." This first feature by director James Goldstone makes his next something to look forward to. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Astor Place, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. (AL 4-4060)
Aug. 6: "The Student Prince" (1954), Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "The Firefly" (1937), Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones.
Aug. 7-10: "Naughty Marietta" (1935) and "Maytime" (1937), both with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.
Aug. 11-13: "An American in Paris" (1951), Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron; and "Three Little Words" (1950), Fred Astaire, Vera Ellen.
From Aug. 14: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "Show Boat" (1951), Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 12: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**; and **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Aug. 13: To be announced.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Salesman," a documentary film.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 12: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and "2" (in Danish).
From Aug. 13: **SHAME** (in Swedish); and **KING OF HEARTS** (in French and English).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 10: **MONTEREY POP.**
From Aug. 11: "The Committee." The Committee is a Los Angeles satirical group, and this is a film of one of their performances.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Gay Deceivers," Kevin Coughlin, Larry Casey.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
POPI.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Learning Tree," Kyle Johnson.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

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Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
JUSTINE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Marry Me! Marry Me!" (in French), Claude Berri.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
WINNING.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Castle Keep," Burt Lancaster, Patrick O'Neal.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
POPI.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 6: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH**; and "The Firemen's Ball" (1968), a Czechoslovakian film.
Aug. 7-13: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** and **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (both in French).
From Aug. 14: **NINOTCHKA**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.**

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
POPI.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 10: **LA STRADA** (in Italian).
From Aug. 11: "Detour" (in Bulgarian).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 6: **ASHES AND DIAMONDS** and **KANAL** (both in Polish).
Aug. 7-11: **JULES AND JIM** (in French); and **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish).
Aug. 12-14: **ORPHEUS** and **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 12: "Stiletto," Alex Cord, Britt Ekland.
From Aug. 13: **THE WILD BUNCH.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"La Chamade" (in French), Catherine Deneuve.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Best House in London," David Hemmings, George Sanders.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
W. C. FIELDS SHORTS; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
POPI.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 6: **LOLA MONTÈS** and **THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID** (both in French).
Aug. 7-13: **THE BLOOD OF A POET** (in French); and "Freaks" (1932), Olga Baclanova.
From Aug. 14: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 12: "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes; and "Inspector Clouseau" (1968), Alan Arkin.
From Aug. 13: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve; and "How Sweet It Is!" (1968), James Garner, Debbie Reynolds.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 6: "The Bridge" (1961; in German); and "Look Back in Anger" (1959), Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Aug. 7: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**
Aug. 8: **A WOMAN IS A WOMAN** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French).
Aug. 9: **MARAT/SADE**; and **DUTCHMAN.**
Aug. 10: **A DAY AT THE RACES**; and **GO WEST.**
Aug. 11: "Tosca" (1958; in Italian); and four short films on dance and opera.
Aug. 12: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (both in French).
Aug. 13: **PURPLE NOON** and **BAY OF THE ANGELS** (both in French).
Aug. 14: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent); and "Portrait of Lenin" (1967; in Russian).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

1857
VOLUNTEER'S
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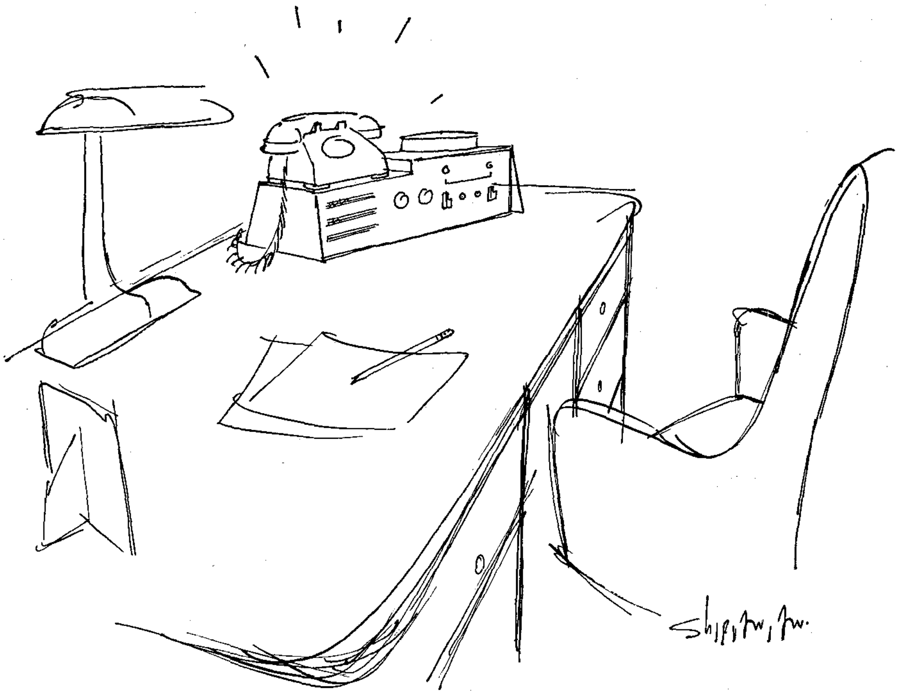
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have just heard again from our friend the Ellington-watcher, who writes, "My wife and I have recovered beautifully from the Duke's great seventieth birthday party at the White House (even Gerry Mulligan, who played at the party, and who is noted for his acerb view of life, has since told me he thought the evening a 'gas'), and for the past couple of nights we have taken up residence at the Rainbow Grill, where Himself will be holding forth with a ten-piece contingent from the band until the end of August. Although this is only Ellington's third annual visit to the Grill, the occasions have become something like historic, to say nothing of their making summer in New York bearable. They have been notable on several counts. The small bands Ellington has brought with him—this year he has his entire saxophone section, plus Willie Cook and Lawrence Brown and the rhythm section—have constituted some of the best small groups ever assembled. The engagements have been long and leisurely (four or five weeks), and, as often as not, have been used as workshops for trying out new material and new arrangements. Ellington himself, freed from the unbelievable rigors of the road, has seemed marvellously relaxed and content. And, perhaps best of all, the engagement has been played for dancing, and dancing to Duke Ellington makes an old foxtrotter like me feel like Fred Astaire and Nureyev rolled into one. I should say, though, that these remarks apply largely to the Duke's first two visits to the Grill. The present one has up to now been different. Ceremony and Solemnity and Cliché have moved in. Before, the band played regular sets, with dancing, but now it plays just two long 'shows,' and dancing is frowned upon. So the audience and the band sit around with serious faces—museum faces—and the extraordinary rapport that flamed up last year and the year before between Ellington's men and the Grill dancers is gone. My wife and I discovered this new policy in the most direct way on our first night, when, not realizing that things had changed, we sailed out onto the floor to take advantage of an irresistible 'On the Sunny Side of the Street' (a Johnny Hodges specialty, complete with some of the handsomest background figures the Duke has ever devised, which make one think sometimes that his soloists exist simply to provoke such gorgeous background) and, before we had finished a complete spin, were ushered right back off the floor by a rather fierce headwaiter, who informed us that 'there is *no* dancing while Mr. Ellington plays.' Well, I haven't felt that way since the time when, playing drums in my high-school dance band for some occasion or other, I was reprimanded publicly by the principal for chewing gum on the job. The no-dancing at the Grill is sad enough, but what's even worse is that the 'show,' in contrast to the lively fresh materials presented for the past two years, is the same old standards that the Duke offers all over the world with the big band—'Take the A Train,' 'Satin Doll,' Paul Gonsalves' 'Body and Soul,' a Rufus Jones drum solo, an Ellington medley, a couple of creamy Hodges numbers, and half a dozen vocals. All of which brings me to the point of these remarks. Ellington is on a vicious treadmill. He could probably retire tomorrow and live comfortably for the rest of his life on his royalties, but it is essential, it is *breathing*, for him to hear his compositions played by his band, and in order to keep the band together (it is probably the best-paid aggregation of its size in the world) he has to play endless silly one-nighters, which bring in the money to pay the band, so that he can hear his music, and on and on. It is an exhausting life—although one that he claims he loves and would be lost without—and, after all, the Duke *is* seventy, so I have a proposal. Before much more time passes, Ellington and the band should be taken off their merry-go-round and put in a recording studio to set down, on six or eight or ten L.P.s, his musical autobiography. This would include 'A Train's and 'Mood Indigo's, but, more important, it would include selections from the literally hundreds of beautiful tunes he has written that have, because of the sheer press of his compositional fecundity, been pushed aside and forgotten, even by him. The work involved would be prodigious, but no one works harder than the Duke. It would involve pure research (locating old scores stored away for decades in back rooms and lofts), rescoring, copying, rehearsing, and, finally, the recording itself. And it would take money—perhaps a hundred thousand dollars, but this is a piddling amount when one considers the money that foundations and funds pour out to bad writers and second-rate theatrical enterprises and unneeded symphony orchestras. The result would constitute a kind of Ellington 'complete works,' and also a monument to one of the most singular men in the history of Western music.

"You will recall that at the end of my White House report I said that when I next saw the Duke I'd ask him why the band (with the exception of Harry Carney) had not been



"You don't say! I'm a recording, too."

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at the party, and that he would have the right answer, because he always does. I asked him the other night, and he did. 'They weren't invited' was all he said."

Superjet

THE age of the so-called jumbo jets, the huge new commercial jet airliners that will carry far more passengers than are carried on the existing big jets, is now very close. Thirteen Boeing 747s—the Boeing 747 being the first of this class of jet—are off the Boeing Company's assembly line in Seattle, and five are going through the elaborate process of flight testing prior to government certification that will permit them to carry passengers. So far, the Boeing Company has orders from twelve United States and sixteen foreign airlines for a total of a hundred and eighty-five of the new airplanes. The biggest order to date has been from Pan American World Airways, which is buying thirty-three of the 747s, at a cost of something like three-quarters of a billion dollars, and the Pan American people expect to begin putting some of these new planes into regular scheduled service early next year. We recently made an appointment with Najeeb E. Halaby, the president of Pan American, to talk about the 747, and as we waited outside Mr. Halaby's office, on the forty-sixth floor of the Pan American Building, for the interview, we leafed through a press kit that had been furnished us by Pan Am's public-relations department. The given dimensions of the 747 certainly were impressive: an over-all length of more than two hundred and thirty-one feet, or about seventy-eight feet longer than the advanced Boeing 707 now generally in use; a wingspan of more than a hundred and ninety-five feet, or fifty feet longer than that of the advanced 707; and a tail the height of a four-story building. And its passenger-carrying capacity was equally impressive. In the normal seating configuration that Pan American has planned for the plane, the 747 will carry three hundred and sixty-two passengers—fifty-eight in first class and three hundred and four in economy class—and there will also be eight individual seats and lounge furniture for another eight people in an "upper-deck lounge," above the first-class quarters. In economy class, which will be a hundred and eighty-six feet long and partitioned into three roughly equal sections, the seats will be arranged nine abreast, rather than six abreast, as in the 707; there will be two aisles instead of one; and each row of seats will be divided into one two-abreast group of seats, one three-abreast group of seats, and one four-abreast group. "There will be fourteen stewardesses instead of the six normally assigned to the 707," a part of one press release read. "Meal carts, laden with cuisine prepared by master chefs, will be wheeled out from six galleys to permit passengers to select one of several entrees." And another paragraph went, "In addition to the roomy seats, Pan Am's 747 cabin will have plush, wall-to-wall carpeting; 10 channels of audio entertainment ranging from travel tips to stereo Strauss waltzes; six separate movie screens, ranging in size from 18 inches by 36 inches to 26 inches by 72 inches. . . ."

We were shown into the office of the president and introduced by a Pan Am public-relations man to Mr. Halaby, a tall, dark-complexioned man of athletic build and pleasantly firm manner. Mr. Halaby seated himself behind a big rosewood desk. His office was large and modern, with what would have been a magnificent view of lower Manhattan if a shroud of pollution had not lain particularly heavily over it that day. Just by a window of the office there was a long row of small models of airplanes being used or about to be used by Pan American, and among these was a model of the 747, distinguishable from the 707 not only by its size but also by a kind of blunter-nosed bulkiness, a deeper underbelly, and a rather high bulge toward the upper front of the fuselage, where the pilots' compartment and the upper-deck lounge are supposed to be.

We asked Mr. Halaby if Pan American had arrived at a firm date for putting the jumbo jets into service.

"We hope to announce, in the next few weeks, our flight schedules for next January," Mr. Halaby replied. "But please stop calling it the jumbo jet. It's such a pachydermatous term. This plane has more the quality of the gazelle than of the elephant. Call it the space jet, or the superjet. Someone used the term 'jumbo jet' a couple of years ago to connote giganticness. Probably some journalist who saw some of the early conceptual drawings." Mr. Halaby got up and walked to and fro behind the rosewood desk. "To me, the glorious quality of this plane is the spaciousness and the personal mobility and variety of experience that you have while in it, instead of that claustrophobic or tubo-phobic feeling you get in a conventional jet," he said, sounding a note that we had never thought to hear from any airline official describing the feeling a passenger gets in a conventional jet. "And when you walk in through one of the doors of the 747 your first impression will be of variety, rather than of just volume," he went on. "You will notice that the door itself is much wider than that of a conventional jet. There will be less fear of confinement and less ochlophobia—fear of being in crowded places—although I suppose there will be some of the latter as three hundred and sixty-two people walk into the plane through the three doors that will normally be used for loading. Even so, instead of the feeling of walking into a submarine, there will be more the feeling of walking into the lobby of a hotel. There will be the feeling of far greater space above you. You won't feel that you're likely to bump your head against something. Another feeling will be 'Look, I can promenade up one aisle and down another, almost like promenading the deck of a ship.' In economy class, there will be slightly fewer people in your particular compartment of the 747 than you'd be likely to find in the economy section of the 707. When you sit down, you'll have the impression that the seats are wider—and they actually are ten per cent wider than the present seats—and provide more elbowroom and are better designed for comfort. And you'll say to yourself, 'Well, the system of communicating with the passengers is very well worked out.' For example, you can use a headset to listen to announcements that otherwise might be made over a p.-a. system by a stewardess. We have a very modern movie system designed by Bell & Howell, and we may even make use of its wide color screen before takeoff to show how the oxygen mask, and so on, looks and works. When the regular movie comes on during the flight you'll feel as though you were in a small private theatre. In first class, you'll have even more comfort, of course, and, with the first-class cocktail lounge upstairs, time will pass a little faster. But we believe that in economy, too, with the greater spaciousness, the comfort, the movie, and so on, time will lie lightly on the passengers. In addition, the plane is slightly faster than the 707—on the 747 you'll save about twenty minutes on a flight between New York and London. In flight, there will be a new, commodious, safe feeling. That feeling of sureness and confidence will be based on the ten years of commercial-jet experience that we've already had, plus eight years of space-age technology that has been designed into the plane. It's big and strong. At first, there's likely to be a counter-feeling on the part of passengers that three hundred and sixty-two people is a large number in one airplane, and we have to recognize the concern of the public about the consequences of any accident that may occur. However, I'd like to say that there is less likelihood of accident on a 747 than on any airplane in operation today. For example, the time required to evacuate three hundred and sixty-two people from the plane in the event of an abortive takeoff of a 747 is not as great as that required to evacuate a hundred and sixty people from a conventional jet. Incidentally, with all its increased weight, the 747 will actually require less takeoff runway than the 707. Every inch of the airplane has been made fireproof or flameproof. For navigation, we use the same principle of the inertial platform that is used in the Apollo spacecraft, and the tests we've made of this system in the air have shown it to be very accurate. With this system, you can set your course at the passenger gate at Kennedy and, once in the air, navigate without outside reference right to the flight line at Orly. You don't have to depend on systems on the ground."

We said we were glad to hear this aspect of flying the 747 discussed frankly, because although we had flown for years in 707s and always considered ourself safe in them, the notion of so many people being carried on one plane was indeed not easy for us to absorb with complete equanimity. While we were at it, we brought out a couple of other thoughts. Considering the advanced nature of the plane, wasn't Pan American really cramming an awful lot of people into the actual available space on board—in economy class, at least?

"We're not cramming people aboard," Mr. Halaby said. "Our plan to carry three hundred and sixty-two people is one of the most unsordid acts in airline history. We could have pushed for *ten*-abreast seating, but we haven't."

We apologized, and then remarked that because we happened to be tall, we found travelling in an economy seat on a 707 jet night flight between New York and London a far less than comfortable experience. How much more room did the ten-per-cent extra seating room really represent? Mr. Halaby asked the p.-r. man to look the figure up. The p.-r. man said the seats would be nineteen inches wide instead of seventeen. We asked how much more legroom we would have on the 747. Mr. Halaby said that we would have about the same amount of legroom as at present. We said it seemed puzzling that the airline should come up with an entirely new plane and a marvellous system like inertial navigation but still be unable to provide a six-foot passenger in economy class with no more legroom than he had in a 707.

Mr. Halaby said, "The only way we can enlarge the market is to offer passengers cheaper seats. And the only way to offer cheaper seats is to keep legroom down. As a matter of fact, two or three other carriers in the International Air Transport Association were insistent for a while that there be ten-abreast seating on the 747. They'd have taken the hiproom and elbowroom and worked another row of seats into the plane. We picked what we thought was the optimum combination of comfort and economy."

We said we found it surprising that no high-speed rail or subway system was yet under construction to accommodate the great num-

ber of passengers who would be travelling to and from the airport in the age of the 747.

Mr. Halaby said that a proposal to reactivate a disused Long Island Rail Road spur over which passengers could travel between Pennsylvania Station and Kennedy Airport in less than twenty minutes had been placed before the city's Board of Estimate for consideration. He added that the problem of fast surface systems here and in other cities needed immediate attention. "The difficulty is that the public authorities control the surface problem, and we private authorities control only the plane," he said. "I've been sprinkling speeches about this all over the world. The necessity of anticipating *all* the needs of this new system. The surface-transport gap. The air-traffic-control gap. The hotel gap. The parking-lot gap. By 1977, we're going to have three times as many passengers flying in airplanes as fly in them now, and the 747 is the plane that is going to do a large part of the job."

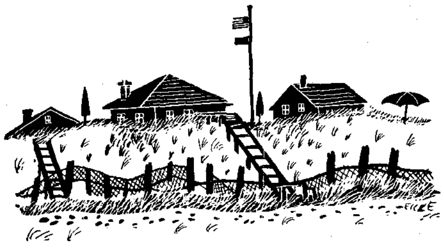
Homestead

WE had a refreshingly non-Space Age tea in Washington Heights the other day with an eighty-four-year-old lady named Miss Louise H. Southwick, who is just rounding out her sixtieth year in her apartment. We sat in her pleasantly breezy dining room, four floors up, and looked out over wide windowsills north on Broadway, which here ascends a long hill toward the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center and is lined with small, unprosperous-looking stores. Just below us, on the corner of Broadway and West 157th Street, we noticed a small grocery store whose window bore the words "*Mantenemos Bajo Precios.*" Miss Southwick, a lady of serene good humor, reminisced about the changes in the view since 1910.

"When we first moved here, there was no division down the middle of Broadway, and in the wintertime people used to toboggan down that hill," she said. "What a slide! All the way from a Hundred and Eighty-first Street. Little by little, the automobiles drove the toboggans off. From our west windows we had a tremendous view of the river, because there were no high buildings to spoil it. We used to sit here—my father and mother and brother, all of whom are gone now—and watch the sunsets behind the Palisades, and the Albany night boats going up. The air was so pure—right off the river. One reason we moved to Washington Heights in the first place was for that marvellous air. You understand, the West Side was very good in those days, and always had been. When my mother was a young girl, she lived in a brownstone on West Fifty-second Street, and *that* was very good. Most of the things you see here in this apartment came from that brownstone. For instance, this china." She held up a pink-and-gold-rimmed plate with a morning glory painted in the middle of it, then put a generous piece of Sara Lee poundcake on top of the morning glory and handed the plate to us. "There used to be twenty-four of these—a different flower on each," she continued. "East of Fifth Avenue was good only over to Park, because the train tracks were still open there. When those tracks were closed, the East Side moved ahead. There were mansions all along Riverside Drive, but most of them have disappeared. You'll still find bridle paths in Riverside Park, though they aren't used for riding now. Those people, you see, rode horses. They *had* horses. But when they tried to get the railroad along the Hudson closed over, the New York Central just said, 'We were here before you came, so like it or lump it.' We could see the Hundred and Fifty-eighth Street station from this window, and people fishing off the pier there."

"Did you go downtown by train?" we asked.

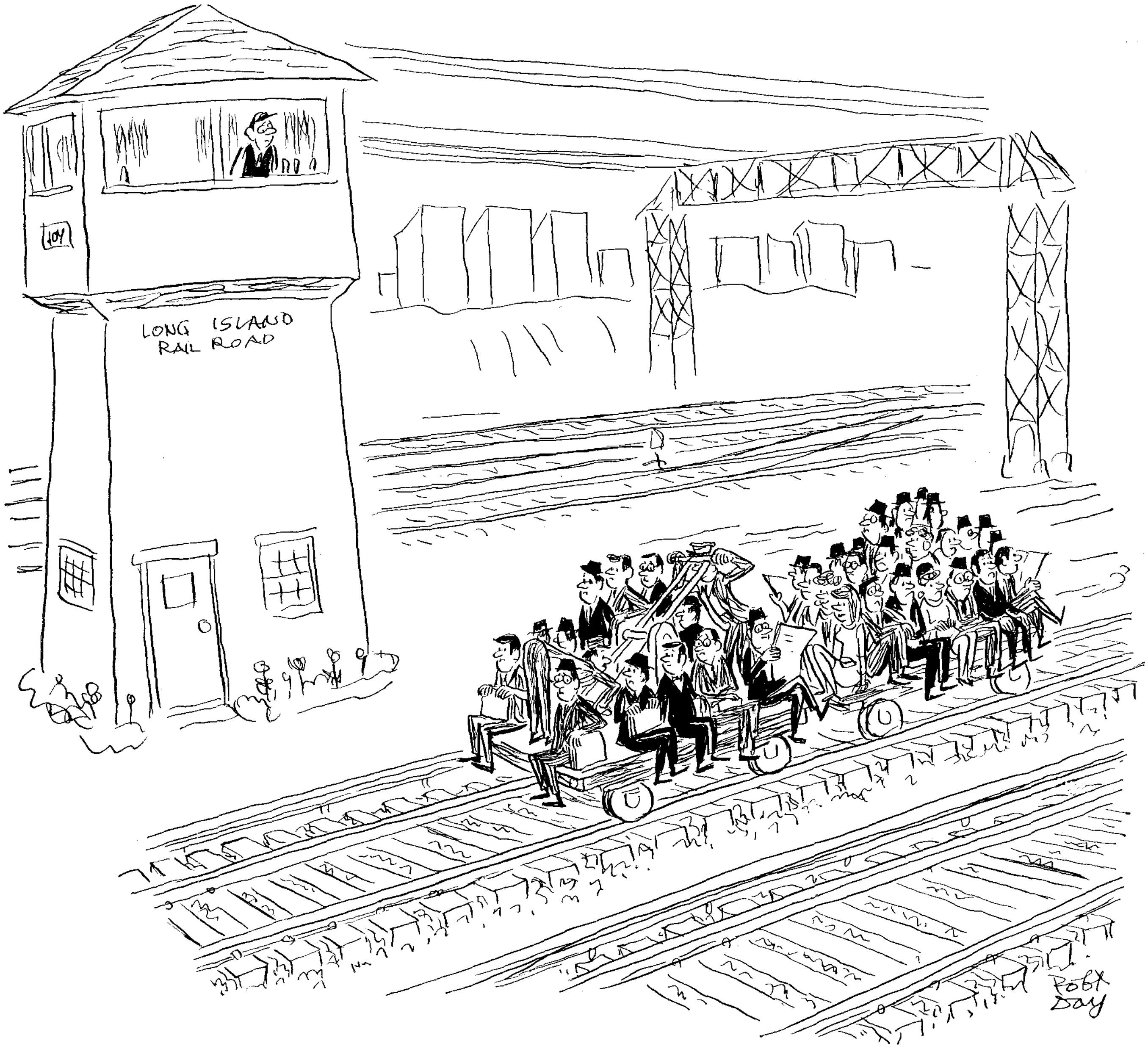
"No, we rode on the brand-new subway," Miss Southwick said. "It used to take my brother, Walston, just thirty-five minutes to get to his job at Wanamaker's, way down at Tenth Street. Always a seat, and no changing—in those days the trains crossed over to the East Side at Times Square, where the shuttle is now. Father went on down to Wall Street. Later, of course, we had the double-decker buses. They started coming up here when Billy Sunday was preaching in an open field where the Medical Center is now. After he stopped, they kept the buses on. You could ride all the way down to Washington Square and back on a hot summer night for one fare—ten cents—and you were guaranteed a seat. The conductor would tell you 'Two upstairs' or 'Three downstairs,' and if there were no seats he wouldn't let you on.



"Our subway stop was the nearest to the Polo Grounds, and on baseball days crowds would get off at our corner and there would be cabmen shouting 'Ball game! Ball game!' and hawkers selling buttons. Along the Harlem River from a Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street up, young gentlemen with surreys used to race, and people sat along the rocks and watched them. Northeast of a Hundred and Fifty-eighth Street was all rocky and unbuilt-up, and used to be covered with shanties, and goats wandering around. On summer nights, late, we could hear the men banging and hollering at the shanty doors, trying to get their wives to let them in. But *our* street wasn't like that. At the end of this block was a fine yellow house with a garden, where we used to see an old gentleman pottering about with his flowers. Just a little farther up Broadway were some farms. I don't mean big fields, but truck gardens, a cow or two, and chickens. Then, of course, in the last century the Audubon family owned a big tract of land on the river, and the Morse family was nearby. John James Audubon and Samuel F. B. Morse were cronies, and Morse used to go over to the Audubons' and work on his invention. I suppose you think the first telegraph message was sent from Washington and said, 'What hath God wrought?' Well, you're wrong—it was sent from the Audubons' laundry, and I don't know what it said.

"The Audubons helped organize our church. It is part of Trinity Parish, and was started in 1846, in the summer home of a family called Morewood. Mrs. Morewood and her sister Miss Hopkins were very well-connected ladies, and I'm told that even after they stopped summering here they came up to our parish every Sunday. In the eighties—I think it was—we built a church, the Intercession, over there across Broadway, where you see the Harlem Savings Bank. It stood until 1915, when they built the present Chapel of the Intercession, three blocks down, in the Trinity Church Cemetery. From this window Mother and I would watch the people coming and going on Sunday mornings. 'Lutie, come quick! Who is *that*?' Mother would say. It was almost small-towny. One of our rectors in the early nineties was called to succeed Phillips Brooks in Boston after he died. I mention that just to give you an idea of the calibre of people up here.

"In our first years, we knew a



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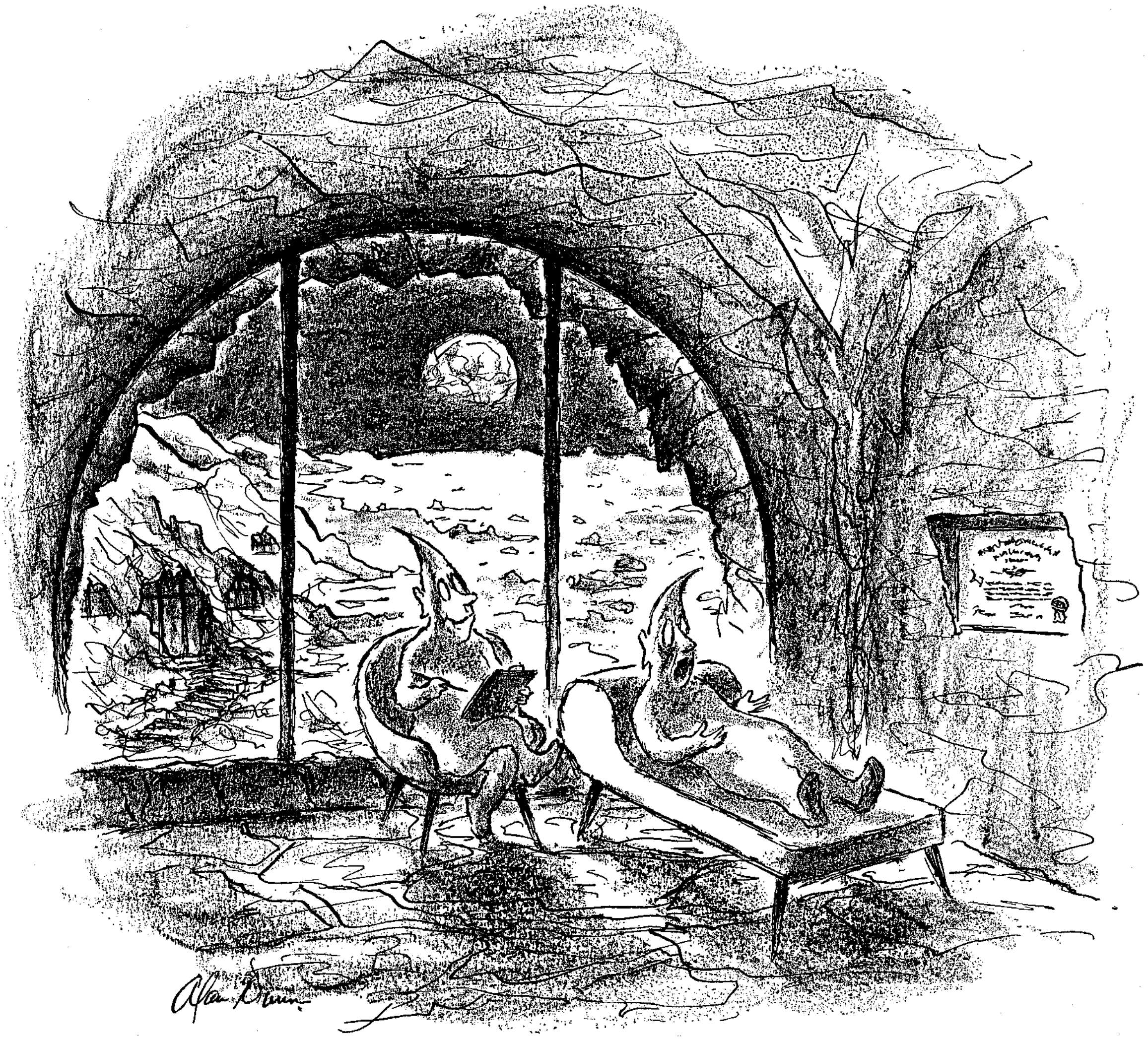
niece of Morse's. She used to talk a lot about Uncle Finley. Miss Audubon, J. J.'s niece, had a school in the neighborhood. I remember seeing her at the cornerstone-laying of our present church, just before the First World War. Another parishioner was Mme. Jumel. Well, not in my day, of course, but an old lady who was our Altar Guild treasurer could remember speaking to her. The old lady was the daughter of a German shoemaker who used to make Mme. Jumel's shoes. Just think! I've known somebody who knew somebody who knew Aaron Burr *well*. Mme. Jumel is buried in the cemetery of our church."

We mentioned having heard of another distinguished occupant of the Trinity Church Cemetery—Clement Moore, the author of "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

"Yes, indeed," Miss Southwick said. "And it's too bad people forget what else he did. He was a professor of Greek and Oriental literature at the General Theological Seminary, and he gave them his property in Chelsea to build on. Later, Columbia University came to the West Side, and so did the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. You see, it was the place to *be*. Every Christmas Eve, children take wreaths to Moore's grave. In the old days, when we had over a thousand children in our Sunday school, it was quite a procession, with acolytes carrying crosses, and the children with lanterns and wreaths. The children also bring wreaths on Christmas Eve for the grave of Alfred Tennyson Dickens, a son of Charles Dickens, who died in New York and was buried here.

"I'd like to show you the cemetery, but they keep the gates locked nowadays, because of vandals. It's very old. Washington's troops fought a battle there. Riverside Drive was built to swing out around the cemetery, and there used to be an ornamental ironwork footbridge that crossed Broadway, which splits the cemetery into two divisions. John Jacob Astor is buried there, also the Minturn family and other good old New Yorkers. Just east of the vicarage you'll see a tall shaft with a Celtic cross—a memorial to Audubon. It is carved with animals and birds, and says, 'All ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord.' My mother and I used to enjoy walking in the cemetery. It was like a lovely park. I remember one day we sat down to rest beside a mausoleum that said 'Coddington.' Mother said, 'I used to know a Gilly Coddington.' And then all of a sudden she almost screamed, 'Why, *there he is!*' And, sure enough, there he was—that is, a marble bust of him. Later, we met a Coddington who told us that Gilly had had the bust made for his



"I was strolling along, minding my own business, when down came this U.F.O. and out came two huge white monsters."

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own parlor. When he died, the family didn't know what in thunder to do with it, so they put it on the mausoleum." Miss Southwick laughed gently to herself, and repeated, "Why, there he is!"

We accepted another slice of pound-cake on our morning-glory plate, and inquired about the apartment. Had the Southwicks been its first and only tenants?

"Yes. As a matter of fact, we moved in before the building was quite finished," Miss Southwick told us. "It was what they call nowadays a luxury building. It had seventeen in help: doormen in uniform, two switchboard girls, twenty-four-hour elevator service, a superintendent, handymen, porters, and firemen. Every apartment had a living room, dining room, big kitchen, maid's room, two bedrooms, and a nice big bathroom. There was even a vacuum-cleaner service. If you paid a little extra, the porter would bring up a vacuum cleaner for you to use, or you could hire him to run it. Father died just as we were going into the First World War. About that time, they took out the switchboard—it was the first thing to go. But for a long time after that the elevator boy would run up and get you if you had a call on the pay phone. We didn't have a telephone, because Mother just never could get used to one. Next, the doormen went. Then the elevator men. Then they put in oil instead of coal, and the firemen went. The nice furniture and rugs in the lobby were taken out when they took out the elevator men. Now the landlord is trying to break up the big apartments, like mine, into two and three. We have only two men now for the whole building. The tenants have got together and formed a kind of protective association for the evenings. There are always two of us on guard in the lobby until nine-thirty."

Miss Southwick seemed not to find it unusual that a lady of eighty-four should be part of a guard against robbers, so we made no comment. "Are there other original tenants?" we asked.

"No, I'm the only one. There's been quite a change over the years. We have a good many Puerto Rican and Negro families in the building now—by and large, an awfully nice calibre. The same at my church. One of our Altar Guild ladies is a descendant of Booker T. Washington. People ask if our church is civic-minded. Heavens! We were civic-minded sixty years ago. One of our rectors, Milo Gates, was the first to put out benches where mothers could sit with their baby carriages—also water buckets for horses. He was the one who persuaded the millionaire Archer Huntington to put the Hispanic Society's museum at a Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Broadway. That led to our getting the Numismatic Society, the American Geographical Society, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the Museum of the American Indian. By the way, did you know that St. Nicholas Avenue, two blocks east, was an old Indian trail? It led from Harlem right up to the end of the island, and you can still visit the site of an old camping ground up there."

At the beginning of our visit, we had intended to ask Miss Southwick whether she ever thinks of moving. The question seemed to have answered itself, and we rose to leave. She led us down the long, dim railroad hall of the apartment and undid an armory of locks and bolts to open the door. "Another thing I like," she said as she showed us out, "is the way the public corridor on every floor runs straight across the building. No turns or corners, where a holdup person could surprise you."

When the elevator appeared, we thanked Miss Southwick warmly and got in. She said goodbye, and then called to us through the closing door, "Alexander Hamilton! He lived near here, too!"

ON ANGELS

THE death of God left the angels in a strange position. They were overtaken suddenly by a fundamental question. One can attempt to imagine the moment. How did they *look* at the instant the question invaded them, flooding the angelic consciousness, taking hold with terrifying force? The question was, "What are angels?"

New to questioning, unaccustomed to terror, unskilled in aloneness, the angels (we assume) wept.

The question of what angels "are" has a considerable history. Swedenborg, for example, talked to a great many angels and faithfully recorded what they told him. Angels look like human beings, Swedenborg says. "That angels are human forms, or men, has been seen by me a thousand times." And again: "From all of my experience, which is now of many years, I am able to state that angels are wholly men in form, having faces, eyes, ears, bodies, arms, hands, and feet. . . ." But a man cannot see angels with his bodily eyes, only with the eyes of the spirit.

Swedenborg has a great deal more to say about angels, all of the highest interest: that no angel is ever permitted to stand behind another and look at the back of his head, for this would disturb the influx of good and truth from the Lord; that angels have the east, where the Lord is seen as a sun, always before their eyes; and that angels are clothed according to their intelligence. "Some of the most intelligent have garments that blaze as if with flame, others have garments that glisten as if with light; the less intelligent have garments that are glistening white or white without the effulgence; and the still less intelligent have garments of various colors. But the angels of the inmost heaven are not clothed."

All of this (presumably) no longer obtains.

Gustav Davidson, in his useful "Dictionary of Angels," has brought together much of what is known about angels. Their names are called: the angel Elubatel, the angel Friagne, the angel Gaap, the angel Hatiphas (genius of finery), the angel Murmur (a fallen angel), the angel Mqttro, the angel Or, the angel Rash, the angel Sandalphon (taller than a five hundred years' journey on foot), the angel Smat. Davidson distinguishes categories: Angels of Quaking, who surround the heavenly throne; Masters of Howling and Lords of Shouting, whose work is praise; messengers, mediators, watchers, and warners. Davidson's "Dictionary" is a very large book; his bibliography lists more than eleven hundred items.

The former angelic consciousness has been most beautifully described by Joseph Lyons (in a paper titled "The Psychology of Angels," published in 1957). Each angel, Lyons says, knows all that there is to know about himself and every other angel. "No angel could ever ask a question, because questioning proceeds out of a situation of not knowing, and of being in some way aware of not knowing. An angel cannot be curious; he has nothing to be curious about. He cannot wonder. Knowing all that there is to know, the world of possible knowledge must appear to him as an ordered set of facts which is completely behind him, completely fixed and certain and within his grasp. . . ."

But this, too, no longer obtains.

IT is a curiosity of writing about angels that, very often, one turns out to be writing about men. The themes are twinned. Thus one finally learns that Lyons, for example, is really writing not about angels but about schizophrenics—thinking about men by invoking angels. And this holds true of much other writing on the subject—a point, we may assume, that was not lost on the angels when they began considering their new relation to the cosmos, when the analogues (Is an angel more like a quetzal or more like a man? Or more like music?) were being handed about.

We may further assume that some attempt was made at self-definition by function. An angel is what he does. Thus it was necessary to investigate possible new roles (you are reminded that this is impure speculation). After the lamentation had gone on for hundreds and hundreds of whatever the angels use for time, an angel proposed that lamentation be the function of angels eternally, as adoration was formerly. The mode of lamentation would be silence, in contrast to the unceasing chanting of Glorias that had been their former employment. But it is not in the nature of angels to be silent.

A counter-proposal was that the angels affirm chaos. There were to be five great proofs of the existence of chaos, of which the first was the absence of God. The other four could surely be located. The work of definition and explication could, if done nicely enough, occupy the angels forever, as the contrary work has occupied human theologians. But there is not much enthusiasm for chaos among the angels.

The most serious because most radical proposal considered by the angels was refusal—that they would remove themselves from being, not be. The tremendous dignity that would accrue to the angels by this act was felt to be a manifestation of spiritual pride. Refusal was refused.

There were other suggestions, more subtle and complicated, less so, none overwhelmingly attractive.

I saw a famous angel on television; his garments glistened as if with light. He talked about the situation of angels now. Angels, he said, are like men *in some ways*. The problem of adoration is felt to be central. He said that for a time the angels had tried adoring each other, as we do, but had found it, finally, "not enough." He said they are continuing to search for a new principle.

—DONALD BARTHELME

THE GARDENS OF MONT-SAINT-MICHEL

THE elephantine Volkswagen bus didn't belong in the French landscape. Compared to the Peugeots and Renaults and Citroëns that overtook it so casually, it seemed an oddity. So was the family riding in it. When they went through towns people turned and stared, but nothing smaller would have held the five of them and their luggage, and the middle-aged American who was driving was not happy at the wheel of any automobile. This particular automobile he loathed. There was no room beyond the clutch pedal. To push it down to the floor he had to turn his foot sidewise, and his knee ached all day long from this unnatural position. "Have I got enough room on my right?" he asked continually, though he had been driving the Volkswagen for two weeks now. "Oh God!" he would exclaim. "There's a man on a bicycle." For he was suffering from a recurring premonition: *In the narrow street of some village, though he was taking every human precaution, suddenly he heard a hideous crunch under the right rear wheel. He stopped the car and with a sinking heart got out and made himself look at the twisted bicycle frame and the body lying on the cobblestones. . . .* A dozen times a day John Reynolds could feel his face responding to the emotions of this disaster, which he was convinced was actually going to happen. It was only a matter of when. And where. Sometimes the gendarmes came and took him away, and at other times he managed to extricate himself by thinking of something else. At odds with all this, making his life bearable, was another scene—the moment in the airport at Dinard when he would turn the keys over to the man from the car-rental agency and be free of this particular nightmare forever.

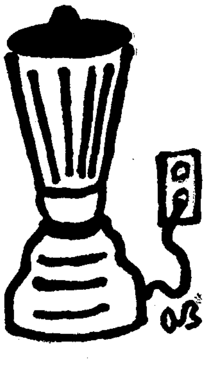
Dorothy Reynolds, sitting on the front seat beside her husband, loved the car because she could see out of it in all directions. Right this minute she asked for nothing more than to be driving through the French countryside. Her worries, which were real and not, like his, imaginary, had been left behind, on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. She could only vaguely remember what they were.

"In France," she said, "nothing is really ugly, because everything is so bare."

"In some ways I like England better," he said.

"It's more picturesque, but it isn't as beautiful. Look at that grey hill town with those dark clouds towering above it," she said, turning around to the two older girls in the seat directly behind her. And then silently scolded herself, because she was resolved not to say "Look!" all the time but to let the children use their own eyes to find what pleased them. The trouble was, their eyes did not see what hers did, or, it often seemed, anything at all.

This was not, strictly speaking, true. Reynolds' niece, Linda Porter, had 20/20 vision, but instead of scattering her attention on the landscape she saved it for what she had heard about—the Eiffel Tower, for example—and for the mirror when she was dressing. She was not vain, and neither was she interested in arousing the interest of any actual boy, though boys and men looked at her wherever she went. She was going through metamorphosis, and doing everything she could to help it along. Her ash-blond hair had been washed and set the night before, her cuticles were flawless, her rose-pink nail polish was without a scratch, her skirt was arranged under her delightful young bottom in such a way that it would not wrinkle, her hand satchel was crammed with indispensable cosmetics, her charm bracelet was the equal of that of any of her contemporaries, but she was feeling forlorn. She had not wanted to leave the hotel in Concarneau, which was right on the water, and she could swim and then lie in the sun, when there was any, and she had considered the possibility of getting a job as a waitress so she could spend the rest of her life there, only her father would never let her do it. She had also considered whether or not she was in love with the waiter in charge of their table in the dining room, who was young and good-looking and from Marseille; when a leaf of lettuce leaped out of the salad bowl, he said "*Zut!*" and kicked it under the table. He asked her to play tennis with him, but unfortunately she hadn't brought her own racquet and he didn't have an extra one. Also, it turned out he was married.



How strange that she should be sitting side by side with someone for whom mirrors did not reflect anything whatever. Alison Reynolds, who was eleven and a half, considered the hours when she was not reading largely wasted. "If Dantès has had lunch," she once confided to her father, "then I have had lunch. Otherwise I don't know whether I've eaten or not." With a note of sadness in her voice, because no matter how vivid and all-consuming the book was, or how long, sooner or later she finished it, and was stranded once more in ordinariness until she had started another. She couldn't read in the car because it made her feel queer. She was very nearsighted, and by the time she had found her glasses and put them on, the blur her mother and father wanted her to look at had been left behind. All châteaux interested her, and anything that had anything to do with Jeanne d'Arc, or with Marie Antoinette. Or Marguerite de Valois. Or Louise de La Vallière.

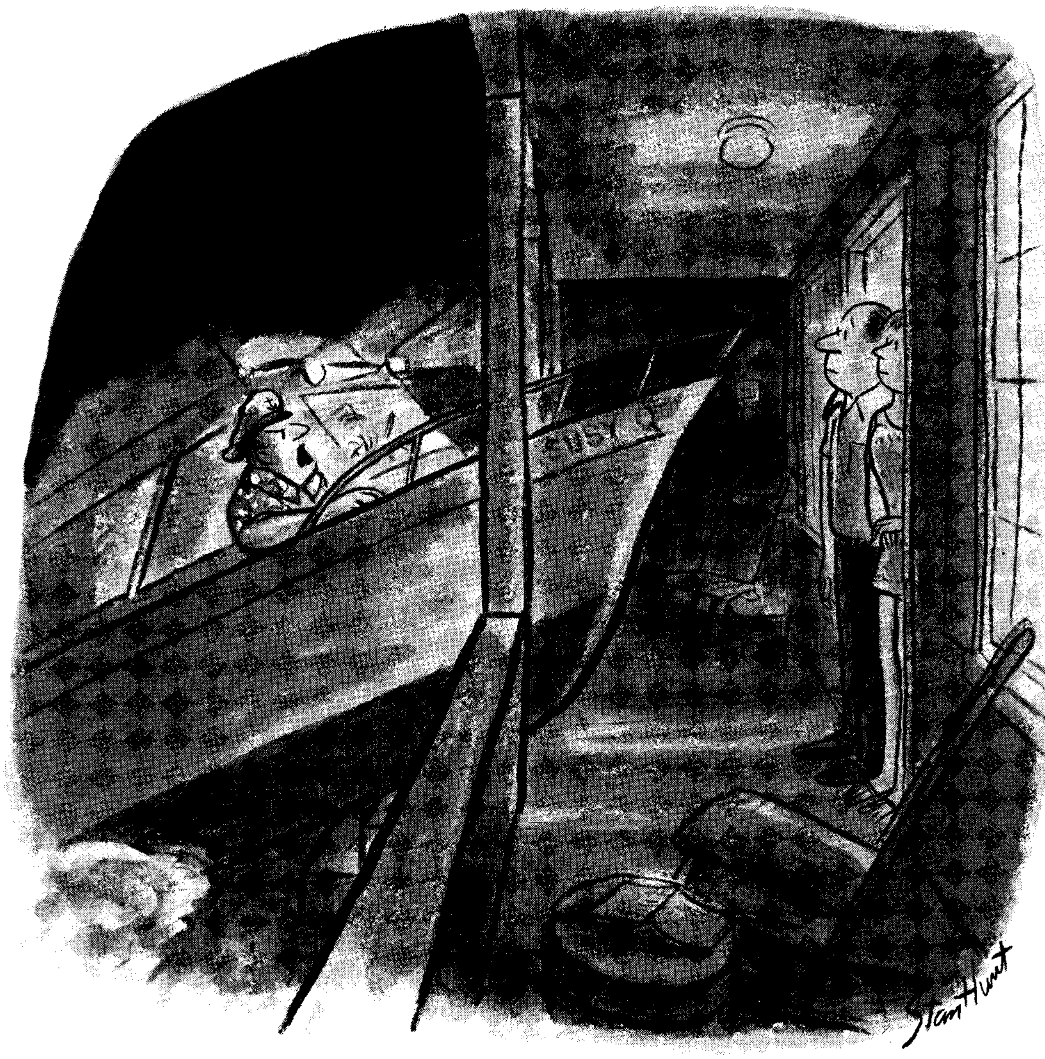
Because her mind and her cousin's were so differently occupied, they were able to let one another alone, except for some mild offensive and defensive belittling now and then, but Alison and her younger sister had to ride in separate seats or they quarrelled. Trip was lying stretched out, unable to see anything but the car roof and hating every minute of the drive from Fougères, where they had spent the night. It didn't take much to make her happy—a stray dog or a cat, or a monkey chained to a post in a farmyard, or an old white horse in a pasture—but while they were driving she existed in a vacuum and exerted a monumental patience. At any moment she might have to sit up and put her head out of the car window and be sick.

They passed through Antrain without running over anybody on a bicycle, and shortly afterward something happened that made them all more cheerful. Another salmon-and-cream-colored Volkswagen bus, the first they had seen, drew up behind them and started to pass. In it were a man and a woman and two children and a great deal of luggage. The children waved to them from the rear window as the other Volkswagen sped on.

"Americans," Dorothy Reynolds said.

"And probably on their way to Mont-Saint-Michel," Reynolds said. "Wouldn't you know." They were no longer unique.

He saw a sign on their side of the road. She also noticed it, and they smiled at each other with their eyes, in the rearview mirror.



"My dead-reckoning position puts me three miles off Chatham Light. What the hell are you doing here?"

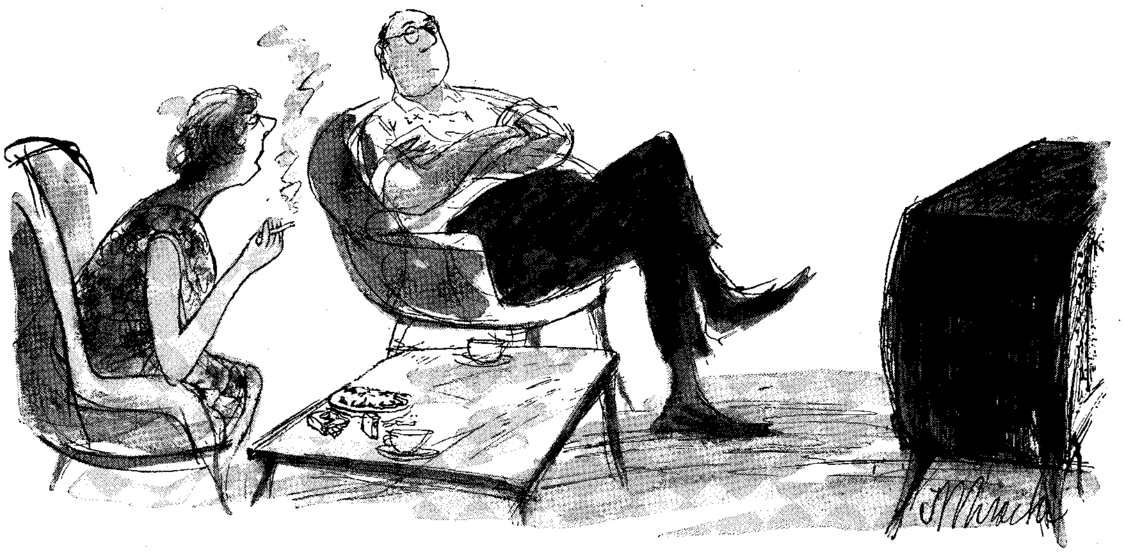
Eighteen years ago, they had arrived in Pontorson from Cherbourg, by train, by a series of trains, at five o'clock in the afternoon. They had a reservation at a hotel in Mont-Saint-Michel, but they had got up at daybreak and were too tired to go on, so they spent the night here in what the Michelin described as an "*hôtel simple, mais confortable*," with "*une bonne table dans la localité*." It was simple and bare and rather dark inside, and it smelled of roasting coffee beans. It was also very old; their guidebook said it had been the manor of the counts of Montgomery, though there was nothing about it now to indicate this. Their room was on the second floor and it was enormous. So was the bathroom. There was hot water. They had a bath, and then they came downstairs and had an apéritif sitting under a striped umbrella in front of the hotel. He remembered that there was a freshly painted wooden fence with flower boxes on it that separated the table from the street. What was in the flower boxes? Striped petunias? Geraniums? He did not remember, but there were heavenly blue morning-glories climbing on strings beside the front door. Their dinner was too good to be true, and they drank a bottle of wine with it, and stumbled up the stairs to their room, and in the profound quiet got into the big double bed and slept like children. So long ago. And so uncritical they were. All open to delight.

In the morning they both woke at the same instant and sat up and looked out of the window. It was market day and the street in front of the hotel was full of people. The women wore long shapeless black cotton dresses and no makeup on their plain country faces. The men wore blue smocks, like the illustrations of Boutet de Monvel. And everybody was carrying long thin loaves of fresh bread. A man with a vegetable stand was yelling at the top of his lungs about his green beans. They saw an old woman leading a cow. And chickens and geese, and little black-and-white goats, and lots of bicycles, but no cars. It was right after the war and gasoline was rationed, but it seemed more as if the automobile hadn't yet been heard of in this part of France.

They were the only guests at the hotel, the only tourists as far as the eye could see. It was the earthly paradise, and they had it all to themselves. When they came in from cashing a traveller's check or reading the inscriptions on the tombstones in the cemetery, a sliding panel opened in the wall at the foot of the stairs and the cook asked how they enjoyed their walk. The waitress helped them make up their minds what they wanted to eat, and if they had any other problems they went to the concierge with them. The happier they became the happier he was for them, so how could they not love him, or he them? The same with the waitress and the chambermaid and the cook. They went right on drinking too much wine and eating seven-course meals for two more days, and if it hadn't been that they had not seen anything whatever of the rest of France, they might have stayed there, deep in the nineteenth century, forever.

Reynolds thought he remembered Pontorson perfectly, but something peculiar goes on in the memory. This experience is lovingly remembered and that one is, to one's everlasting shame, forgotten. Of the remembered experience a very great deal drops out, drops away, leaving only what is convenient, or what is emotionally useful, and this simplified version takes up much more room than it has any right to. The village of Pontorson in 1948 was larger than John Reynolds remembered it as being, but after eighteen years it was not even a village any longer; it was now a small town, thriving and prosperous, and one street looked so much like another that he had to stop in the middle of a busy intersection and ask a traffic policeman the way to the hotel they had been so happy in.

It was still there, but he wouldn't



"Herbie, I'm fed up with those pregnant silences of yours following the anti-smoking commercials."

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have recognized it without the sign. The fence was gone, and so were the morning-glories twisting around their white strings, and the striped umbrellas. The sidewalk came right up to the door of the hotel, and it would not have been safe to drive a cow down the street it was situated on.

"It's all so changed," he said. "But flourishing, wouldn't you say? Would you like to go in and have a look around?"

"No," Dorothy said.

"They might remember us."

"It isn't likely the staff would be the same after all this time."

Somewhere deep inside he was surprised. He had expected everybody in France to stand right where they were (one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, *stillpost*) until he got back.

"I never thought about it before," he said, "but except for the cook there was nobody who was much older than we were. . . . So kind they all were. But there was also something sad about them. The war, I guess. Also, there's no place to park. Too bad." He drove on slowly, still looking.

"What's too bad?" Alison asked.

"Nothing," Dorothy said. "Your father doesn't like change."

"Do you?"

"Not particularly. But if you are going to live in the modern world—"

Alison stopped listening. Her mother could live in the modern world if she wanted to, but she had no intention of joining her there.

They circled around, and found the sign that said "Mont-Saint-Michel," and headed due north. In 1948 their friend the concierge, having found an aged taxi for them, stood in the doorway waving goodbye. Nine kilometres and not another car on the road the whole ride. Ancient farmhouses such as they had seen from the train window they could observe from close up: the weathered tile roofs, the pink rose cascading from its trellis, the stone watering trough for the animals; the beautiful man-made, almost mathematical orderliness of the woodpile, the vegetable garden, and the orchard. Suddenly they saw, glimmering in the distance, the abbey on its rock, with the pointed spire indicating the precise direction of a heaven nobody believed in anymore. The taxi-driver said, "Le Mont-Saint-Michel," and they looked at each other and shook their heads. For reading about it was one thing and seeing it with their own eyes was another. The airiness, the visionary quality, the way it kept changing right in front of their eyes, as if it were some kind of heavenly vaudeville act.

After the fifth brand-new house, Reynolds said, massaging his knee, "Where are all the old farmhouses?"

"We must have come by a different road," Dorothy said.

"It has to be the same road," he said, and seeing how intently he peered ahead through the windshield she didn't argue. But surely if there were new houses there could be new roads.

Once more the abbey took them by surprise. This time the surprise was due to the fact they were already close upon it. There had been no distant view. New buildings, taller trees, something, had prevented their seeing it until now. The light was of the seacoast, dazzling and severe. Clouds funnelled the radiance upward. It seemed that flocks of angels might be released into the sky at any moment.

"There it is!" Dorothy cried. "Look, children!"

Linda added the name Mont-Saint-Michel to the list of places she could tell people she had seen when she got home. Alison put her glasses on and dutifully looked. Mont-Saint-Michel was enough like a castle to strike her as interesting, but what she remembered afterward was not the thing itself but the excitement in her father and mother's voices. Trip sat up, looked, and sank back again without a word and without the slightest change in her expression.

The abbey was immediately obscured by a big new hotel. Boys in white jackets stood in a line on the left-hand side of the road, and indicated with a gesture of the thumb that the Volkswagen was to swing in here.

"What an insane idea," Reynolds murmured. He had made a reservation at the hotel, where they had stayed before, right in the shadow of the abbey.

At the beginning of the causeway, three or four cars were stopped and their occupants had got out with their cameras. He got out too, with the children's Hawkeye, and had to wait several minutes for an unobstructed view. Then he got back in the car and drove the rest of the way.

At the last turn in the road, he exclaimed, "Oh, *no!*" In a huge parking lot to the right of the causeway there were roughly a thousand cars shining in the sunlight. "It's just like the World's Fair," he said. "We'll probably have to stand in line an hour and forty minutes to see the tide come in."

A traffic policeman indicated with a movement of his arm that they were to swing off to the right and down into the parking lot. Reynolds stopped and explained that they were spending the night here and had been told they were to leave the car next to the outer gate. The policeman's arm made exactly the same gesture it had made before.

"He's a big help," Reynolds said as he drove on, and Trip said, "There's a car just like ours."

"Why, so it is," Dorothy said. "It must be the people who passed us."

"And there's another," Trip said.

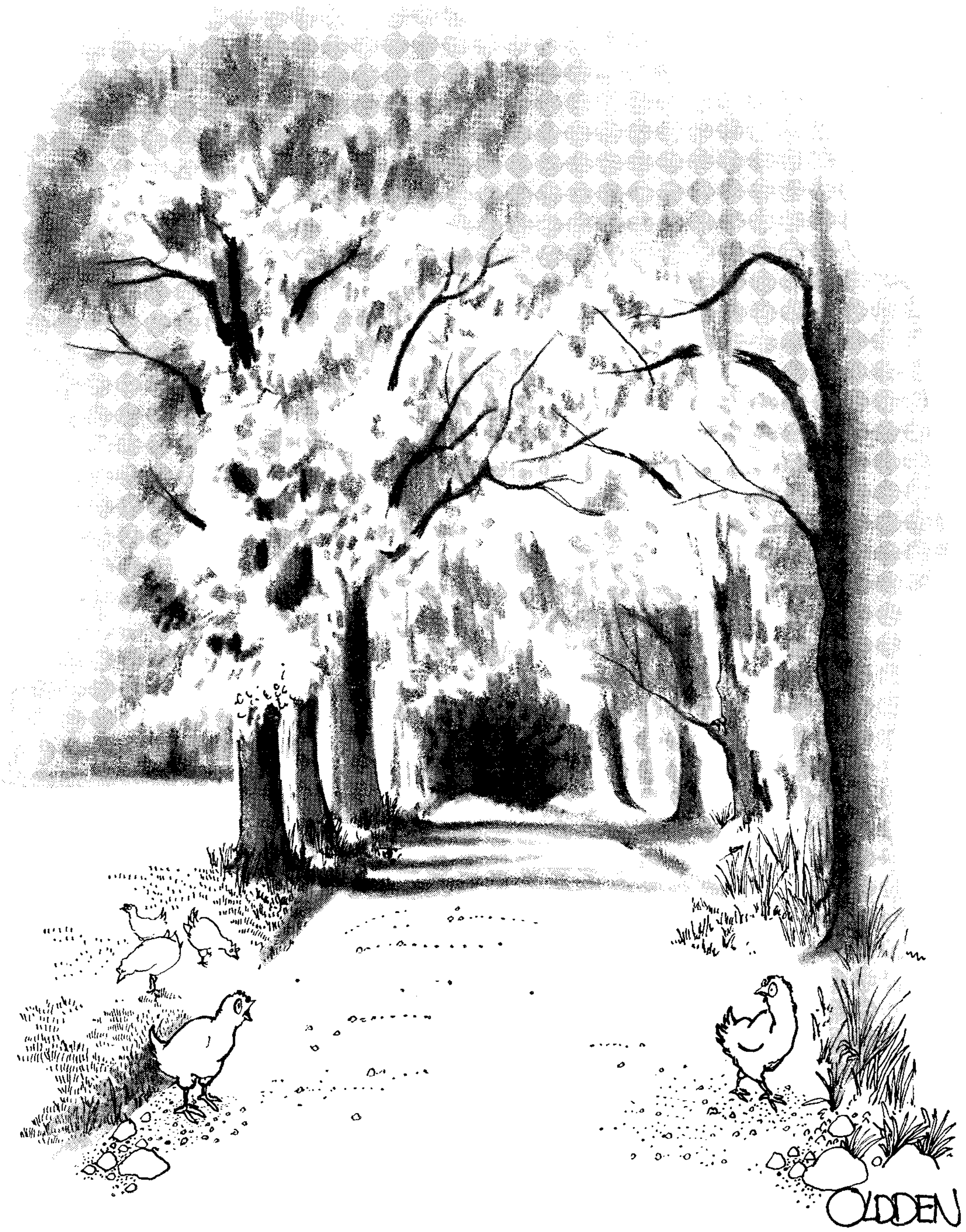
"Where?" Alison said, and put on her glasses.

They left the luggage in the locked Volkswagen and joined the stream of pilgrims. Reynolds stopped and paid for the parking ticket. Looking back over his shoulder, he saw the sandflats extending out into the bay as far as the eye could see, wet, shining, and with long, thin, bright ribbons of water running through them, just as he remembered. The time before, there were nine sightseeing buses lined up on the causeway, from which he knew, before he ever set foot in it, that Mont-Saint-Michel was not going to be the earthly paradise. This time he didn't even bother to count them. Thirty, forty, fifty, what difference did it make. But the little stream that flowed right past the outer gate? *Gone.* . . . Was it perhaps not a stream at all but a ditch with tidal water in it? Anyway, it had been just too wide to jump over, and a big man in a porter's uniform had picked Dorothy up in his arms and, wading through the water, set her down on the other side. Then he came back for Reynolds. There was no indication now that there had ever been a stream here that you had to be carried across as if you were living in the time of Chaucer.

The hotels, restaurants, cafés, Quimper shops, and souvenir shops (the abbey on glass ashtrays, on cheap china, on armbands, on felt pennants, the abbey in the form of lead paperweights three or four inches high) had survived. The winding street of stairs was noisier, perhaps, and more crowded, but not really any different. The hotel was expecting them. Reynolds left Dorothy and the children in the lobby and went back to the car with a porter, who was five foot three or four at the most and probably not old enough to vote. Sitting on the front seat of the Volkswagen, he indicated the road they were to take out of the big parking lot, up over the causeway and down into the smaller parking lot by the outer gate, where Reynolds had tried to go in the first place. The same policeman waved them on, consistency being not one of the things the French are nervous about. With the help of leather straps the porter draped the big suitcases and then the smaller ones here and there around his person, and would have added the hand luggage if Reynolds had let him. Together they staggered up the cobblestone street, and Reynolds saw to his surprise that Dorothy and the children were sitting at a café table across from the entrance to the hotel.

"It was too hot in there," she said, "and there was no place to sit down. I ordered an apéritif. Do you want one?"

And the luggage? What do I do with that? his eyebrows asked, for she was descended from the girl in the fairy tale who said, "Just bring me a rose, dear Father," and he was born in the dead center of the middle class, and they did not always immediately agree about what came before what. He followed the porter inside and up a flight of stairs. The second floor was just as he remembered it, and their room was right down there—where he started to go, until he saw that the porter was continuing up the stairs. On the floor above he went out through a door, with Reynolds following, to a wing of the hotel that didn't exist eighteen years before. It was three stories high and built in the style of an American motel, and the rooms that had been reserved for them were on the third floor—making four stories in all that they climbed. The porter never paused for



"Hey! Why did you do that?"

HERACLITUS

The day's second twilight.
Night that sinks into sleep.
Purification and oblivion.
The day's first twilight.
Morning that once was dawn.
Day that once was morning.
The crowded day that will become the weary evening.
The day's second twilight.
That other habit of time, night.
Purification and oblivion.
The day's first twilight . . .
The furtive dawn and in the dawn
the Greek's bewilderment.
What web is this
of *will be*, *is*, and *was*?
What river's this
through which the Ganges flows?
What river's this whose source is unimaginable?
What river's this
that bears along mythologies and swords?
No use in sleeping.
It runs through sleep, through deserts, through cellars.
The river bears me on and I am the river.
I was made of a changing substance, of mysterious time.
Maybe the source is in me.
Maybe out of my shadow
the days arise, relentless and unreal.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

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breath, possibly because any loss of momentum would have stopped him in his tracks. Reynolds went to a window and opened it. The view from this much higher position was of rooftops and the main parking lot and, like a line drawn with a ruler, the canal that divides Brittany and Normandy. He felt one of the twin beds (no sag in the middle) and then inspected the children's room and the bathroom. It was all very modern and comfortable. It was, in fact, a good deal more comfortable than their old room had been, though he had remembered that room with pleasure all these years. The flowered wallpaper and the flowered curtains had been simply god-awful together, and leaning out of the window they had looked straight down on the heads of the tourists coming and going in the Grande Rue—tourists from all over Europe, by their appearance, their clothes, and by the variety of languages they were speaking. There were even tourists from Brittany, in their *pardon* costumes. And they all seemed to have the same expression on their faces, as if it were an effect of the afternoon light. They looked as if they were soberly aware that they had come to a dividing place in their lives and nothing would be quite the same for them after this. And all afternoon and all evening there was the sound of the omelette whisk. In a room between the foyer of the hotel and the dining room, directly underneath them, a very tall man in a chef's cap and white apron stood beating eggs with a whisk and then cooking them in a long-handled skillet over a wood fire in an enormous open fireplace.

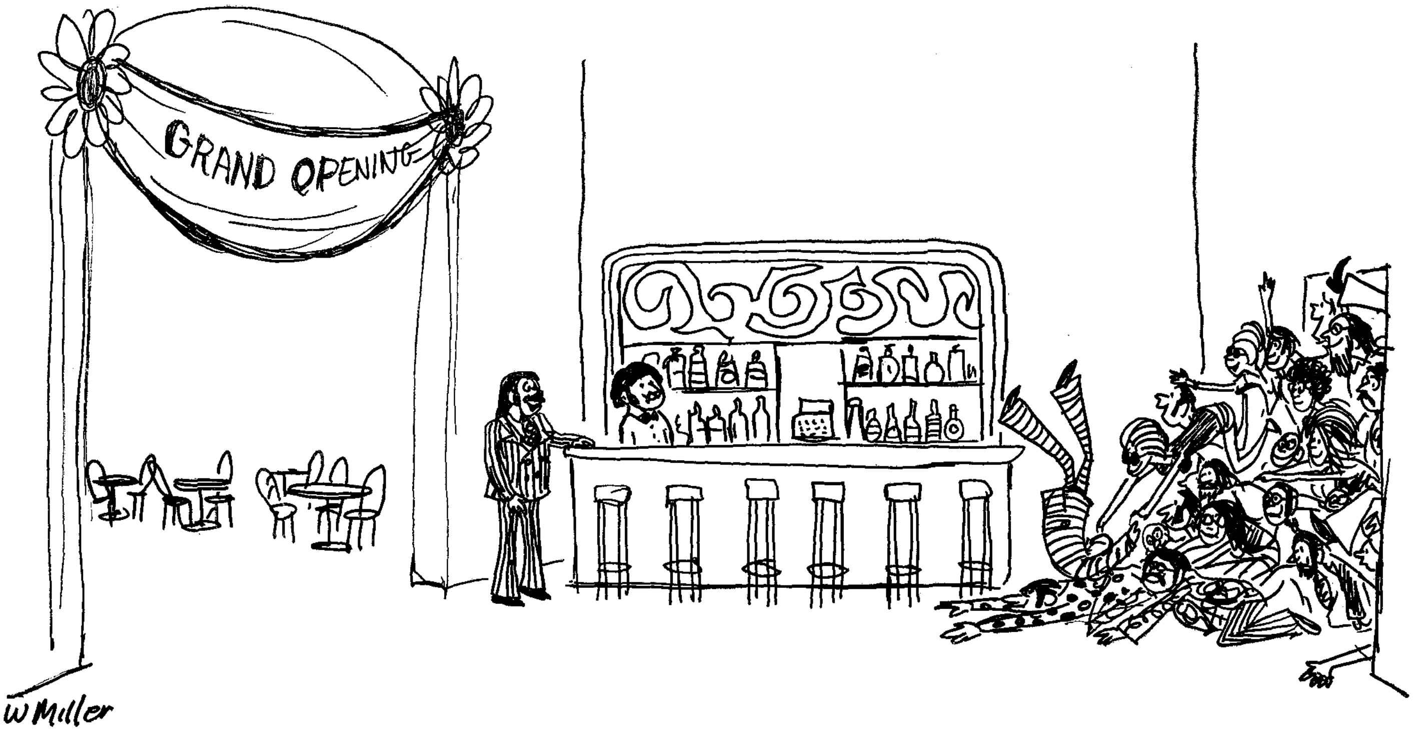
Reynolds listened. There was no *whisk, whisk, whisk* now. Too far away. A car came down the causeway and turned into the parking lot. When night came, the buses would all be gone and the parking lot would be empty.

In this he was arguing from what had happened before. The tourists got back on the sightseeing buses, and the buses drove away. By the end of the afternoon he and Dorothy were the only ones left. After dinner they walked up to the abbey again, drawn there by some invisible force. It was closed for the night, but they noticed a gate and pushed it open a few inches and looked in. It was a walled garden from a fifteenth-century Book of Hours. There was nobody around, so they went in and closed the gate carefully behind them and started down the gravel path. The garden beds were outlined with bilateral dwarf fruit trees, their branches tied to a low wire and heavy with picture-book apples and pears. There was no snobbish distinction between flowers and vegetables. The weed was unknown. At the far end of this Eden there was a gate that led to another, and after that there were still others—a whole series of exquisite walled gardens hidden away behind the street of restaurants and hotels and souvenir shops. They visited them all. Lingering in the deep twilight, they stood looking up at the cliffs of masonry and were awed by the actual living presence of Time; for it must have been just like this for the last five or six hundred years and maybe longer. The swallows were slicing the air into convex curves, the tide had receded far out into the bay, leaving everywhere behind it the channels by which it would return at three in the morning, and the air was so pure it made them light-headed.

Before Reynolds turned away from the window, three more cars came down the causeway. Here and there in the parking lot a car was starting up and leaving. Though he did not know it, it was what they should have been doing; he should have rounded up Dorothy and the children and driven on to Dinan, where there was a nice well-run hotel with a good restaurant and no memories and a castle right down the street. But his clairvoyance was limited. He foresaw the accident that would never take place but not the disorderly reception that lay in wait for them downstairs.

ON the way into the dining room, half an hour later, they stopped to show the children how the omelettes were made. The very tall man in the white apron had been replaced by two young women in uniforms, but there was still a fire in the fireplace, Reynolds was glad to see; they weren't making the omelettes on a gas stove. The fire was quite a small one, though, and not the huge yellow flames he remembered.

"*Cinq*," he said to the maître d'hôtel, who replied in English, "Will you come this way?" and led them to a table in the center of the dining room. When he had passed out enormous printed menus, he said, "I think the little lady had better put her knitting



"Oh, wonderful! Here come all the Beautiful People!"

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away. One of the waiters might get jabbed by a needle." This request was accompanied by the smile of a man who knows what children are like, and whom children always find irresistible. Trip ignored the smile and looked at her mother inquiringly.

"I don't see how you could jab anybody, but put it away. I want an omelette *fines herbes*," Dorothy said.

The maître d'hôtel indicated the top of the menu with his gold pencil and said, "We have the famous omelette of Mont-Saint-Michel."

"But with herbs," Dorothy said.

"There is no omelette with herbs," the maître d'hôtel said.

"Why not?" Reynolds asked. "We had it here before."

This question went unanswered.

The two younger children did not care for omelette, famous or otherwise, and took an unconscionably long time making up their minds what they did want to eat for lunch. The maître d'hôtel came back twice before Reynolds was ready to give him their order. After he had left the table, Dorothy said, "I don't see why you can't have it *fines herbes*."

"Perhaps they don't have any herbs," Reynolds said.

"In *France*?"

"Here, I mean. It's an island, practically."

"All you need is parsley and chives. Surely they have that."

"Well maybe it's too much bother, then."

"It's no more trouble than a plain omelette. I don't like him."

"Yes? What's the matter with him?"

"He looks like a Yale man."

This was not intended as a funny remark, but Reynolds laughed anyway.

"And he's not a good headwaiter," she said.

The maître d'hôtel did not, in fact, get their order straight. Things came that they hadn't ordered, and Trip's sole didn't come with the omelettes, or at all. Since she had already filled up on bread, it was not serious. The service was elaborate but very slow.

"No dessert, thank you," Reynolds said when the waiter brought the enormous menus back.

"Just coffee," Dorothy said.

Reynolds looked at his watch. "It says in the green Michelin there's a tour of the abbey with an English-speaking guide at two o'clock. We just barely have time to make it. If we have coffee we'll be too late."

"Oh let's have coffee," Dorothy said. "They won't start on time."

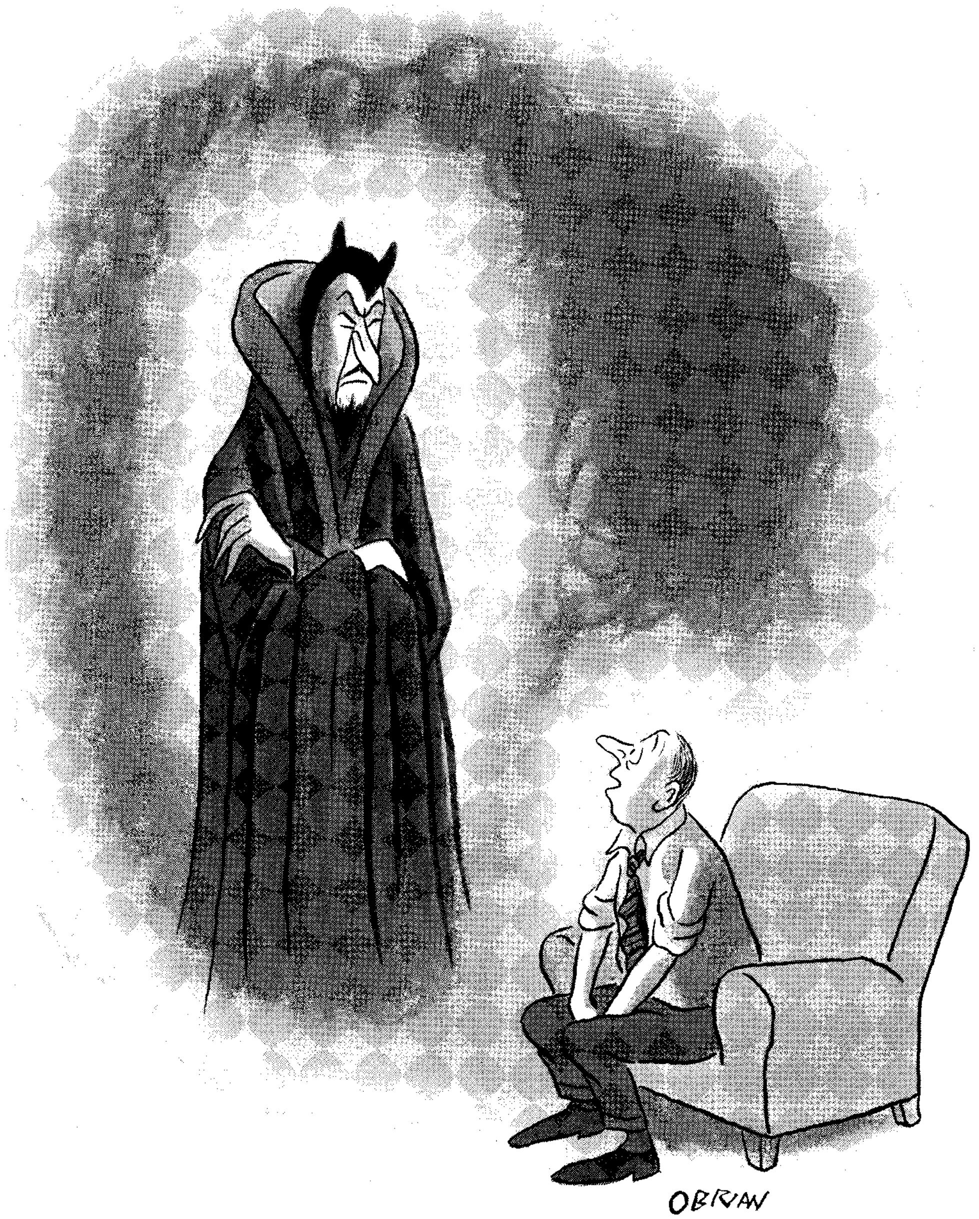
As they raced up the Grande Rue at five minutes after two, he noticed that it was different in one respect: The shops had been enlarged; they went back much deeper than they had before. The objects offered for sale were the same, and since he had examined them carefully eighteen years before, there was no need to do anything but avert his eyes from them now.

The English-speaking tour had already left the vaulted room it started from, and they ran up a long flight of stone steps and caught up with their party on the battlements. A young Frenchman with heavy black-rimmed glasses and a greenish complexion was lecturing to them about the part Mont-Saint-Michel played in the Hundred Years' War. There was a group just ahead of them, and another just behind. The guides manipulated their parties in and out of the same rooms and up and down the same stairs with military precision.

"There were dungeons," Alison Reynolds afterward wrote in her diary, "where you could not sit, lie, or stand and were not allowed to move. Some prisoners were eaten by rats! There were beautiful cloisters where the monks walked and watered their gardens. There was the knights' hall, where guests stayed. The monks ate and worked in the refectory. . . ."

"It's better managed than it used to be," Dorothy said. "I mean, when you think how many people have to be taken through."

The tour was also much shorter than Reynolds remembered it as being, but that could have been because this time they had an English-speaking guide. Or it could just be that what he suspected was true and they were being hurried through. He could not feel the same passionate interest in either the history or the architectural details of the abbey that he had the



"You're too late. I've already consolidated my debts with the Federated Finance Company."

first time, but that was not the guide's fault. It was obvious that he cared very much about the evolution of the Gothic style and the various uses to which this immensely beautiful but now lifeless monument had been put, through the centuries. His accent made the children smile, but it was no farther from the mark than Reynolds' French, which the French did not smile at only because it didn't amuse them to hear their language badly spoken.

When the tour was over, the guide gathered the party around him and, standing in a doorway through which they would have to pass, informed them that he was a student in a university and that this was his only means of paying for his education. The intellectual tradition of France sat gracefully on his frail shoulders, Reynolds thought, and short or not his tour had been a model of clarity. And was ten francs enough for the five of them?

Travelling in France right after the war, when everybody was so poor, he had been struck by the way the French always tipped the guide generously and thanked him in a way that was never perfunctory. It seemed partly good manners and partly a universal respect for the details of French history. A considerable number of tourists slipped through the doorway now without putting anything in the waiting hand. Before, the guide stood out in the open, quite confident that no one would try to escape without giving him something.

At the sight of the ten-franc note, the young man's features underwent a slight change, by which Reynolds knew that it was sufficient, but money was not all the occasion called for, and there was a word he had been waiting for a chance to use. "*Votre tour est très sensible*," he said, and the guide's face lit up with pleasure.

Only connect, Mr. E. M. Forster said, but he was not talking about John Reynolds, whose life's blood went into making incessant and vivid connections with all sorts of people he would never see again, and never forgot.

The wine at lunch had made him sleepy. He waited impatiently while Dorothy and the children bought slides and postcards in the room where the tour ended. Outside, at the foot of the staircase, his plans for taking a nap were threatened when Dorothy was attracted to a museum of horrors having to do with the period when Mont-Saint-Michel was a state prison. But by applying delicate pressures at the right moment he got her to give up the museum, and they walked on down to their hotel. When he had undressed and pulled the covers back, he went to the window in his dressing gown. Some cars were just arriving. American cars. He looked at his watch. It was after four, and the parking lot was still more than half full. On the top floor of the hotel just below, and right next to an open window, he could see a girl of nineteen or twenty with long straight straw-blond hair, sitting on the side of a bed in an attitude of despondency. During the whole time he stood at the window she didn't raise her head or move. He got into his own bed and was just falling asleep when somebody came into the courtyard with a transistor radio playing rock and roll. He got up and rummaged through his suitcase until he found the wax earplugs. When he woke an hour later, the courtyard was quiet. The girl was still there. He went to the window several times while he was running a bath and afterward while he was dressing. Though the girl left the bed and came back to it, there was no change in her dejection.

"That girl," he said finally.

"I've been watching her too," Dorothy said.

"She's in love. And something's gone wrong."

"They aren't married and she's having a baby," Dorothy said.

"And the man has left her."

"No, he's in the room," Dorothy said. "I saw him a minute ago, drinking out of a wine bottle."

The next time Reynolds looked he couldn't see anyone. The room looked empty, though you couldn't see all the way into it. Had the man and the girl left? Or were they down below somewhere? He looked one last time before they started down to the dining room. The shutters in the room across the court were closed. That was that.

At dinner Reynolds got into a row with their waiter. For ten days in Paris and ten more days at a little seaside resort on the south coast of Brittany they had met with nothing but politeness and the desire to please. All the familiar complaints about France and the French were refuted, until this evening, when one thing after another went wrong. They were seated at a table that had been wedged into a far corner of the room, between a grotto for trout and goldfish and the foot of a stairway leading to the upper floors of the hotel. Reynolds started to protest and Dorothy stopped him.

"Trip wants to stay here so she can watch the fish," she explained.

"I know," he said as he unfolded his napkin, "but if anybody comes down those stairs they'll have to climb over my lap to get into the dining room."

"They won't," she said. "I'm sure it isn't used." Then to the children, "You pick out the one you want to eat and they take it out with a net and carry it to the kitchen."

"I have a feeling those trout are just for decoration," Reynolds said.

"No," Dorothy said. "I've seen it done. I forget where."

Nobody came down the stairs, and the trout, also undisturbed, circled round and round among the rocks and ferns. Though the room was only half full, the service was dreadfully slow. When they had finished the first course, the waiter, rather than go all the way around the table to where he could pick up Reynolds' plate, said curtly, "Hand me your plate," and Reynolds did. It would never have occurred to him to throw the plate at the waiter's head. His first reaction was always to be obliging. Anger came more slowly, usually with prodding.

The service got worse and worse.

"I think we ought to complain to the headwaiter," Dorothy said. Reynolds looked around. The maître d'hôtel was nowhere in sight. They went on eating their dinner.

"The food is just plain bad," Dorothy announced. "And he forgot to give us any cheese. I don't see how they can give this place a star in the Michelin."

When reminded of the fact that he had forgotten to give them any cheese, the waiter, instead of putting the cheese board on the table, cut off thin slices himself at a serving table and passed them. His manner was openly contemptuous. He also created a disturbance in the vicinity of their table by scolding his assistant, who had been courteous and friendly. In mounting anger Reynolds composed a speech to be delivered when the waiter brought the check. Of this withering eloquence all he actually got out was one sentence, ending with the words "*n'est plus un restaurant sérieux*." The waiter pretended not to understand Reynolds' French. Like a fool Reynolds fell into this trap and repeated what he had said. It sounded much more feeble the second time. Smirking, the waiter asked if there was something wrong with their dinner, and Reynolds said that he was referring to the way it was served, whereupon the waiter went over to the assistant and said, in English, "They don't like the way you served them." It was his round, definitely.

Reynolds glanced at his wristwatch and then pushed his chair back and hurried Dorothy and the three children out of the dining room and through the lobby and down the street to the outer gate, and then along a path to higher ground. They were in plenty of time. The sunset colors lingered in the sky and in the ribbons of water. The children, happy to have escaped from the atmosphere of eating, climbed over the rocks, risking their lives. Dorothy sat with the sea wind blowing her hair back from her face. He saw that she had entirely forgotten the unpleasantness in the dining room. She responded to Nature the way he responded to human beings. Presently he let go of his anger, too, and responded to the evening instead.

"What if they fall?" she said. "It could be quicksand."

"If it's quicksand, I'll jump in after them. Isn't it lovely and quiet here?"

For in spite of all those cars in the parking lot they had the evening to themselves. Nobody had come down here to see the tide sweep in. At first it was silent. They saw that the channels through the sandbars were growing wider, but there was no visible movement of water. Then suddenly it began to move, everywhere, with a rushing sound that no river ever makes on its way to the sea. It was less like a force of Nature than like an emotion—like the disastrous happiness of a man who has fallen in love at the wrong season of life.

When it was over, they walked up to the abbey in the dusk, by a back way that was all stairs, and down again along the outer ramparts, looking into the near windows of houses and restaurants, and were just in time to be startled by a bloodcurdling scream. It came from a brightly lighted room in a house that was across a courtyard and one story down from where they were. It could have been a woman's scream, or a child's. There was an outbreak of angry voices.

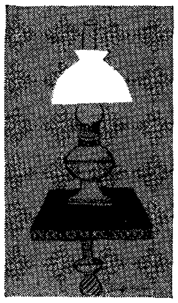
"What *is* it, Daddy?" the children asked. "What are they saying?"

"It's just a family argument," Reynolds said, making his voice sound casual. His knees were shaking. Listening to the excited voices he made out only one word—"*idiot*." Either the scream had come from a mental defective or somebody was being

insulted. The voices subsided. The Americans walked on until they came to a flight of steps leading down to the street in front of their hotel.

When the children were in bed, Reynolds and Dorothy sat at the window of their room, looking out at the night. "The air is so soft," she said, and he said "Ummm," not wanting to spoil her pleasure by saying what was really on his mind, which was that they should never have come here and that nothing on earth would make him come here again. In a place where things could easily have been kept as they were—where, one would have thought, it was to everybody's advantage to keep them that way—something had gone fatally wrong. Something had been allowed to happen that shouldn't have happened.

And it was not only here. The evening they arrived in Paris, the taxi-driver who took them from the boat train to their hotel on the Left Bank said, "*Paris n'est plus Paris.*" And in the morning Madame said when she gave them their mail, "Paris is changed. It's so noisy now." "New York too," he said, to comfort her. But the truth was that nowhere in New York was the traffic like the Boulevard Saint-Germain. The cars drove at twice the speed of the cars at home, and when the lights changed there was always some side street from which cars kept on coming, and pedestrians ran for their lives. Like insects. The patrons who sat at the tables on the sidewalk in front of Lipp could no longer see their counterparts at the Deux Magots because of the river of cars that flowed between them. The soft summer air reeked of gasoline. And there was something he saw that he could not get out of his mind afterward: an old woman who had tried to cross against the light and was stranded in the middle of the street, her eyes wide with terror, like a living monument.



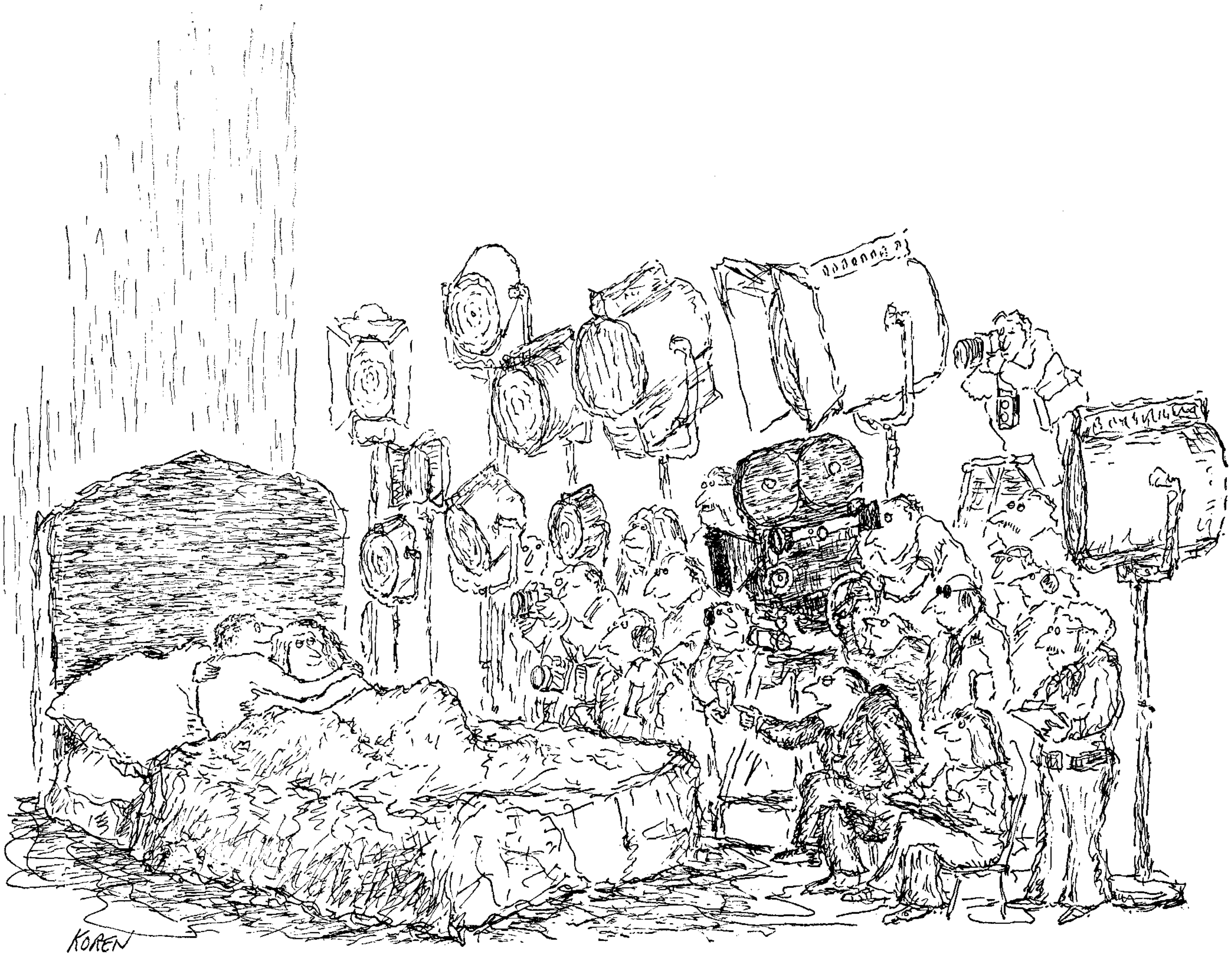
Reynolds was quite aware that to complain because things were not as agreeable as they used to be was one of the recognizable signs of growing old. And whether you accepted change or not, there was really no preventing it. But why, without exception, did something bad drive out something good? Why was the change always for the worse?

He had once asked his father-in-law, a man in his seventies, if there was a time—he didn't say whether he meant in history or a time that his father-in-law remembered, and, actually, he meant both—when the world seemed to be becoming a better place, little by little. And life everywhere more agreeable, more the way it ought to be. And then suddenly, after that, was there a noticeable shift in the pattern of events? Some sort of dividing line that people were aware of, when everything started to go downhill? His father-in-law didn't answer, making Reynolds feel he had said something foolish or tactless. But his father-in-law didn't like to talk about his feelings, and it was just possible that he felt the same way Reynolds did.

Once in a while, some small detail represented an improvement on the past, and you could not be happy in the intellectual climate of any time but your own. But in general, so far as the way people lived, it was one loss after another, something hideous replacing something beautiful, the decay of manners, the lapse of pleasant customs, as by a blind increase in numbers the human race went about making the earth more and more unfit to live on.

IN the morning, Reynolds woke ready to pay the bill and leave as soon as possible, but it was only a short drive to Dinard, and their plane didn't leave until five o'clock in the afternoon, so after breakfast they climbed the steps of the Grande Rue once more, for a last look at the outside of the abbey, and found something they had overlooked before—an exhibition marking the thousandth year of the Abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel. There were illuminated manuscripts: St. Michael appearing to Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, in a dream and telling him to build a chapel on the Mount; St. Michael weighing souls, slaying dragons, vanquishing demons, separating the blessed from the damned; St. Michael between St. Benoît and the archbishop St. William; St. Michael presenting his arms to the Virgin; St. Michael the guardian of Paradise. There was a list of the Benedictine monks living and dead at the time of the abbot Mainard II, and an inventory of the relics of the monastery at the end of the fifteenth century. There was the royal seal of William the Conqueror, of Philip the Fair, of Philip the Bold, of Louis VIII, of Philip Augustus. There was an octagonal reliquary containing a fragment of the cranium of St. Suzanne the Virgin Martyr. There was a drawing, cut by some vandal from an illuminated manuscript, of Jeanne d'Arc, Alison's friend, with her banner and sword, corresponding exactly to a description given at her trial, and a letter from Charles VII reaffirming that Mont-Saint-Michel was part of the royal domain. There were maquettes of the abbey in the year 1000, in 1100, in 1701, and as it was now. There was an aquarelle by Viollet-le-Duc of the flying buttresses. There were suits of armor, harquebuses, a pistolet, and some cannonballs. There was far more than they could take in or do justice to. When they emerged from the exhibition rooms, dazed by all they had looked at, Reynolds remembered the little gardens. It would never do to go away without seeing them. He couldn't find the gate that opened into the first one, and he wasn't sure, after eighteen years, on which side of the Mount they were, but Dorothy had noticed a sign, down a flight of steps from the abbey, that said "The Bishop's Garden." They bought tickets from an old woman sitting at a table under a vaulted archway and passed into what was hardly more than a strip of grass with a few flowers and flowering shrubs, and could have been the terrace of a public park in some small provincial French town. Reynolds began to look for the medieval gardens in earnest, and in the end they found themselves in what must once have been the place they were looking for. It was overrun with weeds, and hardly recognizable as a garden, and there was only that one.

Later, after he had closed and locked his suitcase, he went to the window for the last time. The shutters of the room that had contained so much drama were still closed. Looking down on the courtyard between the new wing of their hotel and the hotel in front of it, he knew suddenly what had happened. The medieval gardens didn't exist any more. To accommodate an ever-increasing number of tourists, the hotels had been added on to. So that they could hold thousands of souvenirs instead of hundreds, the souvenir shops had been deepened, taking the only available land, which happened to be those enchanting walled gardens. The very building he was in at that moment, with its comfortable if anonymous rooms with adjoining bath, had obliterated some garden that had been here for perhaps five hundred years. One of the miracles of the modern world, and they did just what people everywhere else would have done—they cashed in on a good thing. And



"Lights! Camera! Love!"

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never mind about the past. The past is what filled the gigantic parking lot with cars all summer, but so long as you have the appearance you can sell that; you don't need the real thing. What's a garden that has come down intact through five hundred years compared to money in the bank? *This is something I will never get over,* he thought, feeling the anger go deeper and deeper. *I will never stop hating the people who did this. And I will never forgive them—or France for letting them do it. What's here now is no longer worth seeing or saving. If this could happen here, then there is no limit to what can happen everywhere else. It's all going down, and down. There's no stopping it. . . .*

In order to pay the bill, he had to go to the cashier's desk, which was at the far end of the dining room. As he started there, walking between the empty tables, he saw that the only maître d'hôtel in the whole of France who looked like a Yale man was avoiding his eyes—not because he felt any remorse for putting them next to the fish tank with a clown for a waiter, or because he was afraid of anything Reynolds might say or do. He didn't care if Reynolds dropped dead on the spot, so long as he didn't have to dispose of the body. He was a man without any feeling for his métier, *tout simplement,* and so the food and the service had gone to hell in a basket.

WHILE Reynolds was at the concierge's desk in the foyer, confirming their reservations at the airport by telephone, a gentle feminine voice said behind him, in English, "Monsieur, you left your traveller's checks," and he turned and thanked the cashier profusely.

He started up the stairs to see about the luggage and the concierge called after him, "Monsieur, your airplane tickets!"

They had banded together and were looking after him.

The same boy who carried the luggage up four flights of stairs now carried it down again and out through the medieval gate to the Volkswagen. "We were here eighteen years ago," Reynolds said to him as he took out his wallet. "You have no idea how different it was."

This was quite true. Eighteen years ago, the porter was not anywhere. Or if he was, he was only a babe in arms. But he was a Frenchman, and knew that a polite man doesn't sneer at emotions he doesn't feel or memories he cannot share. He insisted on packing the luggage for Reynolds, and tucked Dorothy and the children in, and closed the car doors, and then gave them a beautiful smile.

It's true that I overtipped him, Reynolds thought. But then, looking into the porter's alert, intelligent, doglike eyes, he knew that he was being unjust. The tip had nothing to do with it. It was because he was a harmless maniac and they all felt obliged to take care of him and see him on his way.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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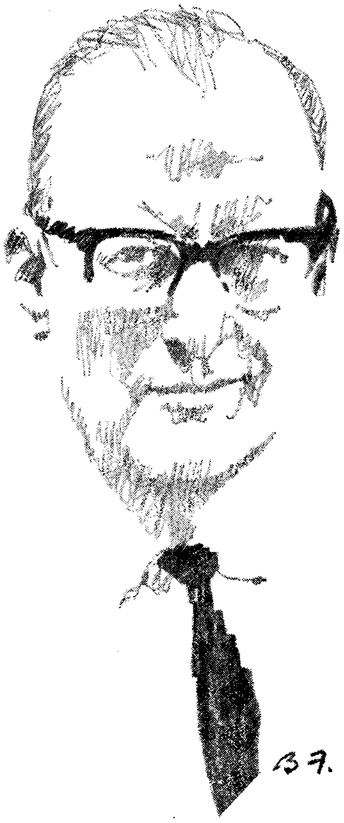
Acoustical engineers have found that a person absorbs almost as much sound as 12 feet of thick carpet.—*Denver Post.*

Yeah, but the carpet isn't a chatterbox.

PROFILES

OUT OF THE EGO CHAMBER

ACCORDING to Muslim legend, Adam, after he was forced to leave the Garden of Eden, made his way south through India and onto the island of Ceylon, where, later joined by Eve, he settled down to propagate the human race. Another version of the legend has it that Adam, for his disobedience, was hurled from Heaven and, as penance, stood for a thousand years on one foot on top of Adam's Peak, a remarkable 7,360-foot mountain that rises in a precipitous rock pyramid from the jungles and tea estates of central Ceylon. Indeed, at the summit of the mountain there is a shrine built around a rock that bears a curious footprint-like indentation, which Muslims take to be the footprint of Adam, and which Buddhists—who constitute about seventy per cent of the present population of the island—take to be the footprint of Gautama Buddha. Adam's Peak, which is visible for miles out to sea, was the landmark that guided the first Europeans, the Portuguese, to the island in 1505. They were looking for cinnamon, and they found, in addition, the decaying fragments of a great civilization created by the Sinhalese—the "lion race," of Indian descent, who had flourished on Ceylon for nearly two thousand years. The Sinhalese had constructed fantastic cities like Anuradhapura, which is said to have had, by the first century A.D., a population of several million, but by the time the Portuguese arrived the ancient cities had been largely reclaimed by the jungle, and the kingdom of the Sinhalese was weak and divided. The government of Ceylon had retreated to Kandy, in the highlands near Adam's Peak. (Kandy served as Mountbatten's headquarters during the Second World War and was one of the three principal locales of the film "The Bridge on the River Kwai," which was made entirely in Ceylon.) The Portuguese were never able to subjugate the island, although they claimed it in the name of their king. But their influence still manifests itself through the presence of the Catholic Church and in the many Portuguese family names, like de Silva. It was the Portuguese who named Colombo (after Christopher Columbus). However, their tenure was short-lived; beginning in the early seventeenth century, the Dutch East India Company, in alliance with the Kandy kings, drove the Portuguese out. At the end of the eighteenth century, the Dutch, in turn, gave way to the British East India Company; the British captured Colombo in 1795, and in 1802 Ceylon became a Crown Colony—a status it retained until 1948, when it became fully independent.


Arthur C. Clarke

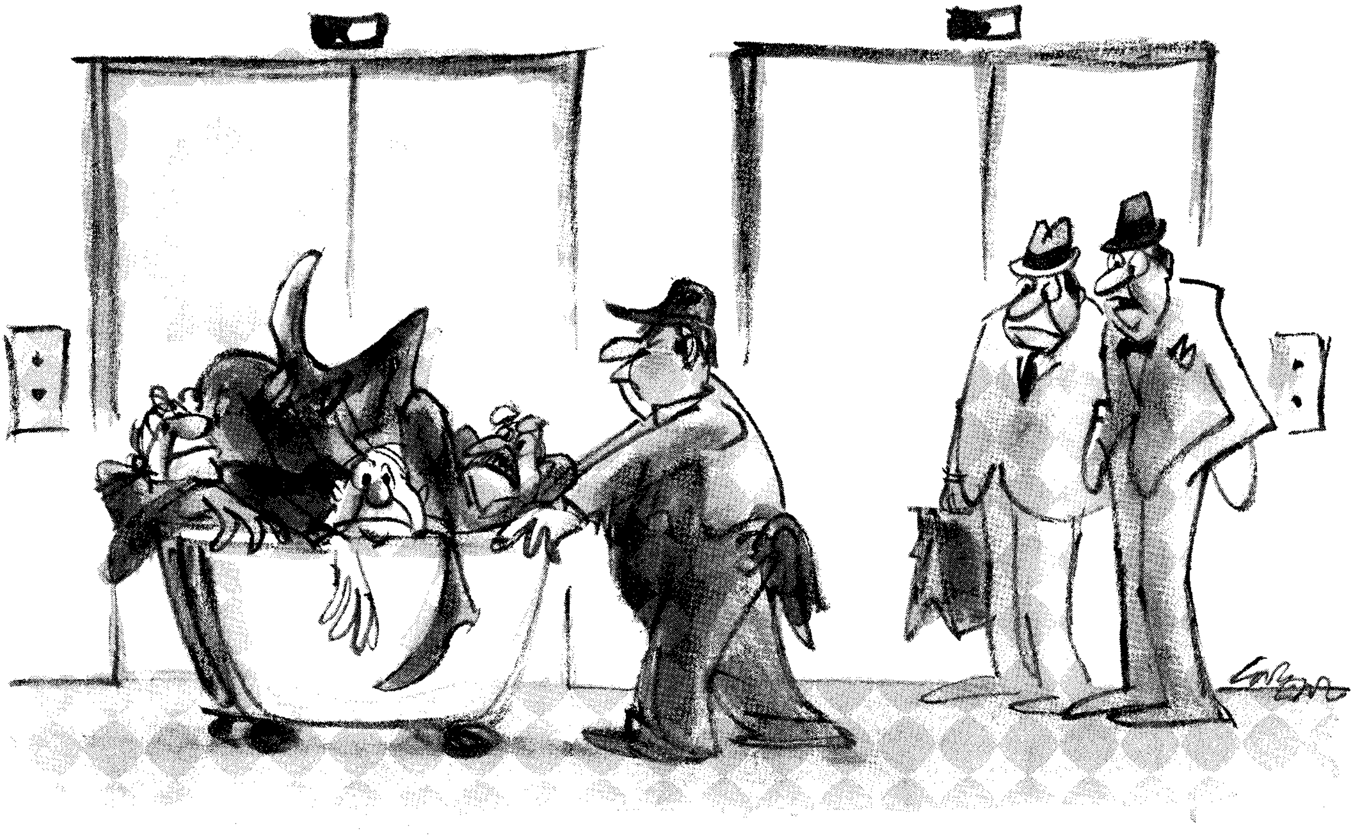
Ceylon, which is shaped like a teardrop and hangs just off the southeastern coast of India, is about half the size of Great Britain, and what traces of European influence are left in Ceylon are very largely British. The country's second language is English. (Its first language is Sinhalese, and its third is Tamil.) It was the British who built the modern port of Colombo. (Colombo is not a natural harbor, and the British literally created one.) And it was the British who introduced the cultivation of tea and rubber—currently the two principal exports—to Ceylon. The island's population is now about twelve million, of whom some seven thousand are Europeans, but most of these are British—mainly retired planters who fell in love with the jungles, the magnificent seacoast, and the highland country, and could not face going back to the rigors of the English climate after their tea and rubber estates were taken over by the Ceylonese. However, the most singular of the British expatriates now living in Ceylon is not a planter at all but one of the truly prophetic figures of the space age, Arthur C. Clarke.

Clarke, a remarkably youthful-looking fifty-one (when he is wearing his glasses, which he needs because of myopia, he presents the vaguely mischievous appearance of a benign and stupendously energetic blue-eyed owl), has the rugged physique and constitution of a farm boy, which he once was. He has been well known as a science-fiction writer and a scientific prophet for over a quarter of a century. (Ten years ago, he made a bet that the first man to land on the moon would do so by June, 1969.) However, it is only in the last few years—especially since he and Stanley Kubrick wrote "2001: A Space Odyssey"—that he has become widely known to the general public. He became even more widely known, of course, during the recent flight to the moon, when he served as one of the commentators assisting Walter Cronkite in his coverage of the event for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Cronkite has been a Clarke fan for many years, and Clarke has done a number of television broadcasts with him, beginning as far back as 1953. In following the Apollo 11 flight, Clarke made some dozen appearances. During an early one, Cronkite asked him if he would mind explaining the ending of "2001," and Clarke answered that he didn't think there was enough time—then or later. He went to Cape Kennedy with the C.B.S. team, and at the moment of the launch, as he told a friend on his return, he, like everyone around him, burst into tears. "I hadn't cried for twenty years," he said. "Right afterward, I happened to run into Eric Sevareid, and he was crying, too." After the launch, Clarke returned with the rest of the C.B.S. crew to New York and spent most of the next several days in and out of the C.B.S. studios, watching the flight and, from time to time, going on camera. The actual landing on the moon was, in many ways, the fulfillment of a life's dreaming and prophesying. "For me, it was as if time had stopped," he said later.

Clarke's *œuvre* appears to have a special appeal for young people, and he spends a good deal of his time, when he is in the United States, lecturing to university audiences, who seem to have been familiar since childhood with his science-fiction classics, such as "The City and the Stars," "A Fall of Moondust," "The Sands of Mars," and "Childhood's End," as well as with his superb popular-science books, such as "The Promise of Space" and "Profiles of the Future." Recently, Clarke received a letter from a sixteen-year-old amateur filmmaker that began, "You are the best sci-fi writer no doubt in the world (or at least in the North American Continent)," and went on, "Could you please do me a great favor (which I'll repay you when I become famous), and that is to think of an idea for a suspenseful sci-fi short movie (about ½ hr.), and let me have your permission to use it as a theme."

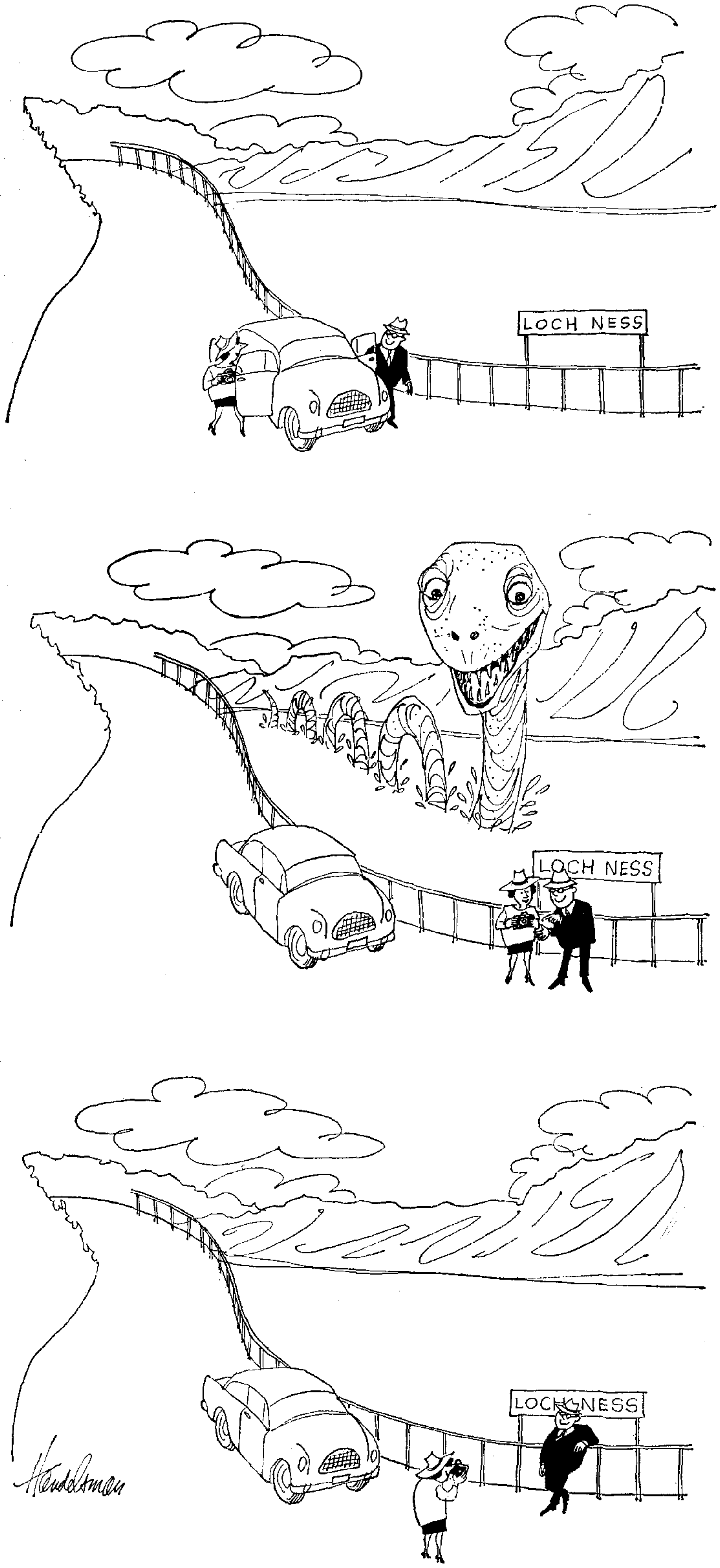
Anyone who talks with Clarke for very long discovers several characteristics of his conversation that make it both delightful and sometimes difficult to follow. He is afflicted with what he refers to as a "butterfly mind." His conversation flits in and out of subjects, passing from one to the other with the speed of an agitated lepidopteron. He will sometimes provide a transitional "Exactly, exactly" while at the same time conveying the impression that he has not been paying much attention to any interjections the listener has been making in the vain hope of slowing him down. When he writes, however, his style is a singular amalgam of scientific erudition, speculative imagination, and a profoundly poetic feeling for the strange and only partly understood objects—stars, moons, planets, asteroids—that populate our universe. Many—indeed, most—science-fiction writers do not have any special scientific training. Clarke (like Isaac Asimov, who is a biochemist) is a notable exception. He served as an electronics engineer with the R.A.F. (in 1945, while still in the service, he originated the idea of a communications satellite); he has a bachelor's degree (with First Class Honours) in physics and mathematics, and has done advanced study in astronomy; and for a spell he worked as an abstracter for a major scientific journal. There is little doubt that Clarke could, if he felt like it, earn his living by doing science. One of the reasons he doesn't is that it might get in the way of speculation, which, while consistent with generally accepted scientific principles, often pushes them a step or two farther than most scientists would be willing to go. In this connection, Clarke once remarked, "Since I don't have any scientific reputation to lose, I can say what I please without giving a damn about what the professionals think of it." However, the really distinguishing feature of Clarke's style is the sense of sadness and loneliness that man must feel over living for so brief a time in such a vast universe of which he can have so limited a glimpse. Kubrick once remarked, "Arthur somehow manages to capture the hopeless but admirable human desire to know things that can really never be known."

Since Clarke is himself an unswerving optimist, with an all but Buddhist reverence for life, the worlds that he creates, however strange, are usually basically benign. It is very rare in a Clarke story to find an "alien"—i.e., an extraterrestrial being—or an animal, or even a plant, that one feels one could not get on with, given a little practice. Moreover, the inanimate objects also acquire personalities. Here is Clarke describing the prehistoric earth in "The Sentinel," the short story that was transformed into "2001": "Such was our own Earth, the smoke of the great volcanoes still staining the skies, when that first ship of the peoples of the dawn came sliding in from the abyss beyond Pluto. It passed the frozen outer worlds, knowing that life could play no part in their destinies. It came to rest among the inner planets, warming themselves around the fire of the sun and waiting for their stories to begin." And here is Clarke describing Alvin, the hero of "The City and the Stars," in his first encounter with a strange

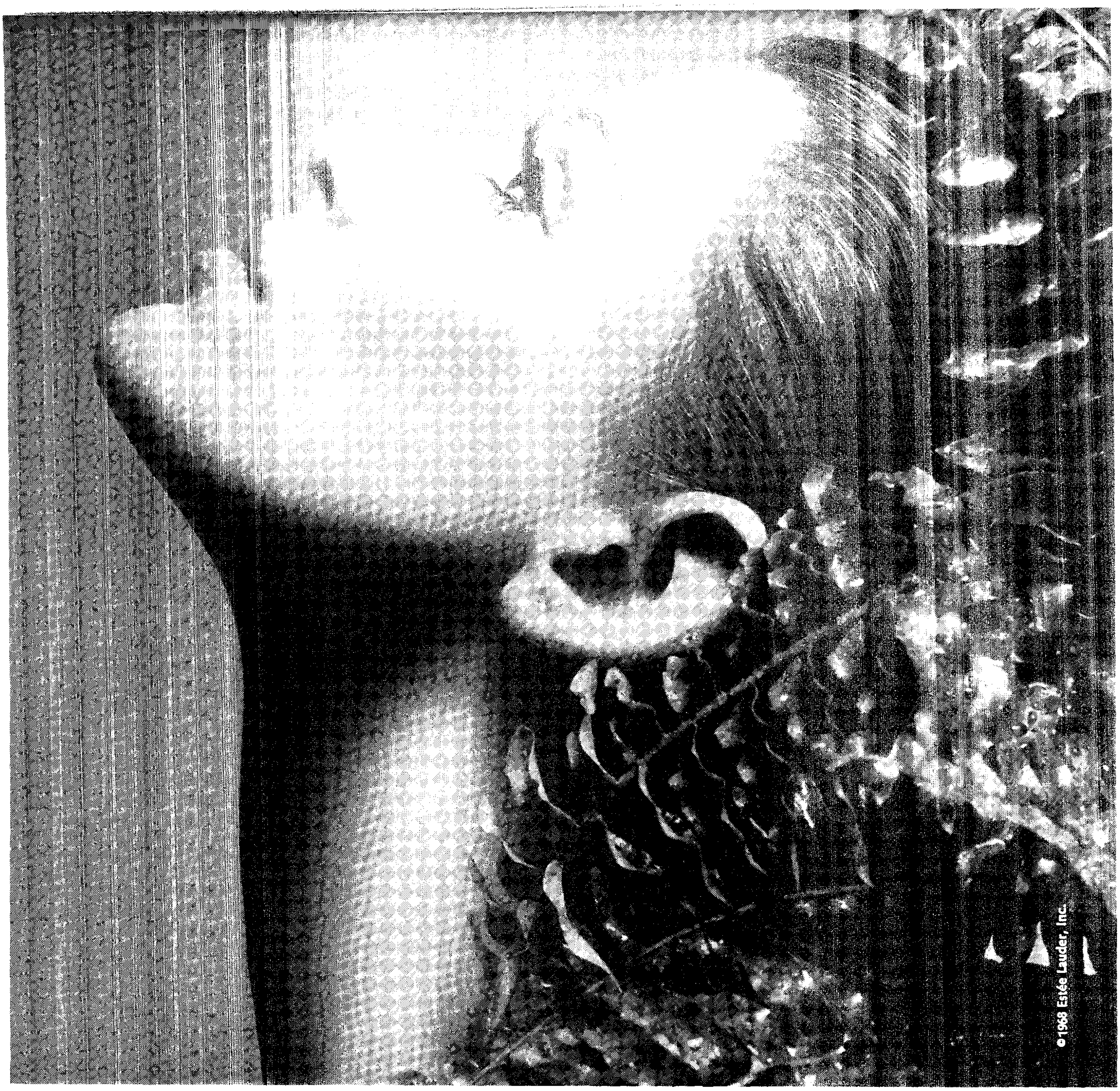


"I see Dressler, Strole & Cutting have implemented their mandatory-retirement program."

robot: “None of the conventional control thoughts produced any effect. The machine remained contemptuously inactive. That suggested two possibilities. It was either too unintelligent to understand him or it was very intelligent indeed, with its own powers of choice and volition. In that case, he must treat it as an equal. Even *then he might* underestimate it, but it would bear him no resentment, for conceit was not a vice from which robots often suffered.” Stanley Kubrick once summarized Clarke’s gift by saying, “He can take an inanimate object like a star or a world, or even a galaxy, and somehow make it into a very poignant thing that almost seems alive.”



Clarke has made his home in Ceylon more or less permanently since 1956. What drew him there, and keeps him there, is the sea. Ceylon is surrounded by some of the most magnificent coral reefs in the world—reefs that abound in tropical marine life. Since 1951, Clarke—despite the fact that he has never learned to swim properly—has been an ardent deep-sea diver and photographer in such diverse places as the English Channel; Clearwater, Florida; the Great Barrier Reef of Australia; and along the coast of Ceylon. Of the more than five hundred articles, books, and short stories that he has written to date (Clarke has catalogued his output in four neatly handwritten looseleaf notebooks, with entries indicating when the work was done, who bought it, and how much was paid; the next entry will be No. 510), about a quarter have to do with the sea. The rest include technical electronics articles (most notably his classic paper on the communications satellite, which appeared in the October, 1945, issue of *Wireless World*, and in which he proposed extraterrestrial relay stations, plotted the orbits required, and set forth in great detail the fundamental principles of the satellite’s design); other scientific papers dating back to his R.A.F. days; short stories like “The Sentinel” and “Before Eden;” novels like “Earthlight” and “Against the Fall of Night;” popular scientific books like “The Exploration of Space” and “Interplanetary Flight;” and, of course, the enigmatic screenplay for “2001.” Despite all this activity, which has taken Clarke to most of the centers of space technology in the Western world as a consultant, a lecturer, or an observer, the spell of the sea has always drawn him back to Ceylon. He has summarized his feeling about Ceylon in “The Treasure of the Great Reef,” his most recent book on deep-sea diving. In it he describes the discovery and salvage of a seventeenth-century treasure ship that was sunk on the Great Basses Reef, off the south coast of Ceylon—an enterprise he undertook with Mike Wilson, a former British paratrooper, frogman, film producer, and professional diver, who introduced Clarke to diving and has been his partner in underwater explorations ever since. Of Ceylon, Clarke writes, “Though I never left England until I was thirty-three years old (or travelled more than a score of miles from my birthplace until I was twenty), it is Ceylon, not England, that now seems home. I do not pretend to account for this, or for the fact that no other place is now wholly real to me. Though London, Washington, New York, Los Angeles are exciting, amusing, invigorating, and hold all the things that interest my mind, they are no longer quite convincing. Their images are blurred around the edges; like a mirage, they will not stand up to detailed inspection. When I am in the Strand, or 42nd Street, or NASA Headquarters, or the Beverly Hills Hotel . . . my surroundings are liable to give a sudden tremor, and I see through the insubstantial fabric to the reality beneath.” He concludes, “And always it



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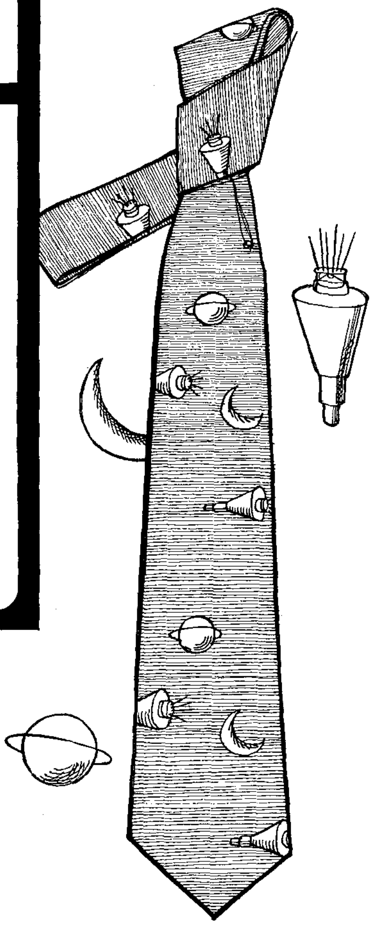

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is the same: the slender palm trees leaning over the white sand, the warm sun sparkling on the waves as they break on the inshore reef, the outrigger fishing boats drawn up high on the beach. This alone is real; the rest is but a dream from which I shall presently awake."

CLARKE was born on December 16, 1917, in the small seaside town of Minehead, in Somerset, on the Bristol Channel. (His speech still carries the lilting accent characteristic of Somerset; "moon," for example, becomes "moo-un," with a melodic emphasis on the "moo.") Clarke's father was then a soldier at the front, and, to make ends meet, his mother, grandmother, and an aunt were running a boarding house, which still stands. After the war, Clarke's father invested in a farm nearby, and when Clarke was about five the family moved from the boarding house to the farm. The first years there were a financial disaster, and this was compounded by the death of Mr. Clarke when Arthur was still in his early teens. By this time, there were three other children in the family—two brothers, Fred and Michael, and a sister, Mary. (Fred was until very recently a heating engineer, and is now the full-time director of the Rocket Publishing Company, a family enterprise that invests Clarke's European royalties in various underwater and film operations. Michael has settled on the family farm and is running it, and Mary, a former Royal Navy Nursing Officer, is now married and at home.) Mrs. Clarke had to take over the farm herself to make a living for her four children. On a recent visit to Clarke in Colombo, I met Mrs. Clarke, who was making her first trip to Ceylon. She turned out to be a delightful ruddy, gray-haired woman somewhere in her seventies (Clarke says she simply will not tell her children how old she is, and none of them have been able to find out), who shares with the other Clarkes I have encountered a general lucidity of mind and fluidity of speech.

Even a casual reader of Clarke's fiction cannot fail to be struck by the fact that its animals, robots, and aliens often appear to be more human than the human beings. Squeak, the first Martian discovered by the Earthlings in "The Sands of Mars," and the lion that forms a charming friendship with a young boy in "The Lion of Comarre"—and even the squids in one of Clarke's more recent stories, "The Shining Ones," to say nothing of

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the wonderful aliens in "Childhood's End" and the benign and melancholic ultimate intelligence, Vanamonde, in "The City and the Stars"—all have the appealing characteristics of domestic animals on a bizarre cosmic farm. Clarke is well aware of this and attributes it, in part, to the fact that he has always been more interested in things and ideas than in people. He also feels that it is attributable in part to his early life on the farm. In addition to the usual farm animals, the Clarkes were surrounded by dogs, which his mother raised professionally. Clarke recalls that at one point they had fourteen puppies in the house, which surged back and forth in waves between the rooms. "We were drowning in a sea of them," he remembers. Clarke keeps two dogs—large German shepherds—in his house in Colombo, as well as a number of wild birds, which lodge in the interior nests that the Ceylonese put in their dining and living rooms to bring good luck. Clarke will not kill any animal that is not actively venomous, and during my visit with him I aided in gently depositing out-of-doors a considerable assortment of tropical spiders of impressive size and girth, which, Clarke insisted, wouldn't hurt anything, and whose presence was necessary on the front lawn to preserve the delicate ecological balance. Indeed, Clarke's first interest in science came through animals—prehistoric animals. He recalls driving in a pony trap with his father, and his father's giving him a cigarette picture card showing a prehistoric reptile. Clarke was immediately fascinated, and began collecting the other cards in the series. Then, when he was about twelve, after a brief spell of fossil collecting, he suddenly discovered astronomy and, as he puts it, "that was it." The next several years became a feast of reading astronomy books, copying down astronomical tables, and constructing telescopes. Clarke is a firm believer in the Freudian dictum that adult happiness lies in the fulfillment of unfulfilled childhood aspirations. As a child, he could not afford any scientific instrument that he did not make with his own hands. By way of compensation, he has now purchased a first-rate Questar telescope, which he sets up on his lawn in the evenings in order to watch the moon and planets and any satellites that happen to pass over Colombo. In addition, he owns a very advanced Zeiss microscope. He and I spent a few afternoons peering at various objects through the Zeiss—a butterfly wing, a plant stem, and a slide of a cross-section of tissue from a human brain, which had been lent to Clarke by a local surgeon. Clarke told me that while he was writing the novel "2001" he used to devote a good deal of time to contemplating the brain tissue, and that this is what had inspired him to write of astronaut David Bowman's final transformation, "He seemed to be floating in free space, while around him stretched, in all directions, an infinite geometrical grid of dark lines or threads, along which moved tiny nodes of light—some slowly, some at dazzling speed. Once he had peered through a microscope at a cross-section of a human brain, and in its network of nerve fibers had glimpsed the same labyrinthine complexity. But that had been dead and static, whereas this transcended life itself. He knew—or believed he knew—that he was watching the operation of some gigantic mind, contemplating the universe of which he was so tiny a part." The one childhood ambition that Clarke has never realized is to own the most elaborate possible Meccano set—the British equivalent of an Erector set. But the ambition is still with him. "In my declining years, when I am too feeble to totter out to the telescope, I could build almost anything I wanted with a set like that," he says.

It was during Clarke's high-school days that he encountered the idea of space travel. He came across a second-hand book called "The Conquest of Space," by David Lasser, and persuaded his aunt to buy it for him. (A few years ago, Clarke met Lasser in the United States and had the pleasure of thanking him for starting him off on the subject.) At about the same time—in 1935—he joined the British Interplanetary Society, a group of scientific amateurs who had got together in Liverpool two years earlier to study space travel. (Admitting a teen-age boy to membership was not as remarkable then as it would be today, for, as Clarke observed recently, "no respectable scientist would touch the subject with a barge pole." However, many of the early members of the B.I.S. have gone on to become key figures in the British rocket program and in British postwar technology in general.) Clarke had always been outstand-

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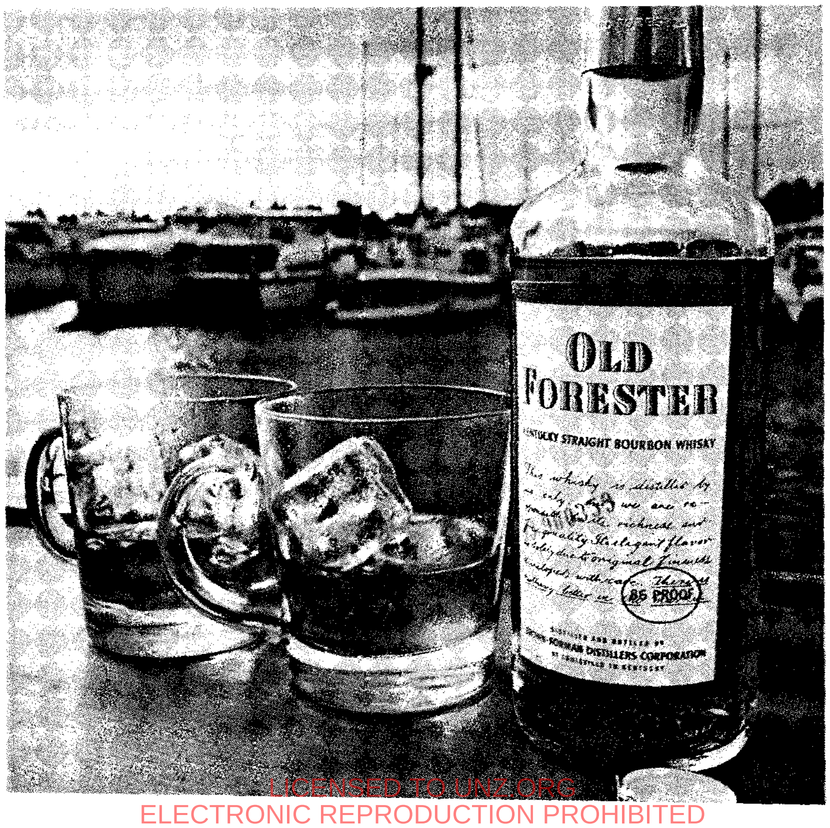
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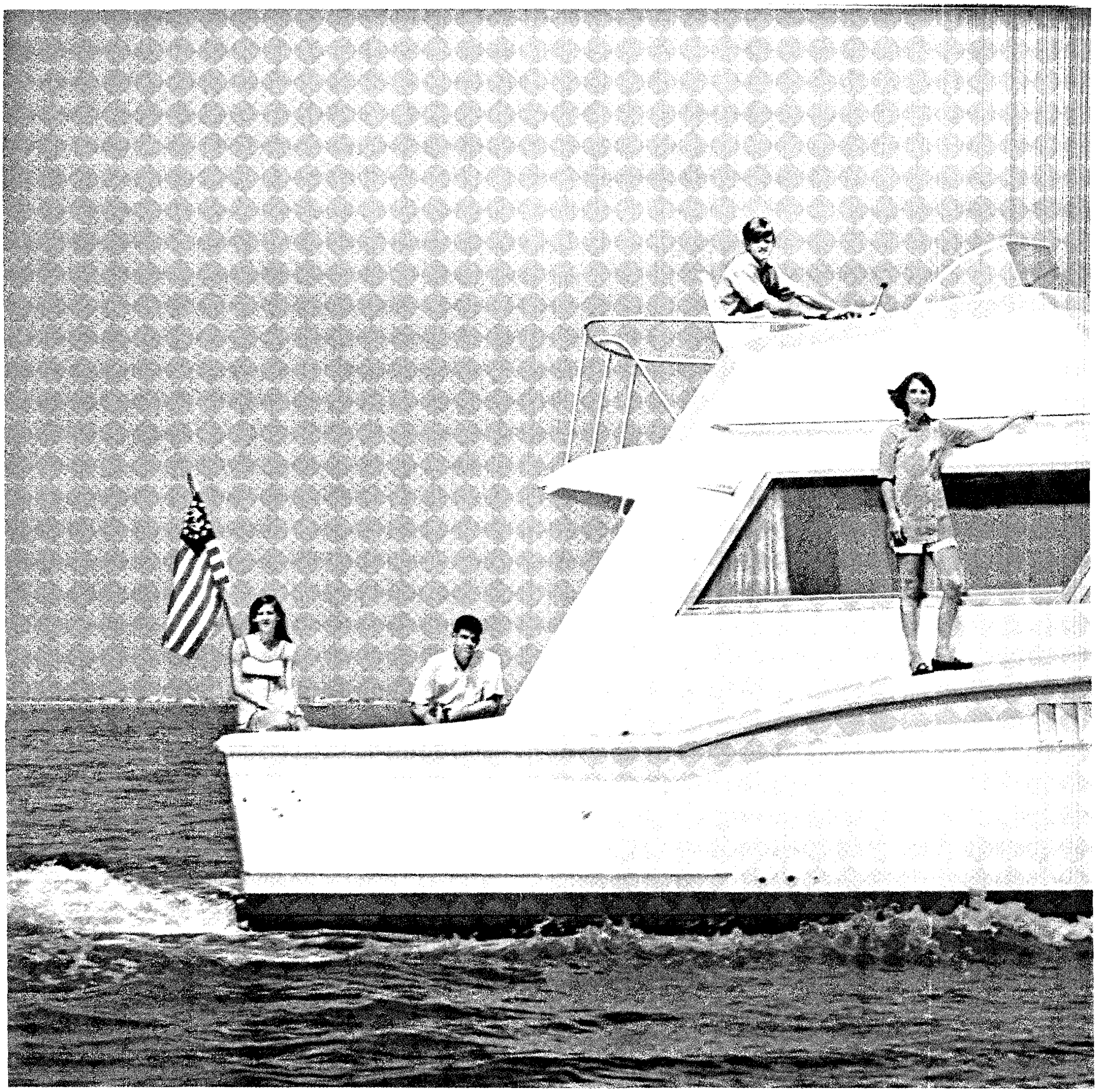

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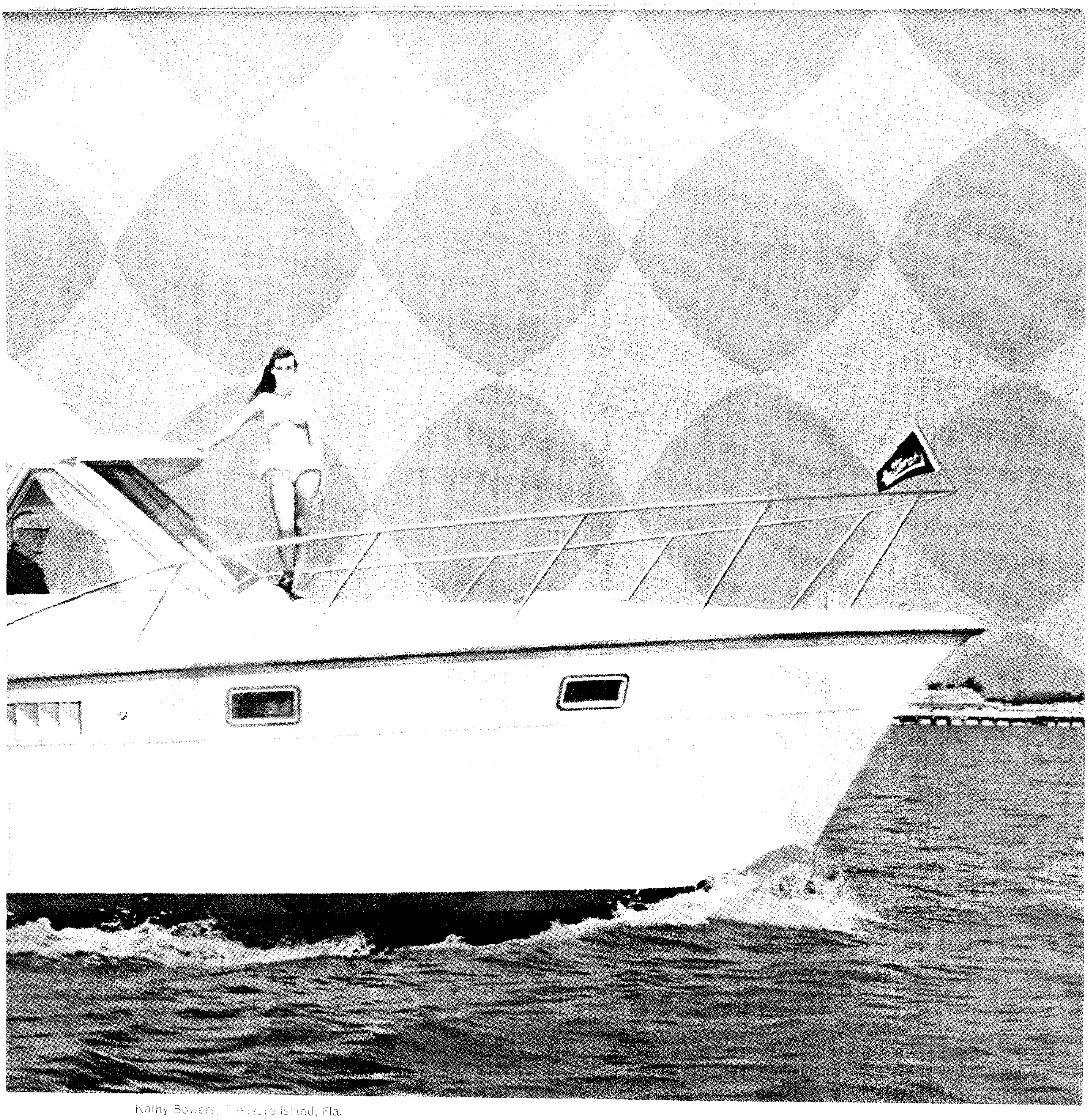

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ing at mathematics in school, and when he graduated—there being no money for a college education—he took the civil-service examination for a post as a government auditor. He passed (twenty-sixth among fifteen hundred candidates), was given a job with the Board of Education in London, and hated it. For some time, he had been writing science-fiction stories, and now, in 1937, he began to publish them in a science-fiction journal called *Novae Terrae*, which he and a number of like-minded amateurs printed on a mimeograph machine. "Almost all British science-fiction writers of that period got started the same way," he told me. "Home-operated mimeographs, home-grown articles and stories." In the somewhat carefree atmosphere that appears to have prevailed in the prewar British civil service, Clarke found that he was able to get a good deal of writing done during his working day. But then the war cut short his career as an auditor. Deciding that he wanted to remain as close to astronomy as possible, he joined the R.A.F. (Actually, he did not have to enlist, since as a civil servant he was in a reserved occupation.) Largely because of his poor eyesight, he was not allowed to fly; instead, he was sent into a new and top-secret project called R.D.F., which was concerned with what later became known as radar.

Clarke's going into radar was in many ways a turning point in his life. In the first place, it was his introductory encounter with the actual instruments of advanced technology; in the second place, it was his introductory encounter with professional scientists, as opposed to science-fiction enthusiasts and amateur rocket buffs. He was sent to Yatesbury, a bleak place on the moors near Stonehenge, where he went through a broad course in electronics and then a specialized course in radar itself. After taking this course, he was made an instructor—a job that he found immensely pleasant, since he enjoys teaching. Clarke spent a year or so at No. 9 Radio School, the radar school, and, having a good deal of spare time, he taught himself advanced mathematics and electronics. Out of this experience, he wrote his first technical paper, on the theory of Fourier analysis as applied to television wave forms, and it was published in *Electronic Engineering*. After working for a while on early-warning radar systems—so crucial in the air war over England—he was put to work on the installation of the first Ground Controlled Approach landing system, a

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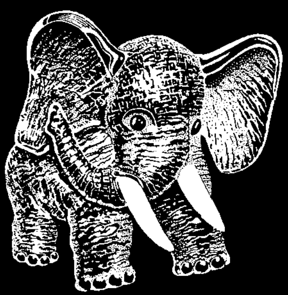
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radar device developed by Luis Alvarez, who is now at the University of California at Berkeley and is the most recent Nobel Prize winner in physics. Alvarez showed how radar beams, which had been used to locate planes, could also be employed to guide them down a glide path to safe landings in any weather. It is a basic system still in use at many airports. Clarke has always believed strongly that no part of a writer's experience should go to waste, so he used this experience to write "Glide Path," his only non-science-fiction novel, and certainly the only novel ever written about radar. It is dedicated to Alvarez.

By 1945, Clarke was a flight lieutenant stationed a few miles from Stratford-Upon-Avon and teaching airmen to maintain the new G.C.A. system. He was also writing and selling science-fiction stories in his spare time. It was during this period that he got his idea for a communications satellite. He outlined his conception of what has become one of the most important—and perhaps the most commercially profitable—inventions of the space age in a paper called "Extraterrestrial Relays," for which he was paid forty dollars by the British technical journal *Wireless World*. Clarke has summed up this episode in an essay called, somewhat plaintively, "A Short Pre-History of Comsats; or, How I Lost a Billion Dollars in My Spare Time."

Clarke has been in the business of scientific and technological prophecy for over thirty years now, and from this experience he has evolved a set of laws and principles. There are three basic Clarke Laws. (He once remarked that if three laws were enough for Newton they were enough for him.) The First Clarke Law states, "If an elderly but distinguished scientist says that something is possible he is almost certainly right, but if he says that it is impossible he is very probably wrong." Clarke has confirmed this law by counting up the elderly but distinguished prewar astronomers who "proved," by portentous calculations, that space flight was technologically impossible. The Second Clarke Law was originally a simple sentence in his book "Profiles of the Future" but was promoted to a law by the translator of the French edition. It states, "The only way to find the limits of the possible is to go beyond them into the impossible." The Third, and most recently formulated, Clarke Law, which he made use of in writing the enigmatic ending of "2001," states, "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic." In addition to the laws, there are several empirical principles, one of which Clarke feels is fully applicable to his 1945 *Wireless World* article on the communications satellite; namely, that in making scientific prophecies the tendency is to be optimistic in the short range and pessimistic in the long. At the time that Clarke wrote his *Wireless World* article, the V-2s had already fallen on London, so it was well known that high-altitude rockets were a practical possibility. Clarke felt that they would be used as high-altitude research probes, and in 1944 he predicted that this would take place within a decade, which was somewhat optimistic. However, the communications satellite, he felt, would not come into existence for half a century or more, which was pessimistic, since Syncom 3, the first synchronous TV satellite, was launched on August 19, 1964. In his "Pre-History," Clarke has an interesting aside concerning that launching. He writes:

> This event, incidentally, is a good example of the perils that beset a prophet. In October, 1961, while moderating a panel discussion at the American Rocket Society . . . I had mentioned that the 1964 Olympics would be a good target to shoot for with a synchronous satellite. (I cannot claim credit for the idea, which I'd picked up in general discussions a few days earlier.) Dr. William Pickering, director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, was in the front row of my audience, and he was so tickled with the suggestion that *he* passed it on to Vice-President Johnson, speaker at the society's banquet the next evening. The Vice-President, in turn, thought it was such a good idea that he departed from his prepared speech to include it; so when "Profiles of the Future" was published in 1962, I felt confident enough to predict that most large cities would carry live transmissions from Tokyo in 1964. What I had failed to foresee was that, despite heroic efforts by the White House, the Communications Satellite Corporation, NASA, and the Hughes Aircraft Company (builders of Syncom 3), a large part of the United States did *not* see the superb live transmissions from the Olympics, which were made available by this triumph of technology. Why? Because they arrived at an awkward time, and the networks did not want to upset their existing program and advertising arrangements!

In 1963, Clarke received the Stuart Ballantine Medal of the Franklin Institute for his conception of the communications satellite. He keeps a picture of the medal, which is awarded for advances in communications, on

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the wall of his study in Colombo. The original, a rather valuable chunk of gold, is stored in his bank.

CLARKE's wartime experience convinced him that, whatever else, he was not going back into civil service. For one thing, he was just beginning to sell science-fiction stories to American magazines—in particular, to *Astounding Stories.* For another, he wanted to go to college and follow up his scientific training. He managed to get a financial grant and, early in 1946, entered King's College, London, from which he took, with First Class Honours, a B.Sc. degree in pure and applied mathematics and physics. (In at least one case, the educational process was reciprocal. Clarke introduced one of his professors, George C. McVittie, now of the University of Illinois and a well-known cosmologist, to the theory of rocketry.) While in college, Clarke completed his first published novel, "The Prelude to Space," which he wrote during a summer vacation. His other extracurricular activities included the revitalization of the British Interplanetary Society, which had more or less dwindled away during the war. In 1946, he became its chairman, and soon thereafter managed to recruit one of its more remarkable members—George Bernard Shaw. This came about soon after Shaw read a paper of Clarke's entitled "The Challenge of the Spaceship," which Clarke had sent him just after—as it happened—Shaw's neighbor, Geoffrey de Havilland, had been killed during a test flight in which he was trying to fly faster than the speed of sound for the first time. On January 25, 1947, on one of his famous pink postcards, Shaw wrote to Clarke, "Many thanks for the very interesting lecture to the B.I.S. How does one become a member, or at least subscribe to the Journal? When de Havilland perished here the other day it seemed clear to me that he must have reached the speed at which the air resistance balanced the engine power and brought him to a standstill. Then he accelerated, and found out what happens when an irresistible force encounters an immovable obstacle. Nobody has as yet dealt with this obvious limit to aeronautic speed as far as I have read. G.B.S." Fortunately, Shaw was a better playwright than a physicist, and in his reply Clarke pointed out, as tactfully as possible, some of the Shavian misconceptions of the dynamics of flight, adding that, in any case, his lecture had been concerned

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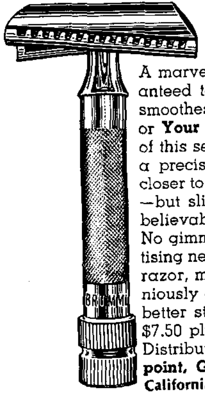

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with space flight, which takes place above the atmosphere. Shaw responded with a detailed two-page letter and then became a member of the B.I.S., remaining one for the rest of his life.

Clarke took his undergraduate degree in two years—his R.A.F. training having given him a considerable head start—and graduated in 1948. Having done very well as a student, he was offered an additional year in which to study advanced mathematics and astronomy. Within a few months, he had become thoroughly disenchanted with the interminable minutiae of the latter. "Luckily, before I perished of boredom, the dean of the college wrote to me to say there was a job opening for me," Clarke said recently. This turned out to be the assistant-editorship of *Science Abstracts*, a journal put out by the Institution of Electrical Engineers, which performed the useful function of abstracting technical papers on physics from every scientific journal in the world. By 1948, there was a tremendous accumulation of papers, based on wartime work, which was just being published in the open literature. "I tore into this huge mountain of arrears," Clarke told me. "We had about a hundred abstracters, some of them multilinguists who would tackle anything, in any language, on any subject, whether they knew anything about it or not. We were rather at their mercy." Clarke did a good deal of abstracting himself, and even managed to get astronautics into the journal as a legitimate scientific subject. One of the most difficult jobs was indexing new subjects in physics, because, as often as not, as soon as these appeared they would also disappear, because some underlying experiment or theory was wrong. "Sometimes my objectivity as an abstracter was severely strained," Clarke recently recalled. "I can remember a paper from an Indian physics journal proving that no rocket could ever travel faster than the velocity of sound in the metal of which it was composed—complete nonsense, of course, which would put an end to any thought of space travel. I wonder what I indexed it under. And it would be interesting to know what that particular scientist is doing now. In any case, the job was ideal training for a budding science-fiction writer." During the nearly two years that Clarke remained on the staff of the journal, he was writing in his spare time, and when his income as a writer got to be larger than his income as an editor he decided to quit and become a full-time free lance. His first nonfiction book, "Interplane-

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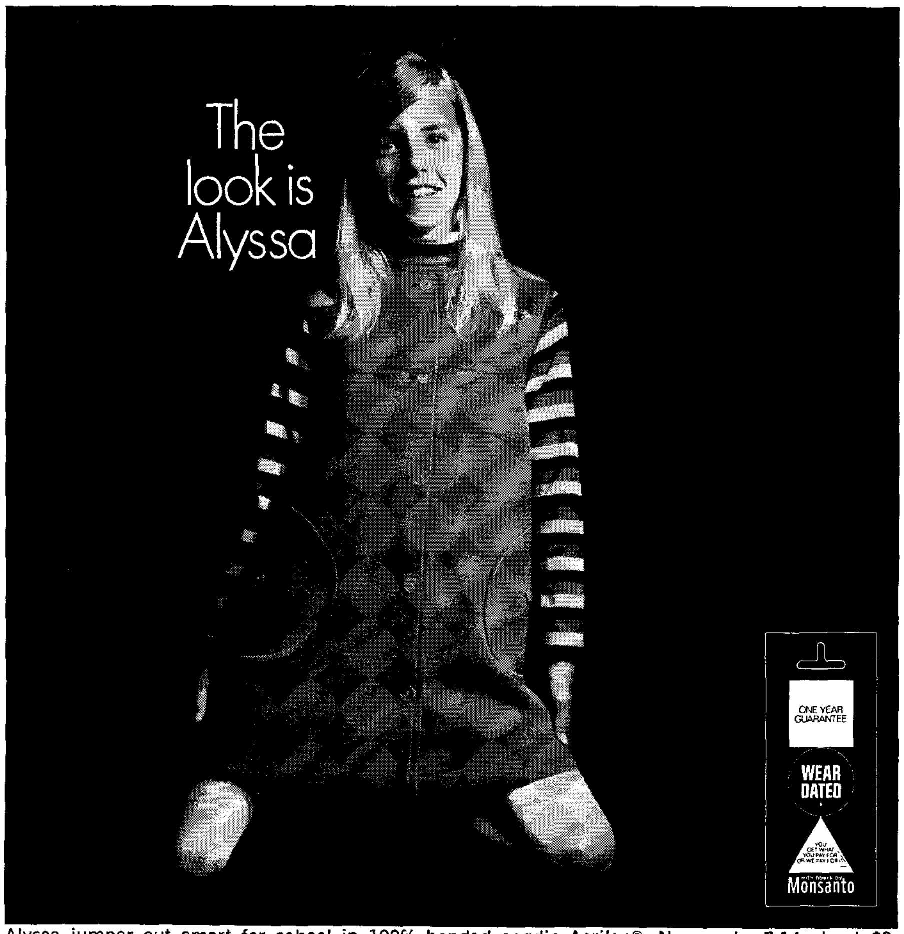

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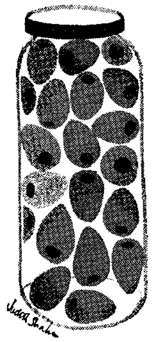
tary Flight," was followed, in 1951, by "The Exploration of Space," which was a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

It was at about this time that Clarke discovered skin diving. Just after the war, British science-fiction writers and editors used to gather in a London pub off Fleet Street called the White Horse. (The White Horse has become the White Hart in Clarke's collection of fantasy stories called "Tales from the 'White Hart.' ") The meetings came to be regular Thursday-night affairs, and on one rainy Thursday night in 1950 Mike Wilson, who was then in his late teens—too young to be in a pub—wandered in by accident, looking for shelter from the weather. Wilson had been at sea in the Merchant Marine and was at the time working as a wine waiter in a London hotel. He was a keen science-fiction fan, and it was soon evident that he had come to the right place. He had done some skin diving in the Orient, and he told Clarke about it. Clarke was immediately seized by the idea, and he was soon taking skin-diving lessons in various London swimming pools, and diving with a rented aqualung in the English Channel. Shortly thereafter, on the bounty from the Book-of-the-Month Club, Clarke made his first trip to New York, and, at Abercrombie & Fitch, bought his first aqualung, which he put to use in the Weeki Wachee Springs, near Clearwater, Florida. (While in Florida, he also got married to a local girl after a courtship of a few days. The marriage was not a very happy one and ended in divorce some years later.) By 1954, Clarke's skin diving had become his major interest. "It was a hobby that got out of hand," he has said. In support of his obsession, he arranged with Harper & Row to do a book on the Great Barrier Reef, the world's largest coral formation, which lies off the northeast coast of Australia. Mike Wilson was sent ahead to reconnoitre the terrain. (He filled in his time by working as a professional pearl diver, out of Darwin.) Clarke followed on the S.S. Himalaya, an elderly P. & O. liner, which sailed from London through the Suez Canal to Aden, and then made a stop in Colombo. Clarke had an afternoon in Colombo and—again by one of those coincidences that seem to have characterized his life (he once remarked that "nothing bad can ever happen to a writer")—met the leading diver and underwater naturalist on the island, Rodney Jonklaas, a descendant of one of the original Dutch colonial settlers. It was Jonklaas who told Clarke about the potentialities for underwater exploration around Ceylon, and, as Clarke has said, "I decided that if I survived the Great Barrier Reef I would come back and do a book on Ceylon." Just before Christmas of 1954, the Himalaya arrived in Sydney, and Clarke spent the next year on the Great Barrier Reef, diving and photographing underwater life. This resulted in his first book on the sea, "The Coast of Coral."



WILSON had also stopped off in Ceylon on *his* way to Australia, and, like Clarke, had been attracted to the place. So, in 1956, they decided to move there. At first, they lived in a small place in a Colombo suburb near the water—just the two of them and a cook named Carolis. ("Carolis" is presumably a Latinized version of "Charles." Such Latinized names among the Ceylonese are a legacy from the Portuguese occupation.) In time, Wilson married one of the most beautiful Ceylonese girls on the island, Elizabeth Perera, and they—and Clarke—moved into a house in the fashionable quarter of Colombo which was owned by Elizabeth's parents. The Wilsons now have three children and have moved into a house nearby; Clarke still rents the Perera house. Carolis is still part of the Clarke retinue. Though dour of countenance, he is a kindly man, the father of somewhere between nine and thirteen children—Clarke has lost count—and an expert in making Ceylonese curry, which is likely to incinerate the palate of any unsuspecting Westerner. In addition to Carolis, Clarke maintains a staff of two houseboys, a secretary with an impenetrable Tamil name that has been shortened to Thambi, and a Ceylonese boatman named Martin, who has been with Clarke and Wilson since the beginning, and who spends his time taking care of a garageful of aqualungs, flippers, air compressors, spears, masks, snorkels, and other such gear. Two more current residents are Hector Ekanayake, a Sinhalese diver and the former welterweight boxing champion of Ceylon, and Hector's fiancée. Clarke does not speak Sinhalese, so the house reverberates with a constant buzz of multilingual conversations that are all but unintelligible over the

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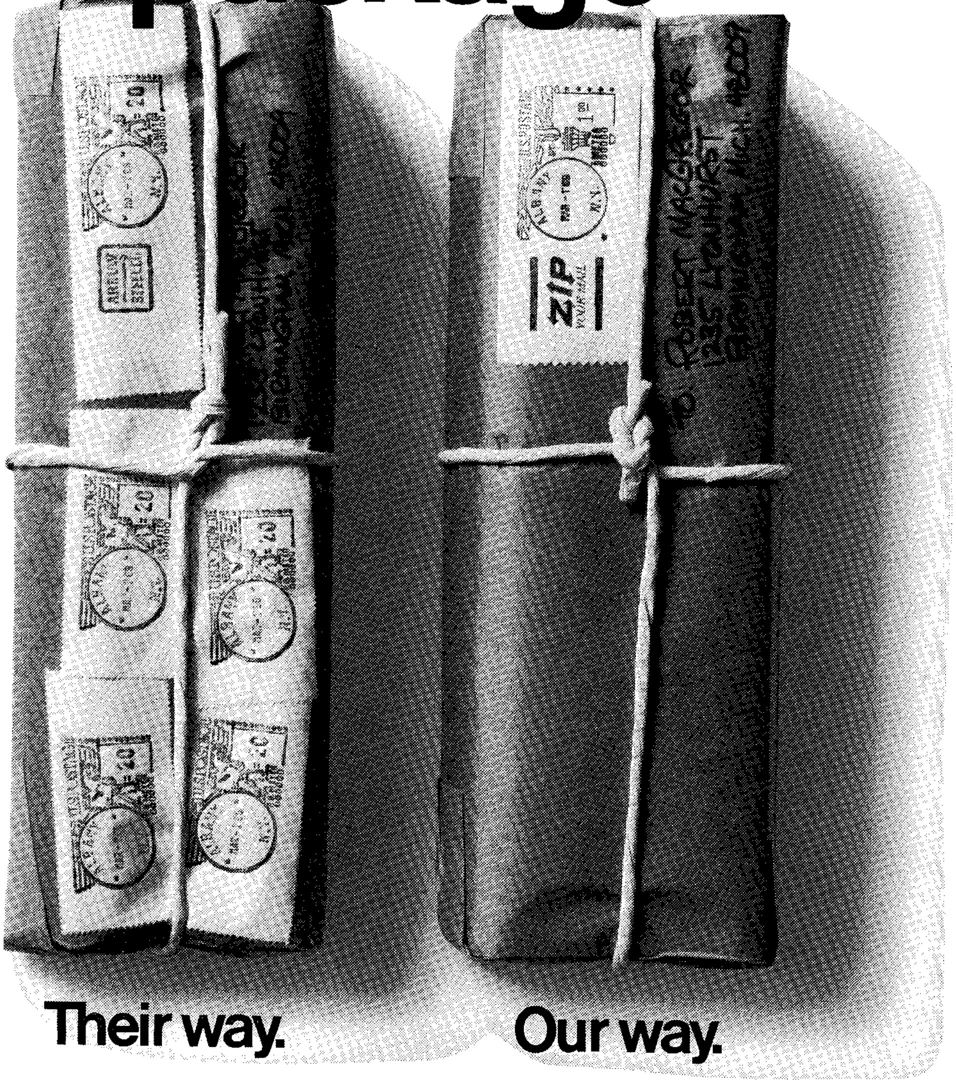

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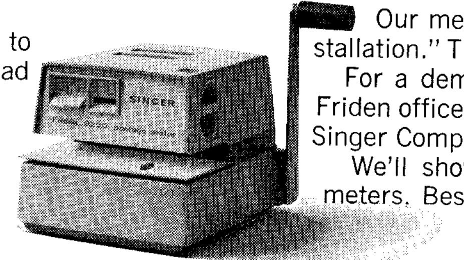

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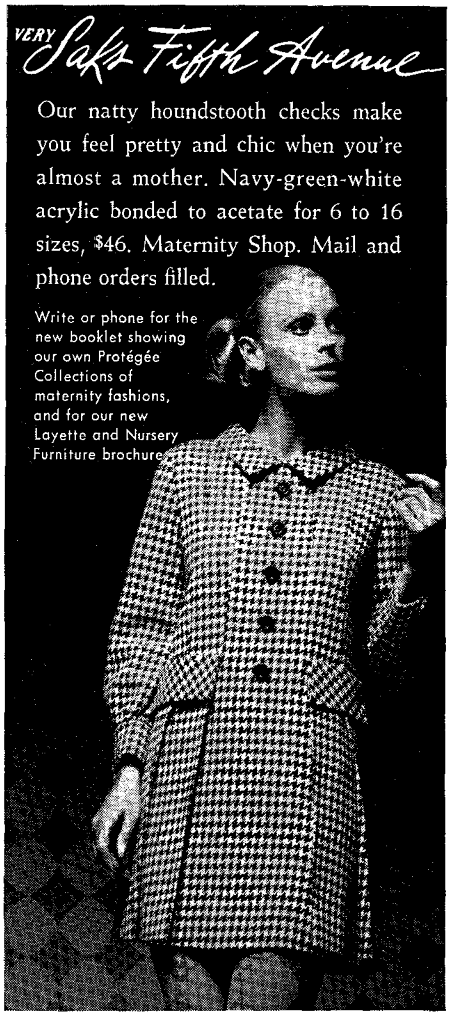
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din of aqualung compressors and the general hammering that goes with the maintenance of the diving equipment.

Clarke's only listing in the Colombo telephone directory is under "Clarke-Wilson Associates," the outfit that he and Wilson founded to engage in underwater exploration. Although Clarke and Wilson are still close friends, Clarke-Wilson Associates is not currently functioning as such. Indeed, Wilson has entered what Clarke refers to as "his guru, or prophet, phase." He has taken to retreating to the hills near Kandy and meditating. The first time I met him at Clarke's, he was dressed in a sort of white prophet's outfit, and his close-cropped hair and long, thin face gave him a Svengali appearance. He was wearing a golden necklace with a rectangular slab attached to it, which Clarke later identified as a promotional ornament that M-G-M was offering to the hippie crowd in connection with "2001."

In the late nineteen-fifties and the early sixties, Clarke's life settled down to a pleasant routine of underwater exploration around Ceylon, writing (he produced, among other things, the novel "The Deep Range," about the farming and ranching of the plants and animals in the sea in the future), and making three-month lecture tours in the West. In March, 1961, a discovery that Wilson made while diving off the Great Basses Reef changed their lives for the next few years. Wilson and two young boys had gone to the reef to make a film about the boys' discovery of diving and underwater swimming. Clarke, who had remained in Colombo, was surprised to see the three of them come back furtively carrying a tin trunk. Wilson, carefully closing the door to Clarke's office, opened the trunk, revealing two perfectly preserved miniature brass cannons, along with a heavy, stonelike lump that, on careful inspection, turned out to be a solid mass of silver coins, fused together by long immersion in seawater. The three swimmers had discovered a sunken treasure ship. Most of the coins were in prime condition and bore a Muslim date whose Christian equivalent was 1702. So far, Clarke and Wilson have not been able to establish the exact circumstances of their wreck's final voyage—or, indeed, to determine whether she was a private merchant ship or perhaps a treasury ship of the Dutch East India Company. Because of weather conditions, it is possible to dive in the Great Basses Reef only in the early spring, so they had to wait at least until the next season before re-

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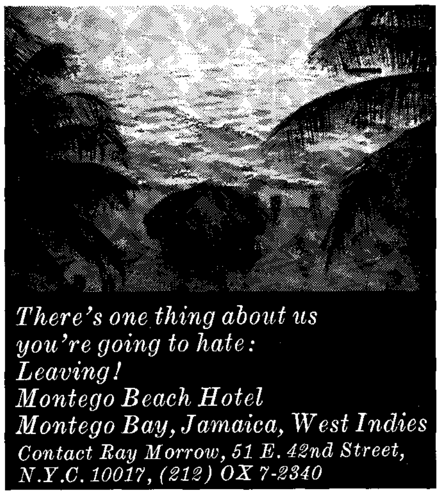
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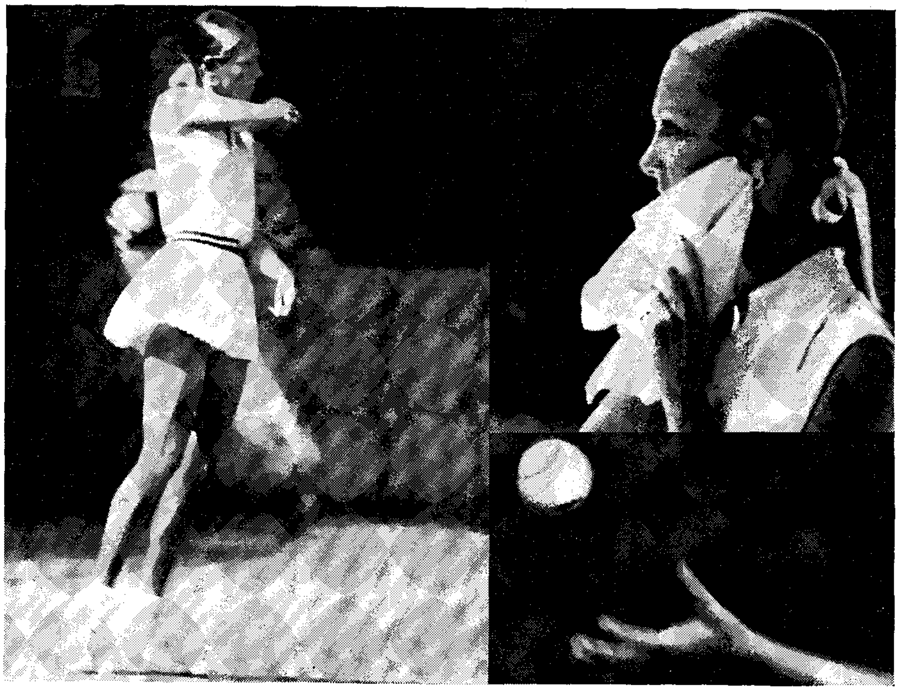
suming the salvage. By February, 1962, they had bought a sizable boat and a large quantity of salvage equipment. Then, at the end of February, while Clarke was in downtown Colombo buying equipment for the boat, he hit his head a sickening blow against one of the low doorway arches that are common in the Colombo shops. It was not until a few days later, when he was carried, paralyzed and semi-conscious, to a private nursing home, that he learned he had severely injured his spine. At the end of six weeks in the nursing home, Clarke was taken home, where, after some months, he was able to be propped up on the front lawn and begin to write again. During this period, at the rate of a couple of pages a day, he wrote "Dolphin Island," a novel about the sea. It was also at this time that he received the news that he had been awarded the 1961 Kalinga Prize, given by UNESCO for excellence in science writing. (It had previously been awarded to such men as Bertrand Russell and Julian Huxley.) This was an immense lift to Clarke's morale and, since the prize carried a cash award of a thousand pounds, a lift to his finances as well. In fact, by 1963 he felt both well enough and rich enough to make a full-scale attempt to salvage the treasure ship. His optimism almost cost him his life. He was so weak from his accident that he had to have his aqualung strapped on for him and then had to be pushed into the sea. Underwater, he was caught up by a tidal current that he lacked the strength to swim against, and he was very nearly dead when he made it back to safety. Despite the near loss of its leader, the expedition was successful in salvaging a good deal more silver coin; one of the lumps—a small fraction of the find—was given to the Smithsonian Institution, which has valued it at twenty-five hundred dollars. Clarke is sure that a great deal more silver is still buried with the wreck, but he has not taken the trouble to find out. After his 1963 expedition, he was too exhausted emotionally and physically to organize another one, and furthermore, early in 1964, shortly after writing "The Treasure of the Great Reef," which describes the expedition, he received, out of the blue, a letter from Stanley Kubrick that was the genesis of "2001."

CLARKE is especially fond of Robert Bridges' assertion in "The Testament of Beauty" that life consists of the "masterful administration of the unforeseen." Thus, when he received Kubrick's letter saying that Kubrick



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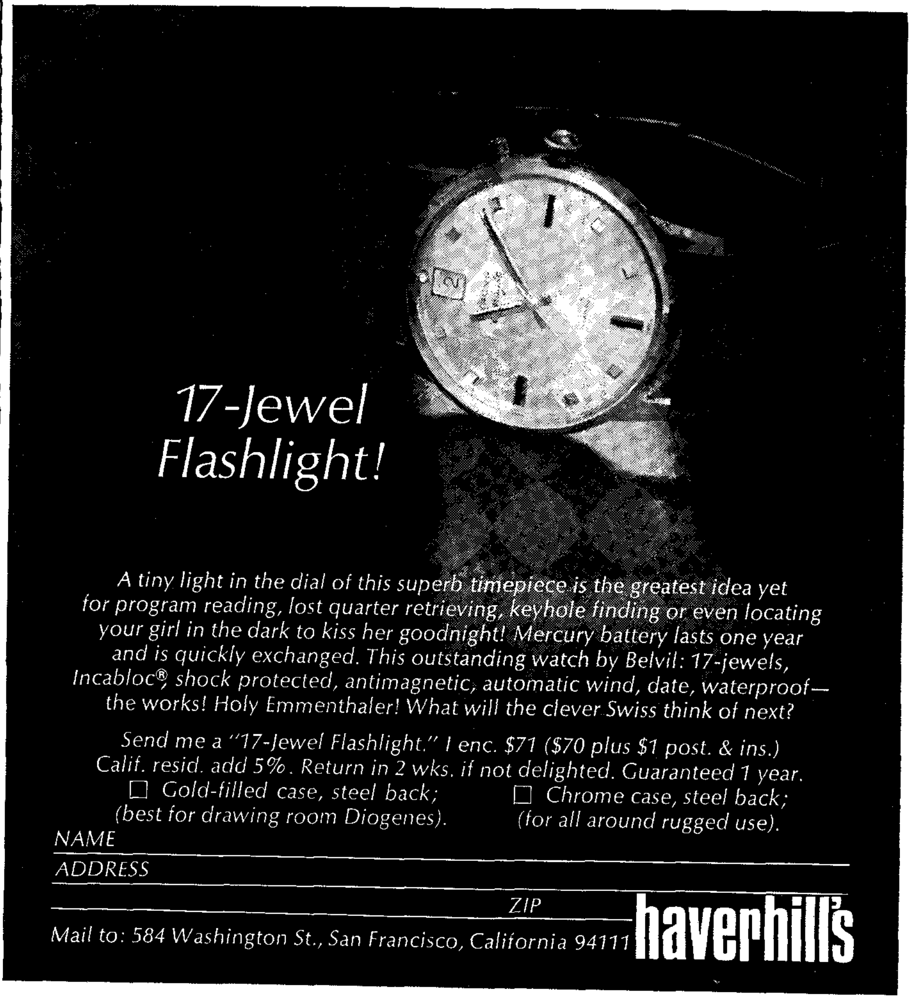

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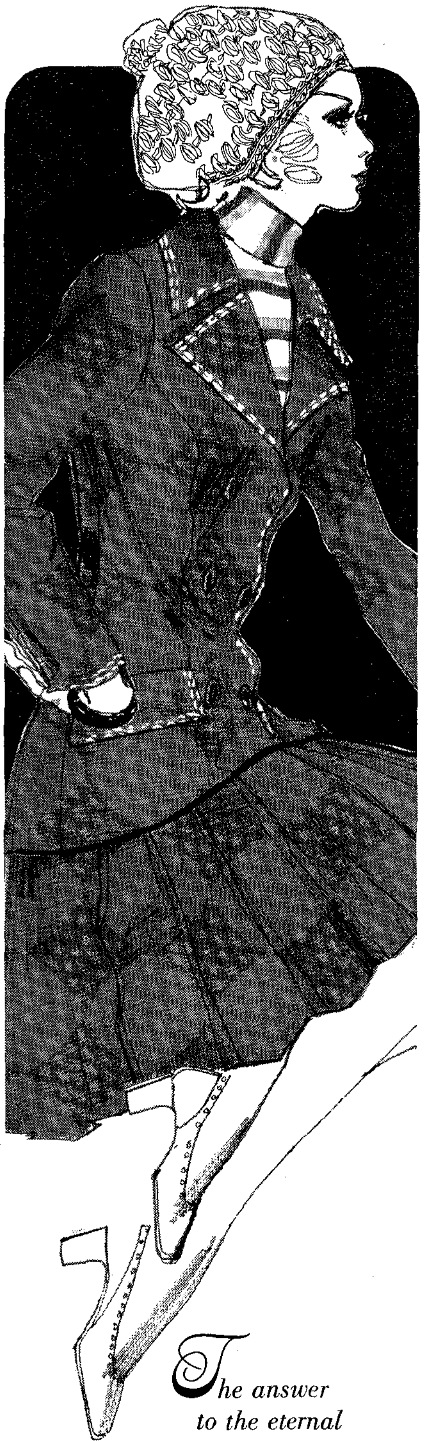
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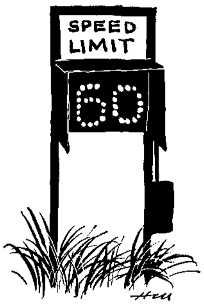
intended to do a film on space and inquiring whether Clarke had any ideas along those lines, he responded immediately and enthusiastically. Clarke had seen Kubrick's "Lolita" and admired it greatly, but had never met him. Kubrick, for his part, having started to soak up space lore, found that Clarke's name was at the end of every avenue of inquiry. As it happened, Clarke at about this time was scheduled to go to New York to work on a *Time-Life* book called "Man and Space," so he made arrangements to see Kubrick, who was then living in the city. In New York, Clarke installed himself in the Hotel Chelsea, which is his headquarters whenever he is here. He and Kubrick first met for lunch at Trader Vic's, where they talked for several hours. In the days that followed, Clarke recalls, "I was working at *Time-Life* during the day and moonlighting with Stanley in the evenings, and as the *Time-Life* job phased out Stanley phased in. We talked for weeks and weeks—sometimes for ten hours at a time—and wandered all over New York. We went to the Guggenheim and to Central Park, and even to the World's Fair. We considered and discarded literally hundreds of ideas, which I shall be mining for short stories for years to come. When you read them, you won't have the slightest suspicion that they were connected with '2001.' " In time, the two men settled on a documentary-like depiction of planetary exploration, to which Kubrick gave the half-serious title "How the Solar System Was Won." Kubrick then suggested that they write a novel on which they could base the eventual screenplay. "That way, Stanley thought, we would generate more ideas, and give the project more body and depth," Clarke explains. Clarke retired to the Hotel Chelsea with an electric typewriter, and for the next several months he and Kubrick produced a couple of thousand words a day. He found this period an extremely happy one, and he memorialized it in a little parody of "Kubla Khan":

> For M-G-M did Kubrick, Stan,
> A stately astrodome decree,
> While Art, the science writer, ran
> Through plots incredible to man
> In search of solvency.

By 1965, "How the Solar System Was Won" had transformed itself into the enormously ambitious theme of a space odyssey. Almost from the beginning of his study of space literature, Clarke has been struck by the similarities, aesthetic and philosophical, between space voyages and the ancient voyages of the Greeks. He is very much concerned about the fact that there are no geographical frontiers left on the earth to drain off our exploratory energy. He feels that manned space flight, apart from whatever scientific and technological results it will have, provides the necessary new frontier. Five years before Clarke began working on "2001," he published a collection of essays entitled "The Challenge of the Spaceship," in which, at the end, he pays a tribute to Homer:

> Across the gulf of centuries the blind smile of Homer is turned upon our age. Along the echoing corridors of time, the roar of the rockets merges now with the creak of wind-taut rigging. For somewhere in the world today, still unconscious of his destiny, walks the boy who will be the first Odysseus of the Age of Space.

While they were working on the film, Clarke once remarked to Kubrick, "If this film can be completely understood, then we will have failed." What he meant was that he and Kubrick were trying to evoke an awareness of an intelligence infinitely old and infinitely different from anything that we can now know or imagine. By definition, such an intelligence could not be understood by us, and its workings, by Clarke's Third Law, would be to us indistinguishable from magic. Whether or not "2001" has been completely understood, Clarke is delighted with it, and he is fond of quoting a critic who remarked that visually it was so beautiful that "one could take any frame, blow it up, and hang it on the wall."



WHEN in residence in Colombo, Clarke begins his day promptly at seven o'clock with the serving of the morning tea—needless to say, Ceylonese tea. His at-home attire consists of a sarong—the local costume—and sandals. (At the time of my visit, he was favoring a snappy blue number that bore a family resemblance to his living-room curtains.) Thus attired, Clarke transits from his bedroom through Thambi's office and into what he calls his "ego chamber." This is where he works, and it is also a sort of living museum of Clarke memorabilia. It contains the Zeiss microscope; a very elaborate German shortwave radio; two tape recorders, which Clarke uses for dictation; an electric typewriter; a wall of bookshelves filled entirely with Clarke's own works, in all editions (about three hundred of them) and all languages. On the other walls are assorted documents and pictures, including the picture of the Stuart Ballantine Medal; a copy of Clarke's 1945 paper on communications satellites, which Mike Wilson had framed and gave to him; several pictures of Clarke with various figures of the space age, including Wernher von Braun and the Russian cosmonaut Aleksei Leonov; a picture of Clarke wearing, for some reason, an American Indian war bonnet, and another of him shaking hands with U Thant; a framed letter from then Senator Lyndon B. Johnson thanking Clarke for a book, and a similar one from Lady Bird Johnson inviting him to dinner at the White House with the Apollo 8 astronauts. (The astronauts are all Clarke fans, and some of them have told him that their interest in space was originally kindled by his books. Recently, Clarke learned that William Anders, on the Apollo 8 flight, had for a fleeting moment been tempted to report back to earth that he had seen a black rectangular slab on the moon's surface.) Clarke told me that when the ego chamber is fully decorated the walls will reflect a luminous white ray of pure and undiluted ego—a ray of such intensity that any transient droplet of self-doubt that happens by will be consumed as if by a laser beam.

At seven-twenty, Clarke tunes in to the B.B.C. shortwave reading of editorials from the British dailies, and at seven-thirty he gets the B.B.C. news. He also keeps in touch with people in New York and London by telephone, but, having overheard several of these conversations, which are carried out with great shouts of "Yes, I hear you perfectly!" followed by "What did you say?," I should imagine that they leave something to be desired. At about eight o'clock, Carolis announces breakfast, which is served on a long table in the dining room, and at which Clarke is joined by Hector, Hector's fiancée, and any houseguests who may be around. Clarke then retires into the ego chamber, where he dictates letters or writes until ten, when the postman arrives on his bicycle, to the accompaniment of a great cacophony of Clarkean and neighborhood dogs. The mail is then sorted out and read, and Clarke dictates any urgent replies into a tape recorder, to be transcribed later by Thambi. (Clarke is bombarded with

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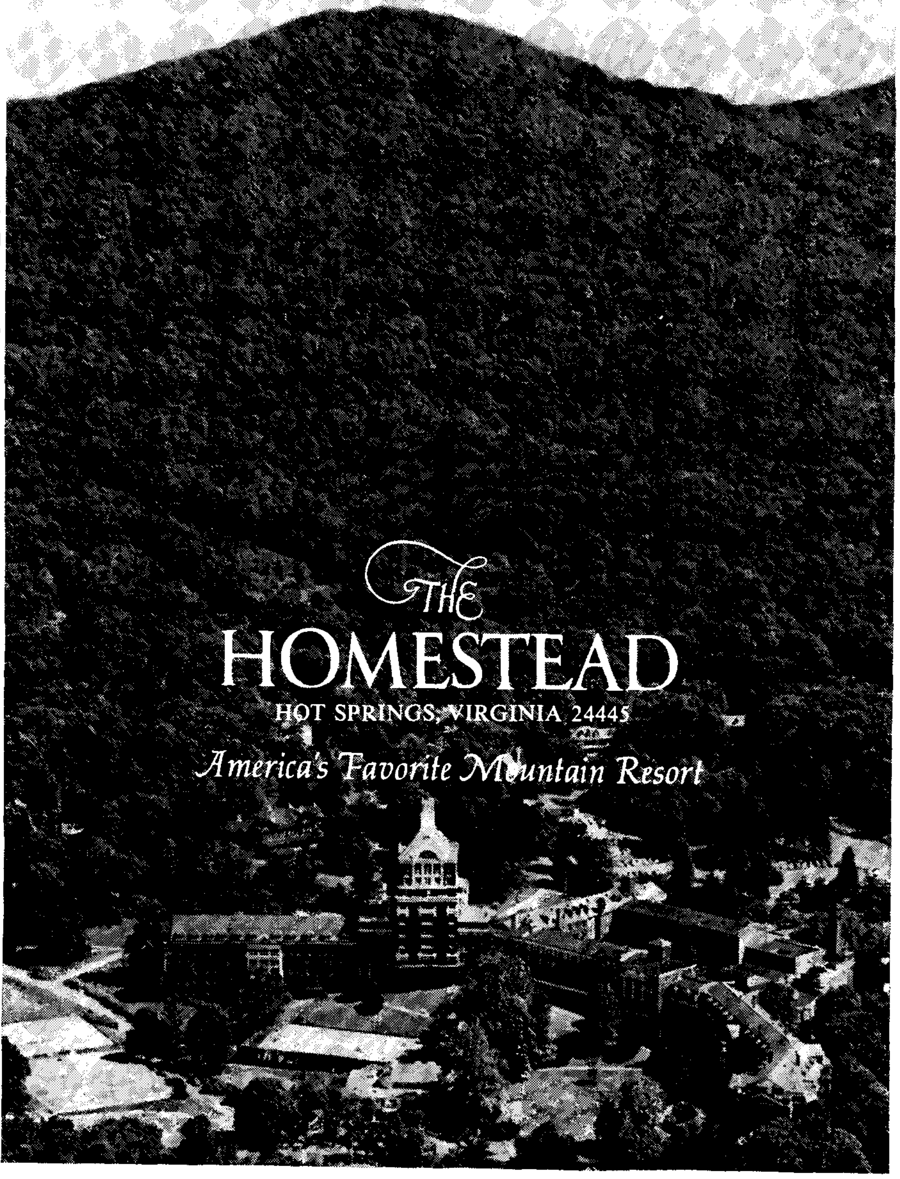

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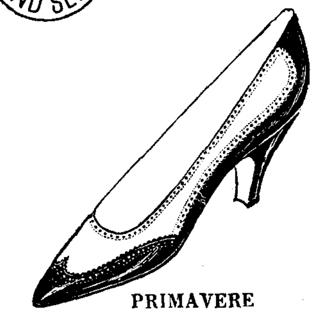

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fan letters from all over the world, and he has composed a printed form letter for use when he is out of Ceylon and cannot reply personally.) Clarke's afternoons are frequently devoted to reading. In the main, he reads science fiction or books on science. He subscribes to a vast array of popular and technical journals, including the *National Geographic; Scientific American;* the journals of the British Interplanetary Society, the Royal Astronomical Society, the British Astronomical Association, and the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics; *Science,* the journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which he has just joined; the *New Scientist; Sky & Telescope; Sea Frontiers,* which is an underwater journal; *Time; Newsweek;* and assorted British Sunday papers. The first science fiction that Clarke ever read—in 1929—appeared in an early edition of Hugo Gernsback's *Amazing Stories.* In fact, Gernsback, a Luxembourg-born prophetic genius who spent most of his life in the United States, and died here a year or so ago, coined the term "science fiction." In 1911, he wrote an all but unreadable novel called "Ralph 124C 41+," in which he forecast almost everything that has happened in modern technology, including radar. The science-fiction writer's equivalent of the Oscar is called the Hugo, and Clarke won it in 1956 for a short story called "The Star." Clarke, who greatly admired Gernsback, dedicated his book "Profiles of the Future" to "Hugo Gernsback, who thought of everything." After *Amazing Stories,* Clarke discovered H. G. Wells, especially "The Time Machine," which he regards as Wells' masterpiece. Then, at about fourteen, he read Olaf Stapledon's "Last and First Men," an extraordinary document that covers the next two billion years of human evolution, dealing with all the races of man and with all the planets of the solar system. "The book transformed my life," Clarke says.

Science fiction, like science, runs in fads. The first fad was for moon voyages. ("Somnium"—"The Dream"—by the great seventeenth-century astronomer Johannes Kepler, was perhaps the first science-fiction story in the modern sense, and it concerned a moon voyage.) In the early days, these stories dealt largely with elderly professors and their beautiful daughters, who made rockets in their back yards and went off to visit our ancient satellite. "They had plots that we would find laughable today,"

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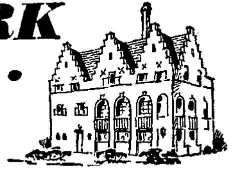

Clarke has remarked. "Many of the things that excited us then are now reality, and I often wonder if youngsters now discovering science fiction for the first time get the same charge out of it that we did then." I once asked Clarke if modern science had not caught up with, and even surpassed, the imagination of science-fiction writers. He said that this was a common fallacy. "You can't have science fiction until you have some science," he went on. "It wasn't until the astronomical discoveries of the seventeenth century, for example, that one could write at all about travel to the planets. The more the frontier of science expands, the more scope there is for scientific speculation. Certain themes just drop out—like the conquest of the air, which so concerned the science-fiction writers early in this century. We simply move on to more mature and more advanced themes. As long as there is science, there will be science fiction."

BEFORE visiting Ceylon, I did a certain amount of reading about the island—especially in a wonderful, crusty book called "Ceylon: Pearl of the East," by a retired tea planter, Harry Williams. Mr. Williams gives a particularly enticing description of Adam's Peak and the pleasures of climbing it. However, other writers have noted that there is a good season and a bad season for the climb; during the bad season, apparently, the upper part of the mountain is largely inhabited by leopards and monkeys. As it happened, I was in Ceylon during the good season (the thought kept occurring to me that although I knew that it was the good season, how could I be sure that the leopards knew?), and I asked Clarke if he wanted to climb Adam's Peak with me. He said that he thought it a splendid idea, and that while his old spinal injury might prevent him from getting all the way to the top, he wanted to go as far as he could; indeed, Hector would want to come along, too. We made some inquiries and discovered that the approved method for doing the climb is to leave Colombo at about eight in the evening, drive about four hours to the base of the mountain, and then begin climbing about midnight, when it is cool, arriving at the summit just before sunrise. Clarke made arrangements with a local taxi company for a driver and a car and changed from his sarong into a pair of relatively heavy long pants, a couple of sweaters, and a windbreaker, which made him look vaguely like Robert Morley. The taxi was late, and

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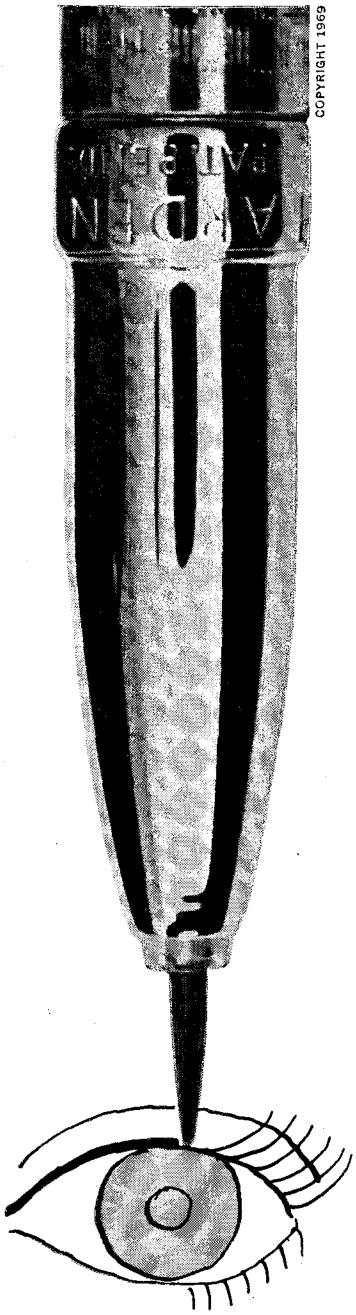

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when it arrived, Hector, knowing the condition of the upcountry roads, insisted on examining its tires, which he pronounced unfit. Clarke then commandeered a second taxi—a shiny new Peugeot with impeccable tires—into which we bundled ourselves, along with an elaborate picnic that had been prepared by Hector's fiancée. The entire Clarkean staff stood by to wish us well, and we drove off into the warm, clear night. We passed through the lowland paddy fields and rubber plantations and moved up into the highland foothills, where the countryside changes from rubber to tea. After about four hours of driving, we caught our first glimpse of the mountains, and while I have seen a good many mountains, the sight of Adam's Peak at night is one of the most extraordinary I have ever encountered. The trail that hundreds of pilgrims take from the tiny town of Maskeliya to the summit is a four-mile illuminated flight of steps reaching three thousand feet into the air. At night, it gives the impression of some sort of fairyland staircase that has disappeared into the sky, leaving a trail of lights behind. Our driver stopped in Maskeliya, and we proceeded on foot through the dimly illuminated shrublands. I have a reasonably flammable imagination and began to see leopards emerging from every tree. Clarke said that, considering the hundreds of pilgrims the leopards had to choose from, we would feel pretty foolish at being the meal selected. This point of view carried a certain weight with me until I began to be aware that we were more or less alone on the trail. Later, we learned that most people climb halfway up the mountain on one day, sleep most of the night in one of the rest houses along the way, and then start the final climb just before dawn. After what seemed like a year of climbing stone steps—literally thousands of them—I found that I had pulled ahead of Clarke and Hector. A gong sounded from the Buddhist temple at the summit, and I forged ahead. At the top, I found myself in a large crowd of pilgrims standing in line to see the imprint of the foot of Buddha (or Adam) on the stone in the small shrine at the very summit. It was now about five in the morning, and bitterly cold. I was huddling in a corner of the temple with a large group of freezing pilgrims when Clarke and Hector hove into sight. Clarke had suffered a few bad muscle cramps on the way up, but had made it to the top not too much the worse for wear. Just before sunrise, the Buddhist priests who serve the temple began chanting mantras and playing drums and trumpets, as if to bring the sun into the world by an act of will. It came up over a distant mountain range and illuminated in rosy pastels the whole of the island, which lay spread out beneath us. Sometime soon after sunrise, an almost incredible optical phenomenon took place—one for which the mountain is celebrated. Suddenly, a black triangular shadow appeared in the sky as if by magic—the mountain casts a shadow on the haze, and since the haze is all but transparent, one has the impression that the shadow has emerged from nowhere. At the appearance of the shadow, the priests chanted, the trumpets sounded, and the drums rolled, after which we and the pilgrims started the long trip down. On the way, we met people coming up, and when they saw us they would sing a song, which Hector said was a blessing on all those descending, while the pilgrims with us responded with a song of blessing on those who were climbing to worship at the shrine. Though Ceylon does not have the misery and starvation of its neighbor India, it is a poor country by Western standards. For the pilgrims, climbing Adam's Peak is a religious experience that eases the burden of their daily lives, and a sense of their exhilaration was in their song.

Toward the end of my visit to Ceylon, Clarke suggested that I come with him to inspect the future headquarters of the Far Eastern branch of the Rocket Publishing Company, the Clarke family enterprise that invests Clarke's European royalties. To get to the future branch office required a drive of several hours along the south coast of the island, past the ancient port of Galle, which some scholars think may be the Tarshish of the Bible, and into a tiny seaside fishing village well off the main road. (On the way, Clarke had lapsed into an uncharacteristic total silence, and just before we got to the village he announced that he had worked out the details of a short story involving a man who goes to a fortune teller and is told that he is going to get killed by a prehistoric reptile—a prophecy that comes true a few days later when he visits the American Museum of Natural History and a dinosaur skeleton falls on him.) The future headquarters turned out to be a rather ancient and neglected barn, built by a Dutch settler some two hundred years ago. Clarke hopes to renovate it and use it as a weekend house or as a base for underwater exploration. At present, it is largely inhabited by local fauna, including several village cows. Indeed, as Clarke made his way across the future front lawn he flushed a sizable water monitor, which, from stem to stern, was about four feet long. Hitching up his sarong, he lit out after it, and was giving it a reasonably strong chase until he stepped into a nettle patch. Limping slightly, he then led me to the beach, which turned out to be as beautiful a tropical beach as it is possible to imagine. The sand was as fine as sugar, and palm trees fringed the shore. Just beyond a coral reef, several catamarans were lazily sliding out to sea, while a Ceylonese fisherman, perched on a post, was casting his line into the surf. Clarke suggested a walk to the top of a nearby hill, from which we could see the Indian Ocean on almost every side. He said that there was no land between that part of the island and Antarctica, five thousand miles due south. He then revealed that it was here that he planned to build a house and retire someday. As we were walking back down the hill, Clarke said, "You know, the celestial equator is almost directly overhead. This means that all the communications satellites, in their twenty-four-hour orbits, will be right up there, twenty-two thousand miles above my head. I found out quite recently that when a synchronous satellite runs out of its propellant—which keeps it over the right spot on earth—it drifts along this equatorial orbit to two low spots in the earth's gravitational field. One of those low spots is over the Galapagos, and the other one, which is slightly lower, is over Ceylon. So in my old age, if I have a powerful enough telescope, I will be able to look straight up and see some other retired products of the space age—the old and decrepit synchronous satellites sitting almost vertically above me." He added, as we reached the car, "I think there is a kind of piquant symbolism about this. Don't you?"

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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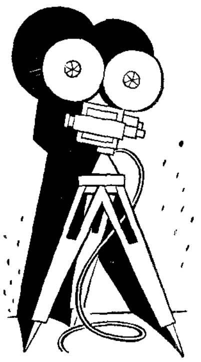
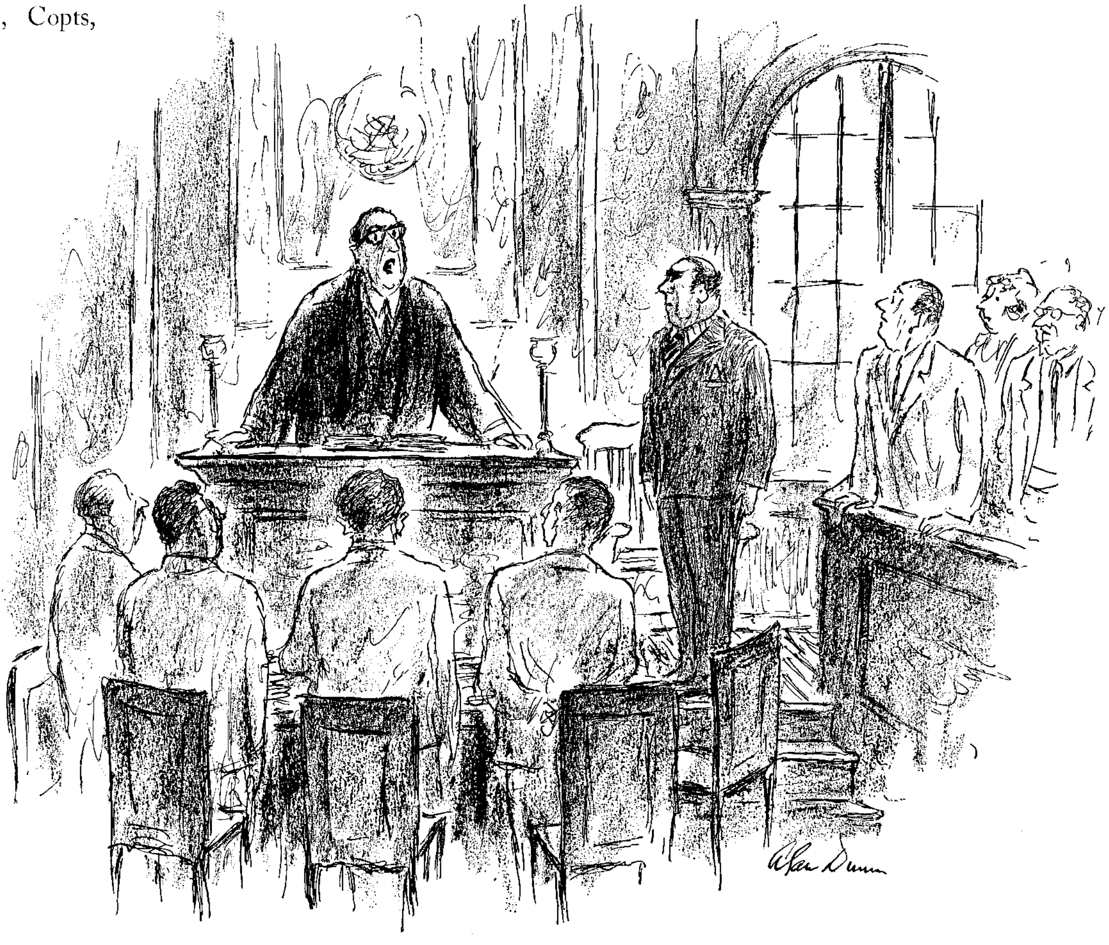
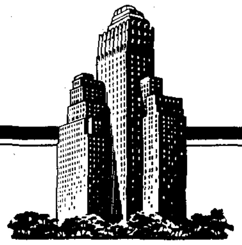


Lawrence Durrell’s Alexandria, 1938. The Middle East is slipping out of England’s and France’s fists. With Egyptian nationalism growing, the minority groups in Alexandria—Coptic Christians and Jews especially—unite in looking to Palestine for a new alliance, one more dignified than anything that the cavalier Christians of the British government ever offered. Long before the British came to Egypt, the Arabs, in their turn, conquered Alexandria and managed to wreck the delicate workings of the ancient, jaded, many-celled city. In E. M. Forster’s words, “Though they had no intention of destroying her, they destroyed her, as a child might a watch. She never functioned again properly for over a thousand years.” Durrell’s “Alexandria Quartet,” now filmed under the name “Justine” by George Cukor, shows Jews, Copts, Muslims, and Englishmen in a year when England’s own age of watch-destroying is all but gone. The Copts—represented by the radical Narouz and his rich brother Nessim, husband of Justine, who was converted from Judaism by marriage—nourish a historic resentment of the European Christians who denied their forebears entrance to the Holy City during the Crusades and always thought of them as members of an obscure heresy with a liturgy hopelessly confused by Arabic and Greek influences. The brilliant by-blow of Christianity, dismissed as an unrelated infidel by early Christians of the West, produced people whom later empire-building generations from Europe’s colonial offices were to find uncomfortably gifted and powerful. Under the British, the people of this sect that regarded itself as the marrow of Egypt and that the Muslims themselves called “genus of the Pharaohs” were systematically booted out of positions in government office. There remained only business. Under London rule, the Copts were made to work even on Sundays, London choosing to grasp simply that Friday was the Sabbath in Muslim countries.

By the time of the Durrell “Quartet,” the Foreign Office’s representatives have aged in knowledge and shame. The diplomat Mountolive (played in the film by George Baker), member of a kind trained not to utter pejorative thoughts aloud, and, by slow extension, a man cruelly able to dupe and swindle his own soul, gives the impression of being someone who sees everything, however little he utters to himself. Pursewarden (Dirk Bogarde), an English writer in love with his own blind sister, is a lower-rung diplomat with a sulphurous sense of humor who rails at England as much as at Alexandria and absently takes the entrance marked “Aliens” whenever he goes back to his own country. Melissa (Anna Karina), an ill Egyptian whore, given touching presents by the old Jewish furrier who mostly supports her, gazes admiringly at the diplomats and sees them corresponding to her book-fed dreams of Englishmen. She is as benevolent to Darley, another writer (played by Michael York). In the city of everything that is devious and ambiguous—a place of morning horoscopes and troubled naps and spaces of burning, windless air, inhabited by people open to the smaller politenesses and expert in taking pleasure while huge rock formations of savagery and genocide are on the move—the characters sleep and talk and plot. Even when they are making love, they behave like members of secret societies. They belong not to Egypt but to Alexandria alone, rogue capital of some Asiatic Europe, and a Fifth Column in its own country. The palm trees and canals and lemon light of living Egypt here seem only a flat-frieze background for figures and events that reach across Europe in space and backward in time to the fall of Byzantium. Like Alexandria itself, that ancient piece of city planning, the structure of the characters’ deepest feelings for one another is geometric. There are repeated sibling pairs:



“Before pronouncing sentence, may I say my salary is $27,500 a year and my total personal assets amount to $88,726.42. The court will now proceed. . . .”



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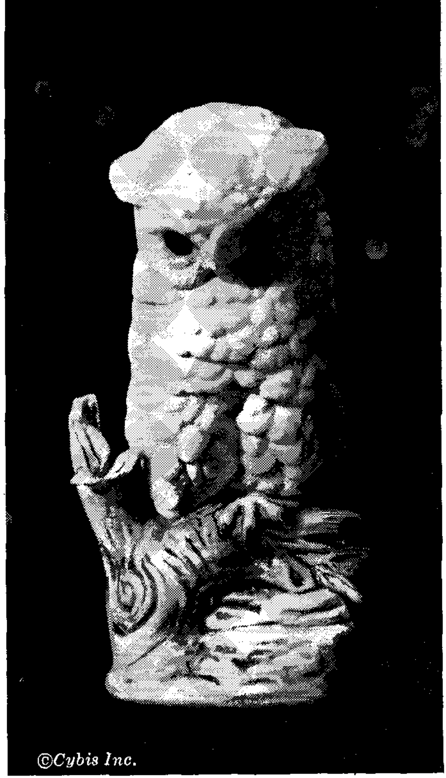

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Pursewarden and his sister; Nessim and Narouz, with the successful brother's geniality opposed to the fanatic's sprung coil of reserve; a dark compact between Nessim and his beautiful Justine, who are not in love but seem joined by a peculiar fierce brotherhood with each other in their alliance over plans for Palestine. Melissa, with her urchin technique for dealing with a hard world, draws Darley, Pursewarden, Justine, and herself into a square of rapt and troubled people. Justine herself, like Alexandria, is a triple mirror sending back different profiles, much as Durrell's books see the same happenings through the prisms of different minds. As Anouk Aimée plays her, she has an appetite for style, much nervousness, a beauty's melancholy, a sulky emphasis of presence, and a hidden sort of cleverness. But the thinness of Lawrence Marcus's script—much pared down from his original draft—makes it hard to see her as the chief animator of anything much in Alexandria's political life. You are told she is socially powerful, but there is no concrete sense of it. It seems to be a hard thing to impart outside novels, like the feeling of genius in a movie character. There is more of Durrell—of his rasping compassion, which is both very sophisticated and barbaric—in the character of Pombal (Philippe Noiret), the plummy buffoon whom Justine calls "one of the great primates of sex," and in the sense of Pursewarden's wizened talent, and in the doctor called Balthazar (Severn Darden), the invert who alone escapes the struggle of most of Durrell's characters to give themselves wholly to someone else. If all fine novels are expeditions into pity, some of the "Alexandria Quartet" is very fine. But the film—taking on a task outside Hollywood's range by miles—gives up the interesting problem of finding technical equivalents for Durrell's experiments with time and focus, and instead tells a plot. Given its conventional form, the film is pleasingly edited. Though I missed Scobie, one of the funniest impossible people in modern novels, there are nice pieces of traditional cinema skill, such as the sequence that puts a shot of a blinding sun reflection off Nessim's telescope—seen guiltily by Darley and Justine when they are making love on the beach—before a shot of them on Nessim's terrace, where they find the telescope trained on the picnic rug they left behind. But there are too many phony-aphoristic lines, too little talk that is anything like the conversation of clever people fighting for a

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place in a complicated historical situation, too many shots of heads in dialogue, a bit of tight-lipped hamming in Dirk Bogarde's performance, and often a feeling that one is watching a series of trailers for the real film.

What would the real film have been, though? I think somebody could have brought it off. Why not, say, have played with the idea of making four films of fifty minutes each, by different directors, going over the same incidents in different tones of voice and in the order in which they become significant to the narrative character; of shooting them in black and white (as this picture should have been shot, and the hell with the mesmerism about selling TV rights); and then of marketing the films in twos to any pairs of theatres that have cottoned on to the fact that there are a lot of movie buffs in the country? It would probably even have been cheaper to do. It would certainly have been more fun to write and direct.

In the meantime, we have this decent, flat endeavor, with its way of sometimes putting needles into the brain that kick off memories of the richer books. The film's enactment of Durrell's scene in the barbershop—that does it. The sight of Mnemjian, the gossipy hunchback who knows everyone in Alexandria. Pursewarden's Oscar Wildeish rancor (often cheapened and made cocky in the film, though), and his worldliness, belonging unmistakably to a man who is going to commit suicide because he recognizes it is not really his world at all. Melissa, endowed with charity, breathing life into the sophisticate Pursewarden, who inspects his life as distantly as a man leafing through his own expired visas. Melissa again, braced for little from the men she knows, lifting her face to be kissed as if it were a shopwindow for a nose to be pressed against.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

The university charged that the students entered a locked Naval R.O.T.C. gun cage at the rear of the building May 1 and refused to lave when ordered.
—*The Times.*

Aw, kids nowadays don't lave.

•

In June, Chimayo wears her rose-sprigged dress and the delicate scent of bludgeoning summer.—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

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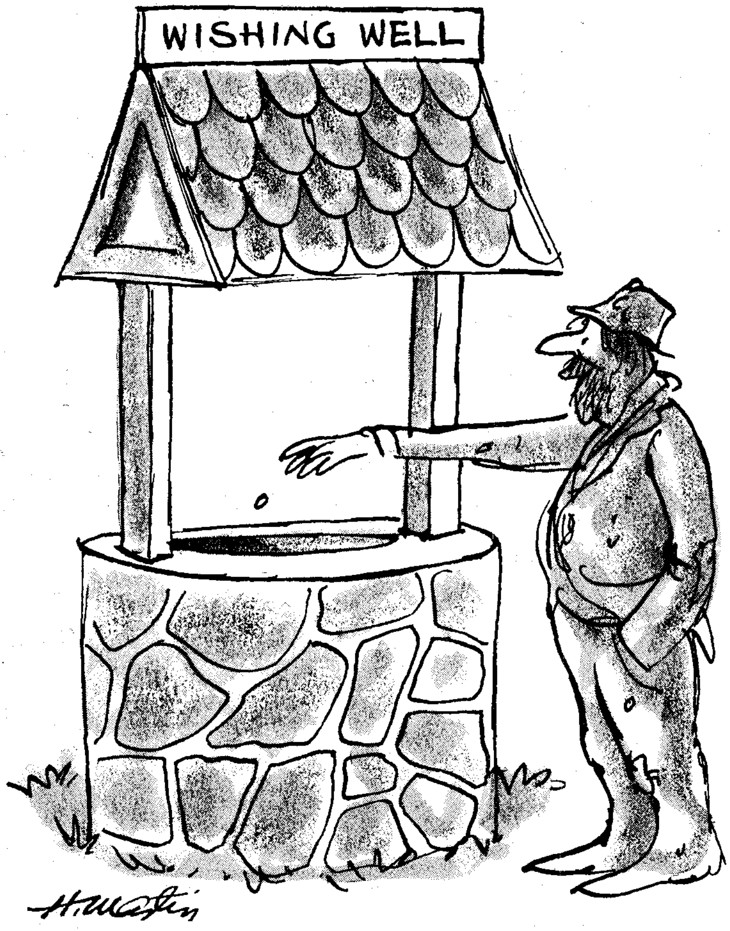
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE LEAPING CORPSE, THE BOMBED PILL, THE SHALLOW CELLAR, THE FRENCH PASTIME, THE WALKING RADIO, THE FULL AVIARY, AND OTHER SUMMER MYSTERIES

I FIRST heard about the death of baseball one night last December. A friend of mine, a syndicated sports columnist, called me after eleven o'clock and broke the news. "Hey," he said, "have you *seen* the crowds at the Jets' games lately? Unbelievable! It's exactly like the old days at Ebbets Field. Pro football is the thing, from now on. Baseball is finished in this country. Dead." He sounded so sure of himself that I almost looked for the obituary in the *Times* the next morning. ("Pastime, National, 99; after a lingering illness. Remains on view at Cooperstown, N.Y.") Though somewhat exaggerated, my friend's prediction proved to be a highly popular one. In the next three or four months, the negative prognosis was confirmed by resident diagnosticians representing most of the daily press, the magazines, and the networks, and even by some foreign specialists from clinics like the *New Republic* and the *Wall Street Journal*. All visited the bedside and came away shaking their heads. Baseball was sinking. Even if the old gent made it through until April and the warmer weather, his expectations were minimal—lonely wheelchair afternoons on the back porch, gruel and antibiotics, and the sad little overexcitement of his one-hundredth birthday in July. I haven't run into my dour friend at any ball games this summer, but I doubt whether the heavy crowds and noisy excitement of the current season, which is now well into its second half, would change his mind. The *idea* of the imminent demise of baseball has caught on, and those who cling to it (and they are numerous) seem to have their eye on the runes instead of that leaping corpse. This new folk belief centers on the new folk word "image." Baseball, the argument goes, has a bad image. The game is too slow and too private, and offers too little action for a society increasingly attached to violence, suddenness, and mass movement. Baseball is cerebral and unemotional; the other, fast-growing professional sports, most notably pro football, are dense, quick, complex, dangerous, and perpetually stimulating. Statistics are then cited, pointing out the two-year decline in baseball attendance, as against the permanent hot-ticket status now enjoyed by football. (Last year, the National Football League played to eighty-seven per cent of capacity in its regular season.) A recent Harris poll is quoted, which showed football supplanting baseball for the first time as the favorite American sport. The poll, which was taken last winter, indicated that football appeals most to high-income groups and to those between thirty-five and forty-nine years old, while baseball still comes first with old people, low-income groups, and Negroes. Bad, *bad* image.

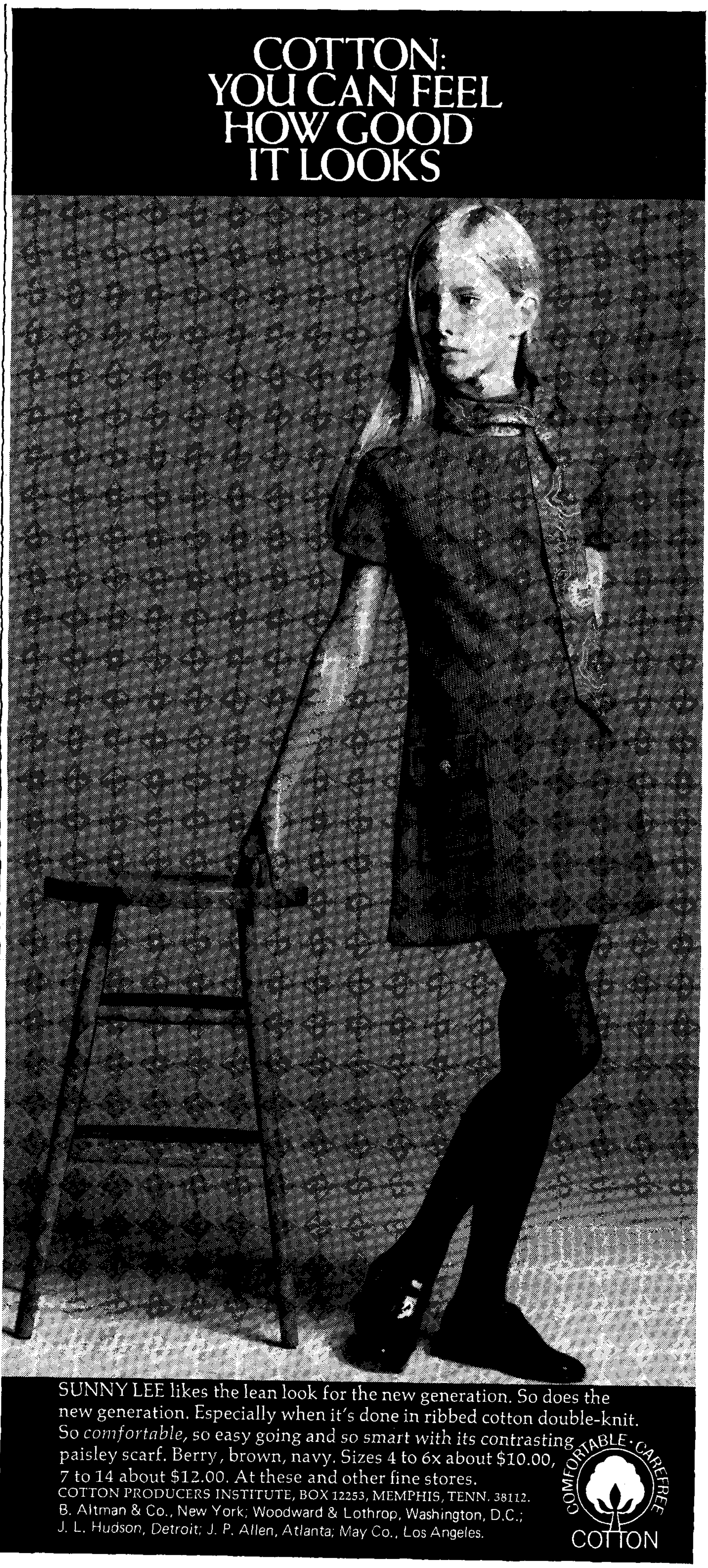


"I wish for that rare quality so often found in truly great men—ambition without greed."

Most of the statisticians and poll watchers I have talked to have declined my invitation to come along to Shea Stadium to see what's been happening to the old game this summer, so I must pause here to make my own reading of those same bones and entrails. The decline of baseball at the box office (down from 25,132,209 in 1966 to 23,103,345 last year) has taken place over two seasons that produced only one real pennant race (in the American League in 1967) and that included last summer's dispiriting Year of the Pitcher—a complicated phenomenon that, for various reasons, seems to have subsided. Baseball has had previous recessions, including a four-year sag from 1950 through 1953, from which it recovered brilliantly. The larger statistics are more to the point. In the nineteen-sixties, the game has been going through the wrenching, loyalty-testing business of expansion—generally with a minimum of tact and common sense—and yet it is clearly holding its own. Average seasonal attendance between 1960 and 1968, during which time the number of games played per season increased by thirty-two per cent, is up exactly thirty-two per cent over the ten-year average of the nineteen-fifties, and up fifty-five per cent over the nineteen-forties. As for the poll, it scarcely came as news to me that pro football has a corner on the young, well-heeled, with-it crowd; this is the same audience, to judge by my own eyeball survey, that snaps up all the available tickets to another status event of short duration, the World Series. The old, the poor, and the black might even prefer football, too, if they could afford a pair of season tickets, which is now the only sure way of getting in. It's hard to see how any of this constitutes a menace to the sunshine game. It's even more difficult to understand why Mr. Harris asked his questions in the first place. Football's regular season encompasses fourteen weekends—from mid-September to Christmas—whereas baseball starts in

April and winds up, a hundred and sixty-two games later, with the new playoffs and the World Series in October. Being forced to pick between them seems exactly like being forced into a choice between a Martini and a steak dinner. Most fans, I suspect, enjoy different sports precisely because they *are* different, and if it's all right with Mr. Harris I'll take both—pro football (preferably via television, because of the instant replay) for its violence and marvellously convoluted machinery, and baseball (preferably from a seat behind first base) for its clarity, variety, slowly tightening tension, and acute pressure on the individual athlete.

Those who gave up on baseball last winter may have only been watching the carryings-on of the next of kin outside the sickroom door, who went through a screeching, months-long family wrangle sufficient to do in a less hardy patient. In December, the owners suddenly fired the Baseball Commissioner, General William D. Eckert, in what for them has become typical fashion—forcing him to commit executive hara-kiri at a press conference. General Eckert was hired in 1965, apparently because he knew absolutely nothing about baseball and thus would be certain to keep his hand off the tiller; he was fired for the same reason, when it was noticed that the unskippered vessel had drifted toward a bank of nasty-looking reefs. The closest of these, just off the bow, was a threatened players' strike over the renewal of their pension fund, centering on the allocation of funds from a new fifty-million-dollar television package. The owners' first offer was rejected by the Players Association by a vote of 491 to 7, and the subsequent delay of any real negotiations made it clear that some owners and executives were preparing for a test of strength when spring training opened and would risk a full strike, and even a season of baseball played by bush-league replacements, on the chance that they could break the Association and discredit its director, Marvin Miller, a professional labor leader, whose name causes some veteran front-office men to sway and clutch their desks. (This fondness for the Carnegie-Gompers era of labor relations is not unusual in the halls of baseball. Last September, American League President Joe Cronin abruptly fired two veteran umpires—Al Salerno and Bill Valentine—who had been trying to form an umpires' association; Cronin's move instantly fused the new union and very nearly precipitated an umpires' strike



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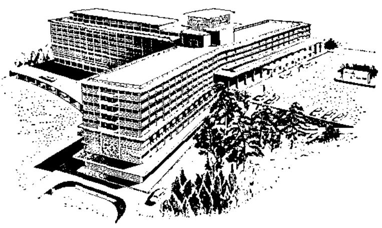

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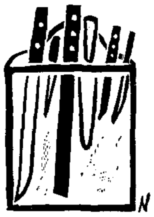
at the World Series. Disclaiming union-busting, Cronin explained that Salerno and Valentine were "just bad umpires, that's all." This case is now in the courts.) Meanwhile, the owners went through an unedifying two-month squabble over the selection of a new Commissioner, finally settling, out of sheer exhaustion, on a compromise temporary choice, Bowie Kuhn, who had been the National League's attorney.

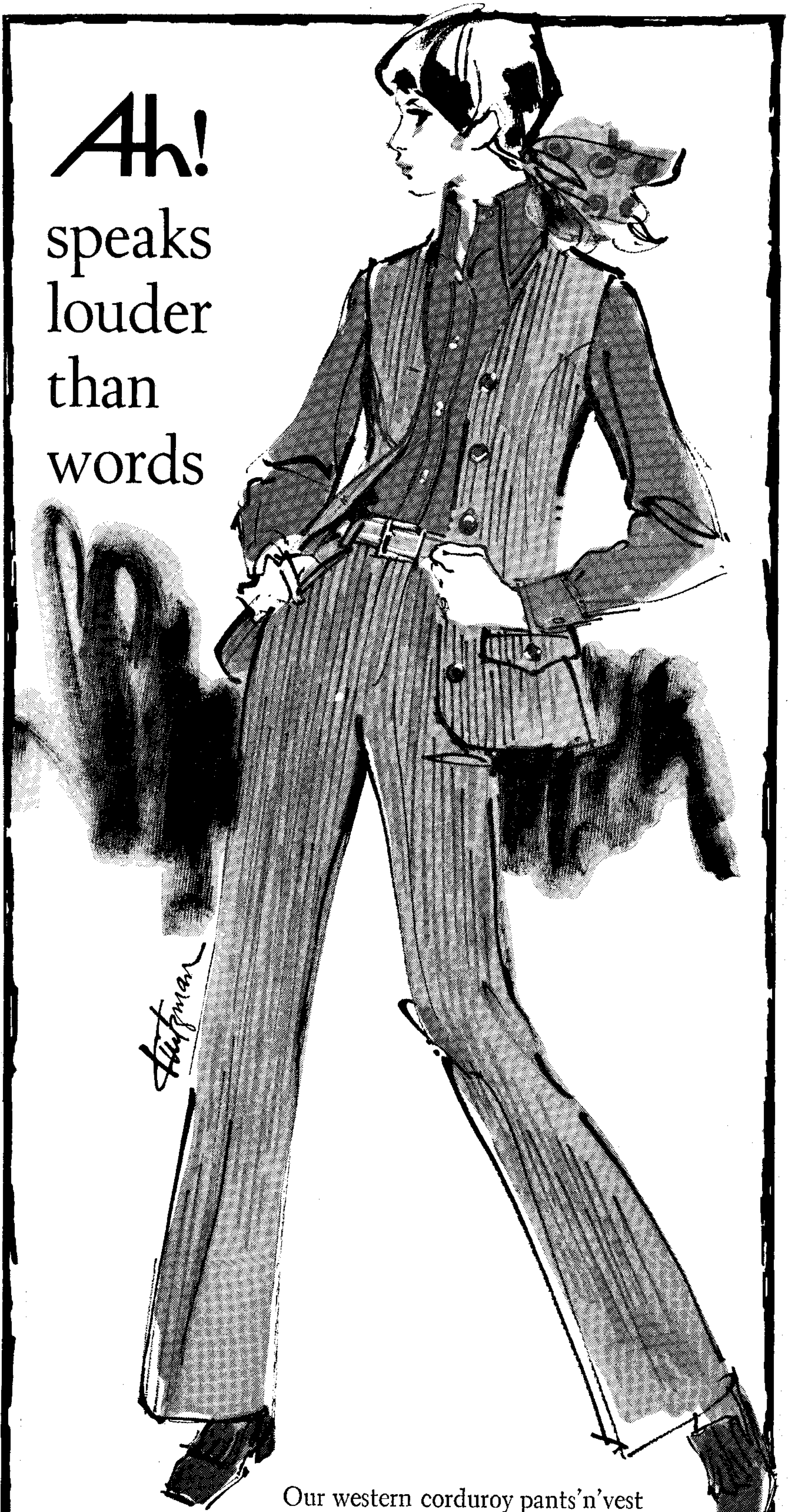
Mr. Kuhn, a tall, Princeton-educated Wall Street lawyer who has been a devout fan and student of the game, set to work instantly, advising all parties to cool it and forcing a sensible compromise that was signed just as the spring-training camps were opening. His subsequent operations have shown sure-handedness, intelligence, and courage—qualities almost invisible in the Commissioner's office in recent decades—and it is expected that he will soon be signed to a full four-year contract. As the season began, he stood up to Judge Roy Hofheinz, the Astros' panjandrum, over a Houston-Montreal player trade that had gone sour when one of the players, Donn Clendenon, refused to play for Houston. Kuhn not only persuaded Hofheinz to accept an alternative, and inferior, player swap but extracted from him a public apology for a bad-tempered attack he had made on the Commissioner's office. Some weeks later, Kuhn called in Ken Harrelson, the Red Sox' outfielder and bead-wearer, who had refused to be traded to the Indians, and taught him to love Cleveland. In both of these curious and difficult negotiations, Kuhn was steering away from a major test of the reserve clause—the system that requires a player to deal for his services only with the club that owns his contract. Owners, players, Congress, and the Supreme Court all know that the reserve clause is probably a violation of the anti-trust laws, yet its abolition would so surely destroy team identities and year-to-year play (one can imagine two leagues of pickup teams signed up by entrepreneurs, and a David Merrick-Sol Hurok World Series) that all parties maintain an unspoken pact not to push the matter over the brink. Mr. Kuhn will have to work out an acceptable new plan to ease this persistent anomaly—probably some form of fixed recompense to all traded players. His other large problems include the financial losses suffered by the owners of losing teams and exhausted franchises—losses now far too large to be cured, as in the old days, with one swoop of a millionaire's check-signing arm. This may even require (oxygen to the directors' room!) a partial profit sharing among all clubs. Ahead, too, may be an enforced shortening of the present hundred-and-sixty-two-game season—plus playoffs, plus World Series—which is clearly too much for the pitchers' arms and the fans' patience. On his record to date, Mr. Kuhn looks to be the kind of Commissioner who will support baseball's younger executives and thus at last force the game's Cro-Magnons into common-sense planning and a grudging contemporaneity. He may be the best thing that has happened to baseball since the invention of the catcher's mitt.



THIS is baseball's hundredth anniversary, a centennial marking the Cincinnati Red Stockings' first professional season, and no innovation in that century has so severely tested its fans as the majors' latest expansion to twenty-four teams and four six-team divisions. Many veteran followers of the game have told me that they still have difficulty remembering the names of the new clubs or the composition of the madly named "East" and "West" divisions. (For a start, I recommend throwing away one's Rand McNally and noting that Chicago is in the West in the American League but is officially East in the National.) What these traditionalists mourn will never come again—the time, a decade ago, when we all knew all sixteen big-league teams as well as we knew the faces and tones of voice of those sitting around the family dinner table at Thanksgiving. That began to go when four new chairs had to be squeezed in, and when several sudden divorces and remarriages added a lot of unfamiliar names to the party. Like everyone else, I was at first unhappy about the new divisional setup, but I must confess now that I have entirely changed my mind. The six-team subleagues, whose members play against each other eighteen times and against the teams of the other division twelve times, seem to me a perfect substitute for the departed smaller leagues, and I think that in time most fans will become specialists in the players and the standings within their own chosen division. Already the four families have taken on separate identities and interests. The best of them this year, surely, is the National League West, where four famous old teams—the Braves, the Dodgers, the Giants, and the

Reds—are locked in a dusty non-stop scrimmage that will probably go right down to the playoffs. The American League East, which includes the World Champion Tigers, the Red Sox, and the Orioles, promised equally well, but the Orioles, whose pitching and hitting have both come around simultaneously, have played the best ball in either league and now own an apparently insurmountable fourteen-game edge. The National League East, which looked to be a private hunting preserve for the Cardinals, has been saved by the Cards' early bumbling and by the electrifying apotheosis of the Cubs and the Mets; lately St. Louis has begun to recover its poise, and there is a good chance that we will see a three-way, late-season repetition of the wonderfully taut and bitter home-and-home series that the Cubs and Mets gave us last month. Only in the American League West, where Oakland and the Minnesota Twins are conducting their rather stately maneuvers, does the luck of the draw run thin, bunching two expansion teams, the Seattle Pilots and the Kansas City Royals, with the White Sox and the Angels in a miserable heap of losers, and reminding us that this year's shallower cellars can be just as dank and gloomy as the old abolished dungeons of eighth place.

The highest anxiety about this season centered on the hitters, whose combined efforts last year added up to a batting average of .236 (the worst in history), three hundred and forty shutout games, and a winter of rich reminiscences for most pitchers. Early this spring, Jim Maloney, of the Reds, and Don Wilson, of the Astros, pitched back-to-back no-hitters at Crosley Field, thus repeating a similarly comatose miracle of last summer, but this fearful omen vanished in the cannonade of base hits that has lately been audible on all fronts. At this writing, the averages show nineteen National League and ten American League full-time players batting over .300, led by Rod Carew's .370. Six of the Cincinnati Reds' regulars have a combined average of .326. The leagues' combined batting averages are up to .249, runs per game stand at 8.29 (the highest since 1962), and so many home runs (1.59 per game, or the best since 1960) are flying out of so many parks that a dozen sluggers may wind up with at least forty homers this year—a level heretofore achieved by only forty men in the history of the game. First among the bombardiers is Reggie Jackson, a twenty-three-year-old outfielder with



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the Oakland Athletics. Jackson is the genuine article—a superior natural left-handed hitter with the intelligence and temperament to make the most of his skills. His startling production of down-towners (forty to date) may bring him within range of Roger Maris's record by mid-September. It is not quite a coincidence that Maris hit his sixty-one homers in another expansion year, 1961; all pitching staffs have been diluted by the draft that manned the four new clubs, and the batters are happily profiting. The sudden jump in averages is equally attributable to an off-season decision to diminish the size of the strike zone and to pare down the pitcher's mound from fifteen to ten inches. One must also ask, in a whisper, whether the ball has not been discreetly juiced. The hitting boom this season is somewhat synthetic, then, but baseball has often made such adjustments in the past; the new rulings that handicap the pitchers are an answer to previous changes in the game that helped to tip the balance their way—larger ball parks, larger pitchers, larger infielders' gloves, night ball, and the slider. No one knows yet whether the balance between hitting and pitching has been truly restored, but the joyful sound of bat on ball is once again loud in the land, and only the most obdurate purist will complain.

The flowering of Reggie Jackson is an especially happy sign, for baseball is in acute need of new superstars. A decade or two ago, the majors' lineups included such all-timers as Musial, DiMaggio, Williams, Mantle, Mays, Feller, and Koufax, but now, with the retirement of the Mick, the list of one-man gate attractions is reduced to Willie Mays (now thirty-eight and no longer a regular), Bob Gibson, and perhaps Carl Yastrzemski. Just behind them, to be sure, is a long list of remarkable ballplayers—Aaron, McCovey, McLain, Banks, Frank Robinson, Marichal, Richie Allen, Killebrew, Frank Howard, etc.—but none of them quite has the flamboyance that makes national household names. For some years now, baseball has not been signing many of the country's finest young athletes, who have chosen instead to accept the enormous bonuses available in pro football and basketball. But this problem will end shortly, when these rival sports reach the saturation point in salaries and when a new All-America halfback or center will be unable to draw one more ticket-buyer into a sold-out stadium. From then on, there is no reason to suppose baseball will not attract its full share of future Alcindors and O. J. Simpsons. Their presence may offer some solution to the game's most nagging current affliction—the half-dozen or so tired franchises where shabby, badly situated ball parks or vapid teams mean perpetually low attendance. Even in this hopeful year, the White Sox have had to attempt bingo games to bring back their fans. Washington has responded only minimally to the inspiriting managerial presence of Ted Williams, and Oakland has not turned out in large numbers to watch Reggie Jackson, perhaps because there are now four other major-league teams in California. Baseball's upward path is not yet assured, and total attendance this season, though currently up by two and a half million, will still require the customary tonic of some September pennant scrambles to show us that the game is truly healthy and still keeping pace with its own expansion. I am highly optimistic about this, not only for the reasons stated but because of the rewarding and frequently riveting nature of the baseball games I have seen around the leagues this summer.

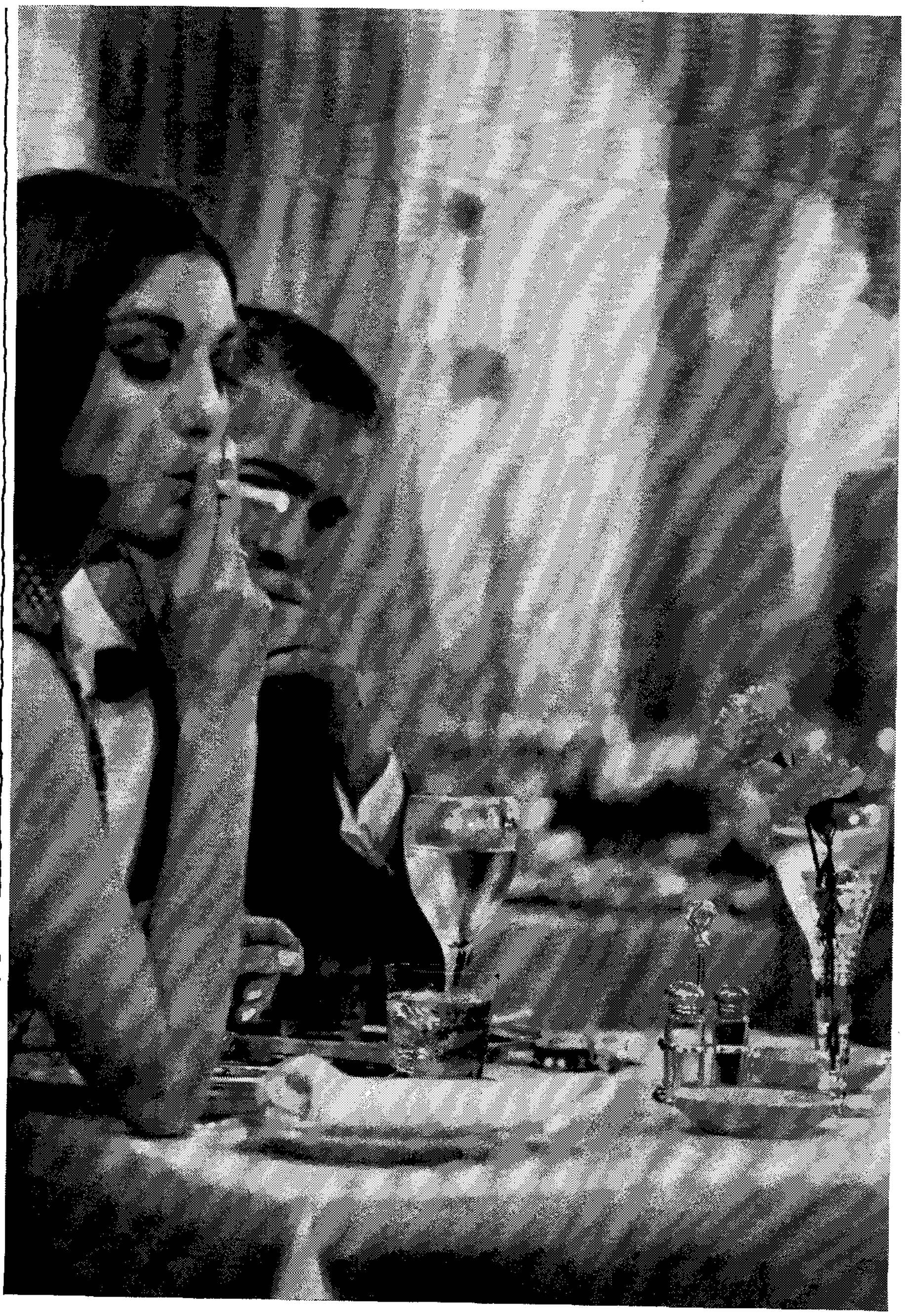
OBEYING a pre-season resolution to devote more attention to the young Yankees, whose late push had brought them to a surprising fifth-place finish last September, I paid dutiful calls to the Stadium on several chilly spring evenings, only to discover that the pitchers were still wholly in control of things. Late in April, I watched the Yanks' Fritz Peterson shut out the Red Sox, 1–0, on three hits, with an assortment of down-breaking stuff; the next night Mike Nagy, a Red Sox rookie just out of the bushes and making his first big-league start, barely survived some early jitters and then came on like Walter Johnson, to win over Mel Stottlemyre, 2–1. The Yankee attack this year consists largely of quickness on the bases and some opportunistic hitting by a youngster named Bobby Murcer. The team is managed by the estimable Ralph Houk, and Mike Burke, the president, is one of the most intelligent young executives now in baseball, but the players on the field often look less palpable than pin-striped ghosts of a hundred departed Bombers. Lately, the management has tried to keep Stadium fans awake by offering to play any patron's request on the organ. I did see Murcer, then the league's runs-batted-in leader, win one early game when Manager Bill Rigney of the Angels mysteriously ordered his hurler, Rudy May, to pitch to him in the ninth with two on, two out, and first base open. Murcer obliged with a game-winning double, thus providing one of the few bright spots in a disastrous spring for the Bronx Bunnies. Murcer, though eager and talented, is not a true fence-buster, and the pressure on him to deliver in countless games in which the Yankees have been trailing has steadily pushed his average down—a sight too painful for me to keep watching.

My first visits to Shea Stadium were of the same dispiriting nature—an early, low-hit squeaker against the Reds, when the same old Mets came apart in the ninth (two hits, an error, and a wild pitch) and lost by 3–0, and a mid-May game against Atlanta, when three fast balls aimed by the Mets' skinny, hard-throwing rookie, Gary Gentry, were redirected by Hank Aaron, Orlando Cepeda, and Bob Tillman into the distant bullpens, thus providing all the runs necessary for a 4–3 Braves victory. I was not present the following night, when the Mets astonished themselves. Hitless through the sixth against Phil Niekro, they erupted for eight runs in the eighth inning, climaxed by Cleon Jones' grand-slammer, to win over Atlanta, 9–3. I hurried right back the next afternoon, and my subsequent delightful hours with the Mets this year are perhaps best summarized in a game diary I began keeping at that time:

Thursday, May 15: Beautiful afternoon, beautiful game. Senior Citizens' Day at Shea, but place jam-packed with kids. Attendance: 32,130. National Pastime looks rosy, but what about schools? Hank Aaron, quickest wrists in West, wafts two (Nos. 516, 517 lifetime), and Metsies dead, down 6–2 in 7th. Metsies *not* dead. Four singles, wild pitch make it 6–5 in 8th. Optimist fans screeching. Bud Harrelson singles, bottom 9th, Grote plunked by pitch, Agee sacrifices them along. Intentional pass loads hassocks. *Everybody* screeching. Harrelson forced at plate. Cleon Jones up, currently batting .390. (.390? Yep, .390.) Rips one—*pow!*—to right, but triumph denied as Millan, Braves' 2B, climbs invisible ladder, turns midair, & gloves pill backhand. Sudden silence. Damn!

May 30-June 1: Mets sweep Giants 3 games while I waste Memorial Day weekend in country. Bad planning.

June 3, Night: Mets' 6th straight. Pass .500, take 2nd place, as Seaver



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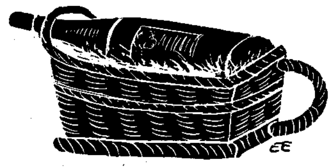
3-hits Dodgers, 5–2. First hit for good guys is Kranepool's homer in 5th; frequent recent habit with Mets. Kranepool *another* HR in 6th. Must revise Kranepool estimate; good old Eddie! Curious impression: Mets resemble vets, while young Dodgers (Sudakis, Sizemore, Grabarkewitz, etc.) are kiddie corps. What's going on here?

JUNE 4, NIGHT: Exhausted. Mets win, 1–0, in dawn's early light. 15 innings. Sweep of Giants *and* Dodgers. History made. DiLauro, elderly Met rookie hurler, lucky in early going, then implacable. Mets always look lucky these days; sign of good team. L.A. puts 12 runners on base in extra inns., scores none. Mets unflappable. Save game with incredible play in top of 15th—Al Weis, Mets' 2B, reverses gears, grabs deflected drive off pitcher's glove, throws same instant, and nails L.A. base runner at plate. Still don't believe it. Mets win on anticlimax: Dodgers' W. Davis lopes in for Garrett's easy single, gives it the old hot-dog one-hand scoop—and misses. Ball rolls to CF fence & Agee scores easily all way from first. Hoo-haw. Davis looks for place to hide. Kind of game Mets used to lose.

JUNE 15: Mets away, knocking 'em dead in West. Have just learned why Cleon Jones, Our Boy, throws left but bats right. As lad, played in Mobile sandlot with tiny right field; poke over RF wall counted as out, so Cleon switched to starboard side. Sensible. Cleon played baseball, football with T. Agee, also Our Boy, on same Mobile high-school team. Mobile High first Met farm.

JUNE 22: Sunday doubleheader, Cards. Sunshine. Mets break own record for largest '69 crowd: 55,862. (Leagues break own record for largest Sunday crowds ever: 394,008 paid.) Mets look cool, loose, rich—like old Yanks. Manager Hodges a genius. In opener, Gary Gentry shackles Cards as Mets romp, 5–1. (Gentry third straight excellent rookie hurler—Koosman last yr., Seaver yr. before. Wait till NL sees new phenom hurlers, J. Matlack, J. Bibby, now ripening on Met farms! They say Bibby looks exactly like Don Newcombe.) Mets rooters show *nouveau-riche* side: wildly cheer poor Swoboda, hapless Met fly-chaser, as he fans 5 times. Second game very tight—Koosman vs. Cards' Torrez in scoreless duel—but I am distracted by small boy, aged 10 maybe, in next box, who is intent on setting new two-game Eastern Flyweight stuffing record. Order of consumption: 1 pizza, 1 hot dog, 1 container popcorn, 1 Coke, ½ bg. peanuts, 1 Coke, 1 ice cream. No more hot dogs, so settles for 2nd pizza. Asks Pop for French fries. Mets' Boswell doubles in 5th, after 17 straight Met singles today (new record?), but still no score. Boy's dad, worn out by entreaties, leaves seat in search of French fries, thus misses Harrelson triple, Agee double that win game in 7th. Dad returns with Fr. frs., loses temper. Cries, "I knew it! The only G.-d. Fr. frs. were way the h. over behind third base!" Is placated when Rod Gaspar makes great peg in 8th to nail Brock at plate & save 1–0 nightcap. Brilliant baseball. Day to remember.



THAT same week, I flew north to visit the Expos, a newborn team that has found a happy home in Montreal and in the cellar of the National League East. (Proper baseball watching now requires field trips, for the inflated schedule means that almost half the season has gone by before all the teams have paraded into one's home park.) I arrived at Jarry Park, a handsome little field that much resembles a country fairground, just in time to watch the Cardinals bat around in the fifth, in the first game of a twi-nighter. Bob Gibson was pitching, so I was disheartened for the home crowd, until I noticed that it didn't seem to mind much. The unroofed stands were packed, and the locals cheered politely for every Expo pop fly and booed every strike called against their team. Though slightly bush, these are real fans, for they have turned out through thick and (mostly) thin, and the whole town is talking baseball. Attendance actually went *up* during a recent twenty-game losing streak, because everybody wanted to be there the day it ended. Montreal is relentlessly bilingual, and as the Cards went on piling up runs that evening I began my first lesson, assisted by the announcer and the scoreboard, in baseball French. A long parade of *lanceurs* trudged to *le monticule* for the Expos before the first game of the doubleheader (*le premier programme double disputé au crépuscule par les Expos*) ended, with the Cards winning 8–1.

The second *partie* started just as dishearteningly, with the visitors scoring three *points* on three *coups sûrs* in the first, but matters improved electrifying-

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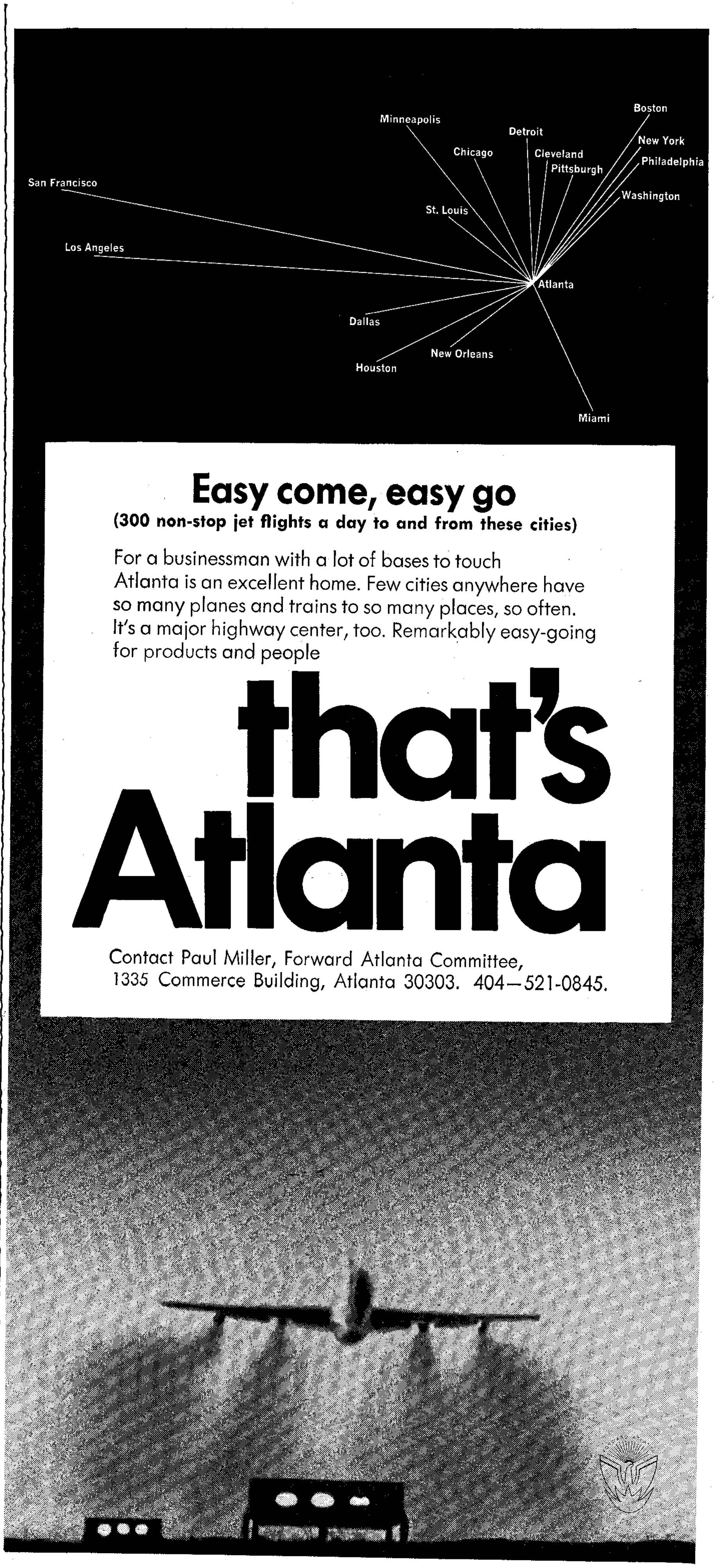
ly in the second, when the Expos pulled off a triple play (line drive to Bob Bailey, *au premier but*, who stepped on the bag to double up an occupant Cardinal and then flipped to *l'arrêt-court*, Bobby Wine, who beat the other base runner to second). It was the first triple play I had ever seen, in any language. The Expos tied it up in the third, on back-to-back (*dos-à-dos?*) homers (*circuits*) by Ron Fairly and Rusty Staub, as the scoreboard put up “VAS-Y!” and “IL NOUS FAUT UNE VICTOIRE!” Staub (a former Astro) and Mack Jones (a former Brave) are the resident gods in Montreal, the latter because he hit a homer and a triple during the Expos' victory in their opening home game in April, still a burning date in these fans' uncrowded memories. The nightcap was still tied in the seventh, and when the Expos put two men on base a tomblike silence descended on the crowd. Puzzled, I asked my neighbor what was going on, and he said, “They know that if we don't score now, we'll lose it.” I understood, suddenly remembering what it had been like to be a Mets fan in the lighthearted, hopeless old days at the Polo Grounds. He was right, too; the Expos didn't score, and the Cards racked up five runs in the last two innings. When the *gérant*, Gene Mauch, came out to relieve his willing but exhausted young starter, Mike Wegener, he got the *framboise* from the fans. Mauch didn't mind; he used to manage the Phillies, which is the perfect prep school for his current post.

There were fewer fans at Jarry Park the next afternoon, which was too bad, because the absentees missed an Expos win. The Cards scored five early runs, but then fell into the baffling torpor that has gripped them so often this year, and lost it on bad relief pitching. Staub and Ron Fairly, the old Dodger *voltigeur*, had three hits apiece, and reliever Dan McGinn, a *gaucher*, got the 8–6 win with seven innings of peerless sinker-ball (I give up) pitching, and I came away happy. *La victoire*, in Montreal, is rare but sweet.

THAT home-and-home series waged by the Cubs and Mets last month, and won by the Mets, four games to two, is too recent and vivid in memory to require much recapitulation here, except perhaps to recall the opener at Shea, which was in all respects the first truly crucial game of the Mets' eight-year history. Five games back of the Cubs (three in the more significant “lost” column), they had to gain some



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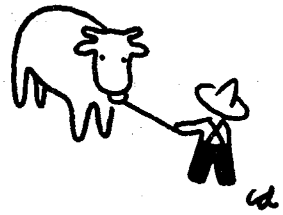
ground while simultaneously answering for themselves the question that their old friends were asking: "Are the Mets for *real*?" If this means "Are the Mets real pennant threats?," the answer is probably still no. With Seaver on tap, there probably will be no long losing streaks, but Koosman, Gentry, and the bullpen were frightfully battered by the Astros in a doubleheader last week. Any further relapse to the Polo Grounds days, in view of the Mets' continuing lack of true muscle at the plate, may still make the last weeks of their schedule painful. In other respects, this has been a season in which every good hope was realized. Bud Harrelson's restored knee, Al Weis's useful glove, and rookie Wayne Garrett's surprising bat have contributed to a respectable infield. The young pitching arms have matured, and Cleon Jones has been up among the league's batting leaders all year. Best of all, perhaps, has been the dashing performance of Tommie Agee in center and as lead-off man—a renaissance that has finally justified the much criticized trade that brought him here last year. (I'll bet that a lot of local Little Leaguers have begun imitating Agee's odd batting mannerism—a tiny kick of the left leg that makes him look like a house guest secretly discouraging the family terrier.) The Mets even have a bench this year, at last permitting Manager Hodges to do some useful platooning. Hodges' instruction has been subtle and superior; the Mets play fine baseball and are no longer surprised at anything they do.



What they did in that first Cubs game will be remembered for months, and maybe years, by all 55,096 of us who were there that afternoon. Jerry Koosman and Ferguson Jenkins, the towering Cubbie right-hander (and the only pitcher I have ever seen who runs to the mound to start his warm-ups each inning), had at each other in a flurry of early strikeouts, with the Cubs persistently threatening and just failing to score in the first five innings. The Mets' first hit was a homer in the fifth—a high fly by Kranepool that barely slipped over the wall in right center. Ernie Banks hit an identical miniblast to the opposite side in the sixth, and the Cubs added one more run in each of the next two innings—the last on a real homer by Jim Hickman, an unsentimental ex-Met. (My own sentiments, hopelessly home-towny, did not entirely keep me from enjoying the Cubs—a vastly more experienced and dangerous-looking team than the Mets. They are worth watching for Ernie Banks alone, the skinny-necked and exuberant thirty-eight-year-old first baseman, who is so well loved in Chicago that an alderman there once proposed the erection of a gigantic statue of him to replace the city's celebrated fifty-foot Picasso creature. If Manager Durocher can growl and connive these Cubs to a pennant, he will reward a mighty army of North Side bleacherites who are even more vehement and deserving than the Mets' "Go!" shouters.) So we came down to the bottom of the ninth, with the Mets behind 3–1 and still owning but one hit. No one, absolutely no one, made a move toward the exits. Here, at once, came the necessary piece of luck—a shallow pop by pinch-hitter Ken Boswell that Cub center fielder Don Young lost in the sun for an instant. It dropped in for a double. Agee fouled out, but Donn Clendenon, pinch-hitting, sent Young way back with a long, high drive; Young caught it but slammed into the center-field wall at the same instant, and the ball was banged loose. Cleon up; runners at second and third, and an enormous, pleading din from the stands. He cracked the second pitch to left field, for the third double of the inning, tying up the game. Durocher, thinking hard, ordered the next man walked, and both runners then moved up on an infield out. Reconferring with Jenkins on the mound, Leo ordered outside curves for Kranepool, the next hitter. Eddie took one for a ball, another for a strike, and swung and missed at the next. The last pitch was away, too, but Kranepool, going with it, flicked the ball in a little curving loop that landed it just beyond the shortstop—not much of a hit, but good enough.

The rest of those games—Tom Seaver's beautiful near-no-hitter suddenly snipped off by that Qualls single in the ninth, the Cubs' two successive wins, those raucous and admirable banner-wavers in the Wrigley Field bleachers, Tommie Agee crashing so many first pitches, and Al Weis's unexpected homers in the last two Mets' victories—were equally notable for the sight of so many men on the streets here making their afternoon rounds with transistor radios against their ears. No one had seen that kind of midsummer fever in the city since the old

Giants-Dodgers bloodlettings, fifteen or twenty years back. One of those afternoons, hurrying back to my office TV set, I suddenly wondered what Mr. Harris's poll-takers were doing just then.

I GOT away for two more grandmothers' funerals—the first at Fenway Park, the Taj Mahal of New England, to watch the Red Sox and the Tigers. The Sox this year have been bashing a lot of homers, but they have also had injury trouble, pitching trouble, catching trouble, fielding trouble, and Baltimore trouble. They stayed close to the Orioles until the weekend of June 13th, when the Athletics destroyed them, racking up thirty-eight runs and forty-eight hits in three games, during which Reggie Jackson hit four homers and batted in fifteen runs. Despite all, the Beantown fans are flocking into the little green ballyard at a rate that may equal last year's record Boston attendance of 1,940,788. My visit was on a weekday afternoon, but even standing room was sold out half an hour before game time. On this day, the park most resembled a huge aviary—a place of endless flutterings, hoppings, feedings, and scatterings as hundreds upon hundreds of kids shrieked and piped during their long afternoon sociable. The average age of the fans looked to be about twelve, and the Red Sox and the Tigers, successive pennant-winners the past two years, responded by playing a hilariously bad game that looked like a match-up between two day-camp nines. There were five throwing errors, two of them by Boston center fielder Reggie Smith, whose arm is as powerful and just about as random as a MIRV missile. Eventually, the Tigers took it, 6–5, and both teams trooped embarrassedly into the clubhouses for late classes with their managers.

Baltimore, my last stop, has the opposite kind of trouble—a ball team that can do no wrong this year, and a shortage of ticket-buyers. Attendance at Memorial Stadium is running at about the same pace as last year, when the club wound up with a $186,460 deficit; the park has a capacity of fifty-two thousand, but it has never once been filled in a regular season game. Baltimoreans do care about the Orioles, but their curious love affair is mostly conducted at long distance, by radio and television; whenever Manager Earl Weaver yanks a pitcher or decides to rest Frank Robinson for a day, the stadium switchboard is flooded with inquiries, complaints, and counter-

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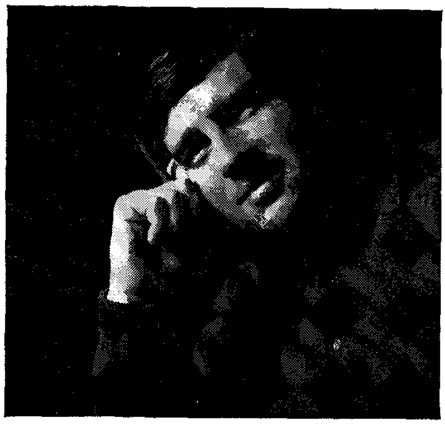

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advice. I heard a lot of baseball talk downtown, but most of it was centered on the autumn playoffs, which everyone thinks the Orioles will lose. Two other local champs, the football Colts and the basketball Bullets, fell on their faces in post-season tournaments this year, and the Orioles' success fills their townsmen's hearts with despair.

The Orioles have it all—the two Robinsons, Paul Blair, Boog Powell, a solid infield, and a pitching staff good enough to hold the fort until the artillery is unlimbered; Dave McNally's pitching record is now 15–0, but he has been taken off the hook seven times by late rallies. Powell, Blair, and Frank Robinson have seventy-three homers to date. I turned up to watch this formidable equipage in a twi-night doubleheader against the Red Sox, then trailing by thirteen and a half games. The promised mismatch turned out just the other way around, as so often happens in this most unpredictable of all sports; the Bosox swept the bill, 7–4 and 12–3, banging out a record (against Baltimore pitching) twenty-two hits in the nightcap. Yastrzemski, *who is swinging only for the fences this year*, had a pair of homers; Mike Andrews, the dandy Boston second baseman, had five hits and a walk in the second game; and Reggie Smith, enjoying the longest hot streak of any American League batter this year, managed two walks, four singles, two doubles, and one home run in eleven trips to the plate. Sitting there in the stands, a happy neutralist surrounded by unhappy locals, I tried to decide which kind of baseball I like best—the anxious involvement of those taut miracles at Shea Stadium; the gentle, comical back-country beginnings in Montreal; or this long banging of bats and the satisfying humiliation of a better team. Then I remembered that I didn't *have* to choose, for all these are parts of the feast that the old game can still bring us. I felt what I almost always feel when I am watching a ball game: Just for those two or three hours, there is really no place I would rather be.

—ROGER ANGELL

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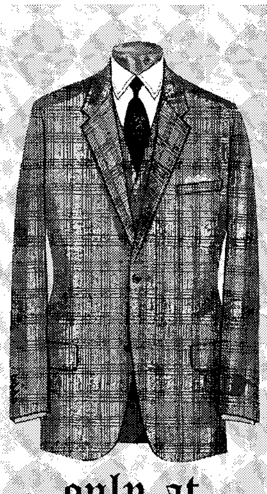

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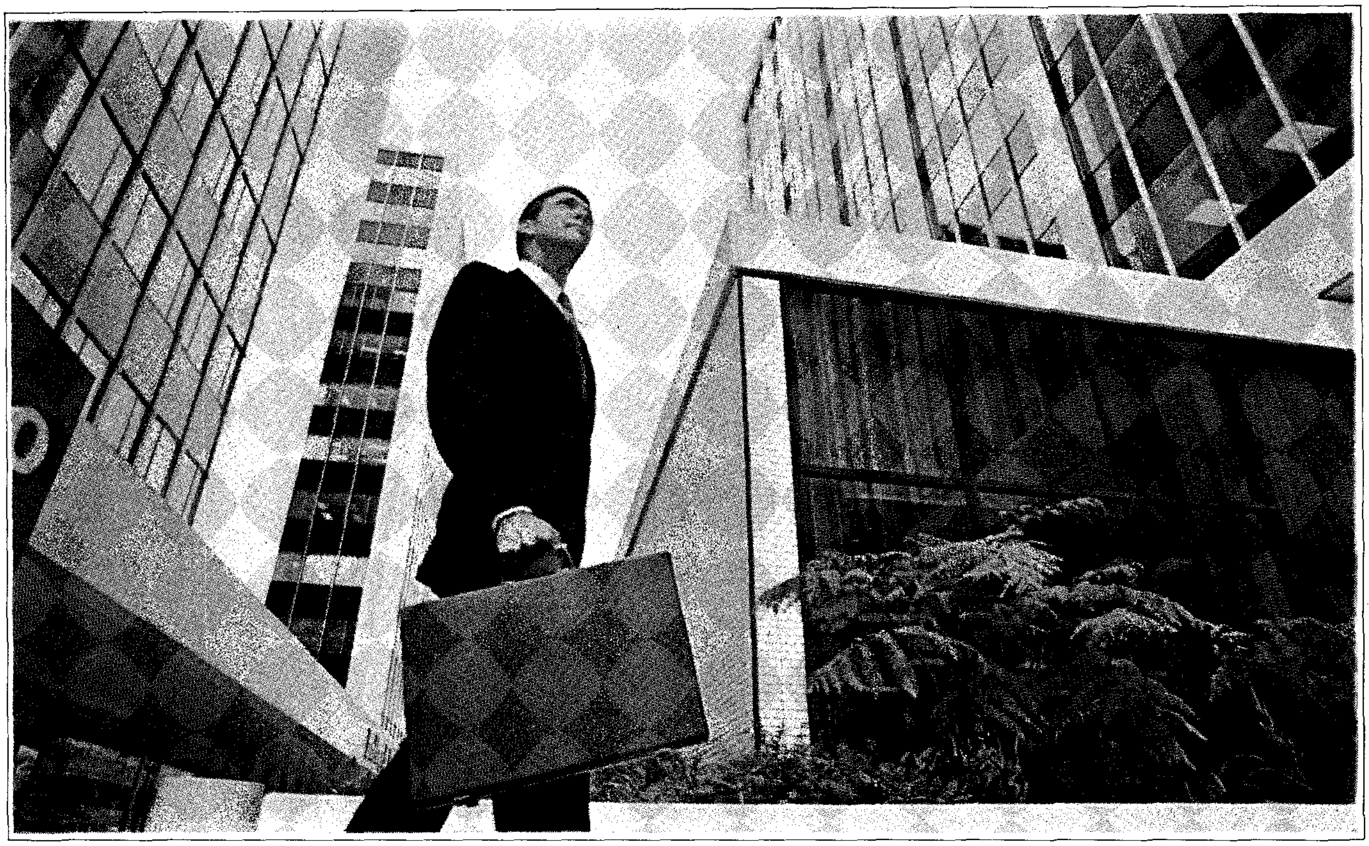

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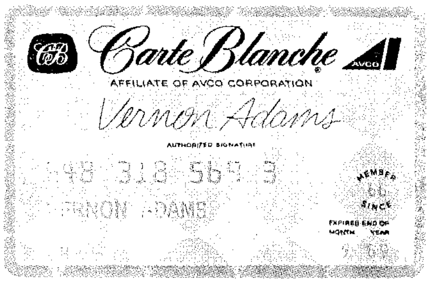

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Rock, Etc.

As their contribution to the outdoor-concert season, Manhattan College and WOR-FM (a Bill Drake station that allots half its time to oldies, half to a narrow selection of current hits) are sponsoring a series of rock shows in Gaelic Park, which is a couple of blocks from the uptown end of the West Side I.R.T. and in real life is a football field. On July 22nd, they brought together the Beach Boys, the Box Tops, and the Brooklyn Bridge—an interesting combination. It was as if some conscientious social historian had set out to illustrate the range of singles-oriented, teen-oriented groups. The Brooklyn Bridge has done its share to give Top-40 radio a bad name, its biggest hit being a Jim Webb tearjerker aptly titled "The Worst That Could Happen;" the Box Tops are an excellent white rhythm-and-blues group from Memphis, who in a less snobbish era would have been enjoyed thoroughly by all kinds of rock fans; the Beach Boys almost made it as the Beatles of Southern California—almost but not quite. I put my sociological head to work but couldn't figure out what sort of audience this bill would attract. It turned out to be college-age, and super-straight in a Jaycee way I didn't know existed in New York. I hadn't seen so many young people with short hair in one place, let alone at a rock concert, in five years. The kids were also unnervingly quiet. When they didn't respond to the Brooklyn Bridge, I thought they had good taste; when they didn't respond to the Box Tops, who did a competent, if not great, set, I thought they were being fussy; but their initial lack of enthusiasm for the Beach Boys, whom they had presumably come to see, was disturbing. Then again, maybe I've become too used to the reflex hysteria of Fillmore fans when confronted with an idol. Why shouldn't a group work for its applause?

McDou
RECORDS · BOO

The Brooklyn Bridge played for an unbearable forty minutes; the vocalist, Johnny Maestro (*sic*), perfected his we-are-in-love-but-the-world-hates-us whine while the brass section tried futilely to coördinate. The Box Tops were disappointing as live performers. The appeal of their records is quite simple—hard beat, tight arrangements, superb production, solid melodies belted out by the lead singer, Alex Chilton. Their hits album "The Box Tops Super Hits" (Bell 6025) is worth buying if only for "The Letter," "Cry Like a Baby," and the buildup to the break in "I Met Her in Church," which is one of the most sexual moments in rock and roll. In person, however, the band played badly (apparently, studio musicians are used on their records), and Chilton didn't seem to care whether he turned us on or not. He was charming—either very ebullient or very stoned—and looked elegantly English in his black suit, white shirt, hippie glasses, and neo-Beatle cut. But he didn't put enough energy into his singing, and his ho-hum attitude toward the audience was peculiar—a bit like the early Beatles' refusal to take their onstage cavorting seriously, with a hint of "I can't stand touring" and "What do these jerks know about music, anyway?" At one point, he shouted "Do you like country music?" and when a few people in the crowd shouted back "Yeah!" he announced he was going to do a Porter Wagoner song, "Jesus Lead Us to the River." Instead, he went right into "I Met Her in Church." If he was making fun of the art-rock fans and their fads and their failure to keep the faith with black sounds, it wouldn't be the first time; in the middle of the Box Tops' record of "You Keep Me Hanging On" there is a pause and Chilton's voice echoes melodramatically, ". . . and he walked on down the hall." But why needle this audience, which could scarcely be accused of aspiring to hipness? Anyway, Chilton isn't actually a purist; he has too good a sense of humor, and he has, after all, recorded "I Shall Be Released." He may just be confused about what to do next. He has brains, talent, and presence; if he got hold of a decent band and courted the "serious" audience, with a little luck and some smart management he could graduate from the teeny circuit. Maybe he is wondering: Shall I try? What if I fail?

The Beach Boys have been through the pain—for Brian Wilson it was much more than that—of almost making the transition and ending up in limbo. They have never really been accepted as serious, by the heads or even by themselves. The fraternity-boy philistinism persists; there is a touch of defiance in it. And when they are true to

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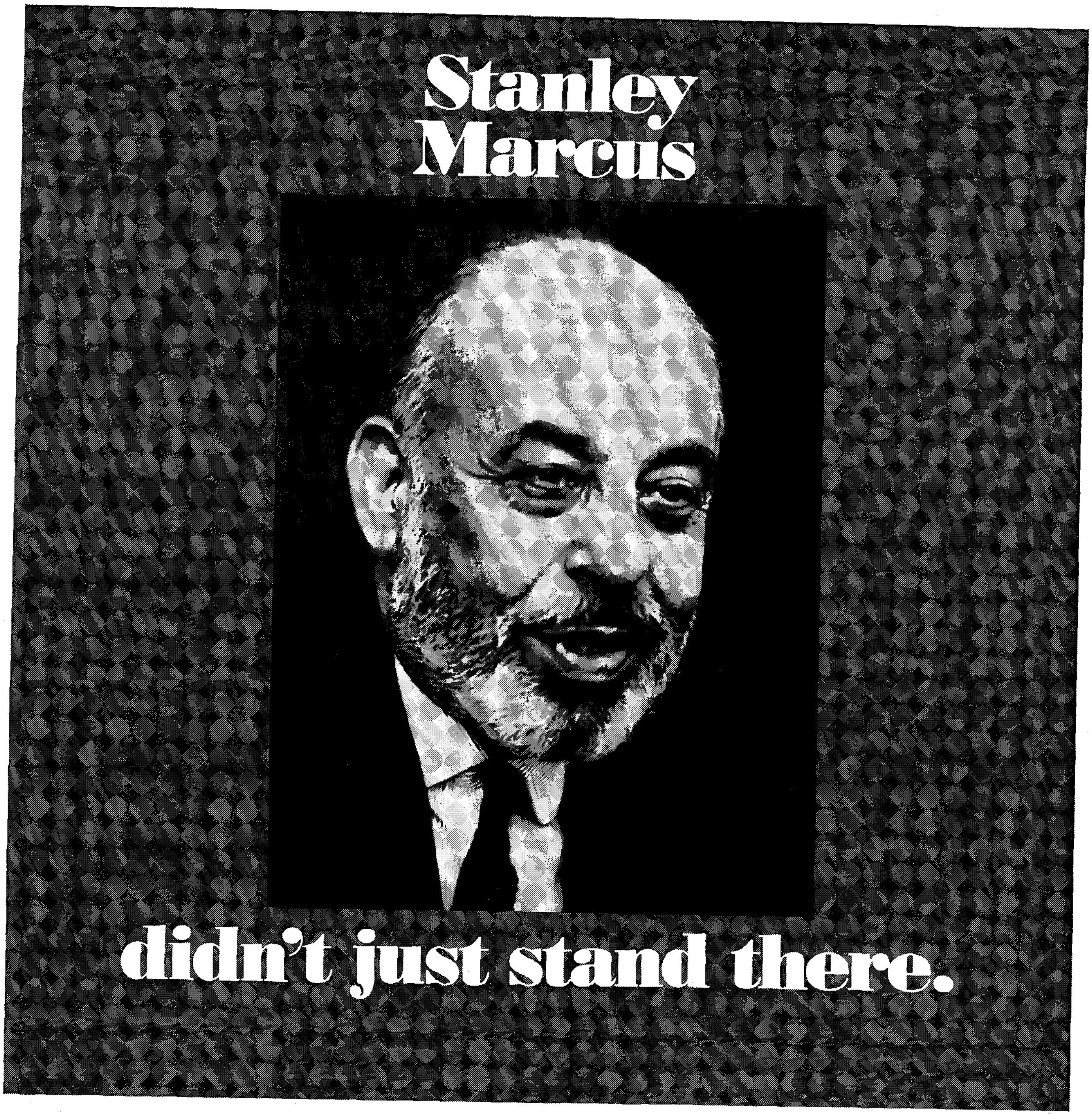

He saw that something needed to be done and he did it.

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themselves, their aesthetic is still geared to singles rather than albums. Yet they can't be just a teen band any more—not after "Pet Sounds" and "Smiley Smile," the Maharishi, Brian's self-imposed rivalry with the Beatles and his excruciating writing block, and his brother Carl's conscientious objection. Even though they had a hit record not long ago, it is hard to keep from thinking of them as relics. On the other hand, they will probably never make it as a revival act; unlike Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, or the Everly Brothers, they are not timeless, for boyish wholesomeness cannot be preserved. Mike Love, who leads the group when it tours (Brian, true to his recluse image, does not perform live), is bald. Like the Beatles, like any celebrity who is loved for teen-age naïveté, the Beach Boys had to evolve in order to survive, and, barring some drastic reversal of their deterioration, they are going to be an evolutionary casualty.

It makes me sad, because they've given me more pleasure than all but a very few groups, and because, as they proved at Gaelic Park, they are still capable of putting on an exciting show. They played a good mixture of old and new stuff, from "Help Me Rhonda" to "I Can Hear Music." I especially liked their brave live simulation of "Good Vibrations," their arrangement of "Cotton Fields" (which is on their current album, "20/20," Capitol SKAO 133), "Barbara Ann" (which always strikes me as a poignant rebuke to all musical phoniness), and the fact that they chose "Johnny B. Goode" for an encore. Mike Love bantered with the audience, coaxing it out of its placidity. His humor was on the collegey side, but he got off some nice shots. (When a portion of the crowd began chanting "Little Deuce Coupe!" after Love had declined a request for the song on the ground that the group hadn't done it in years, he cracked, "Sounds like my mantra.") By the end of the show, people were standing on their seats and clustering around the stage, shouting for more. I was shouting, too, but I was even more estranged from those clean-cut kids than from the solo-hungry Fillmore crowd. For a moment, I felt not only out of place but out of time. I wonder how the Beach Boys felt. —ELLEN WILLIS

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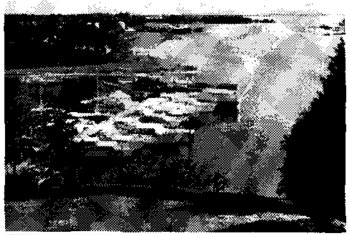

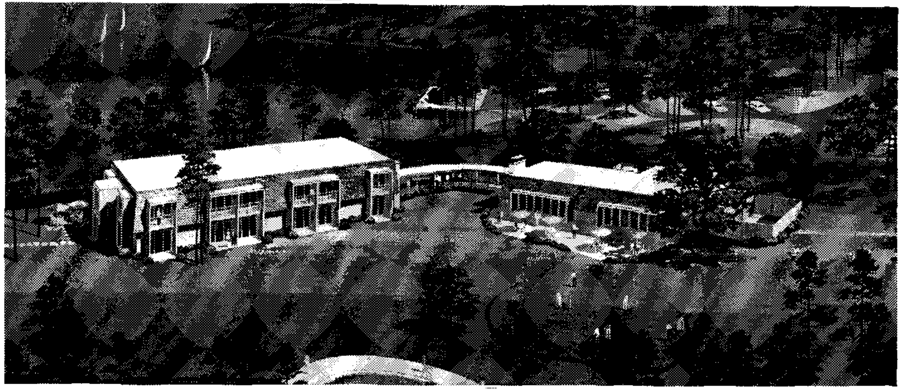

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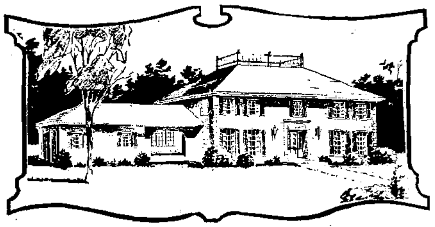

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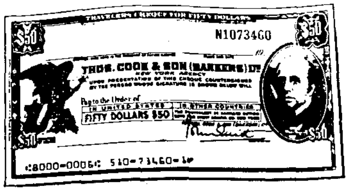

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THE RACE TRACK

Rain, Rain, Go Away

Arts and Letters didn't run in Monmouth Park's Invitational Handicap after all last weekend. There had been an inch of rain overnight on the Jersey racecourse, and Elliott Burch, who trains him, took him out of the race. It seemed the thing to do, because the little colt has never gone well in sloppy or muddy going, and, besides, he'd have had to carry 128 pounds and give big weight to everything except Al Hattab. That might almost have been too large an order. So Al Hattab, a hard-working roan, whose Pelican Stable seldom passes up an opportunity, took over, though from all accounts he was driving to beat a colt with the fascinating name of Dot Ed's Bluesky, to whom he gave fifteen pounds. Hydrologist was third. Arts and Letters may have a gallop at the Spa to wind him up before he goes in the Travers Stakes there next Saturday.

It was a soggy Saratoga most of last week, but it would take more than rain and gray clouds to dim the performance of Elmendorf Farm's Verbatim in the Whitney Stakes. This fellow has never been one of my enthusiasms, but Jim Conway, who trains him, has done wonders with him. He's not a picture horse, but he carried himself with cool assurance in the paddock and in the parade past the stand, and he looked ready for anything. There was no delay at the post, which was all to the good for Verbatim, who doesn't like the starting gate and tries to kick it to pieces whenever he gets in one. This time he was off and away and was never headed, running the nine furlongs in 1:50. Champion tried to step with him, as did Dewan, and Tropic King II, who wound up second, but none was ever close. Earlier in the week, it was thought that Nodouble would run in the Whitney, but, the footing being what it was, his stable decided that the Arkansas traveller wouldn't like it. The sloppy footing might also account for Dewan's sorry showing. Both runners are accustomed to the hard, fast tracks in California.

For as far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember, the meeting at the Spa has opened with the Flash Stakes, a scamper for two-year-olds. The ninety-fourth running, last week, went to George D. Widener's Pontifex, who caught Walker's, the favorite, in the stretch and went on to win by five lengths. It was the ninth time Mr. Widener has won the Flash, in which his colors have been carried to victory by such runners as Jack High, Jamestown, Eight Thirty, and Jaipur, the sire of Pontifex. Walker's is also by Jaipur. And, by the way, perhaps luck is improving for the horses trained by Ed Neloy; at any rate, the Wheatley Stable's Bright Sun was the easiest of winners in the Schuylerville Stakes, and after Corte Madera, who finished second, was disqualified for rambunctious behavior in the stretch, Stolen Base, Bright Sun's stablemate, was moved into second place.

Obeah brought off a mild surprise last Saturday in the Delaware Handicap, one of the season's better races for fillies and mares at Delaware Park. Getting a good position early, she went round the leaders in the stretch to win by nearly five lengths from Double Ripple, Pattee Canyon, and Watch Fob, who passed the post in a photo finish in the order named. Singing Rain was last. Obeah (the word is another name for voodoo) is a four-year-old bay by Cyane out of Book of Verse. She was bred and is owned by the Christiana Stable of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lunger, who won the race in 1958 and 1959 with Endine. Obeah's form has been moderate; this season, prior to last Saturday, she'd had one first in seven tries.

New York's loss in revenue from racing has been Jersey's gain. Despite the bad weather, attendance and betting at Monmouth rose sharply last week. On Saturday, it was 37,147 and $3,762,992. The gate at Saratoga the same day was 20,767 and the handle was $1,422,110. —Audax Minor

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The crime for which Superior Court Judge Conrad B. Reisch imposed a prison sentence yesterday occurred last November 27 in Menlo Park. Police said Munson broke into a gas station, loaded the safe on a mechanic's "creeper," wheeled the safe to his car and drove away. He parked behind a church and was trying to pray the door off the safe when a policeman drove by.—*San Mateo (Calif.) Times.*

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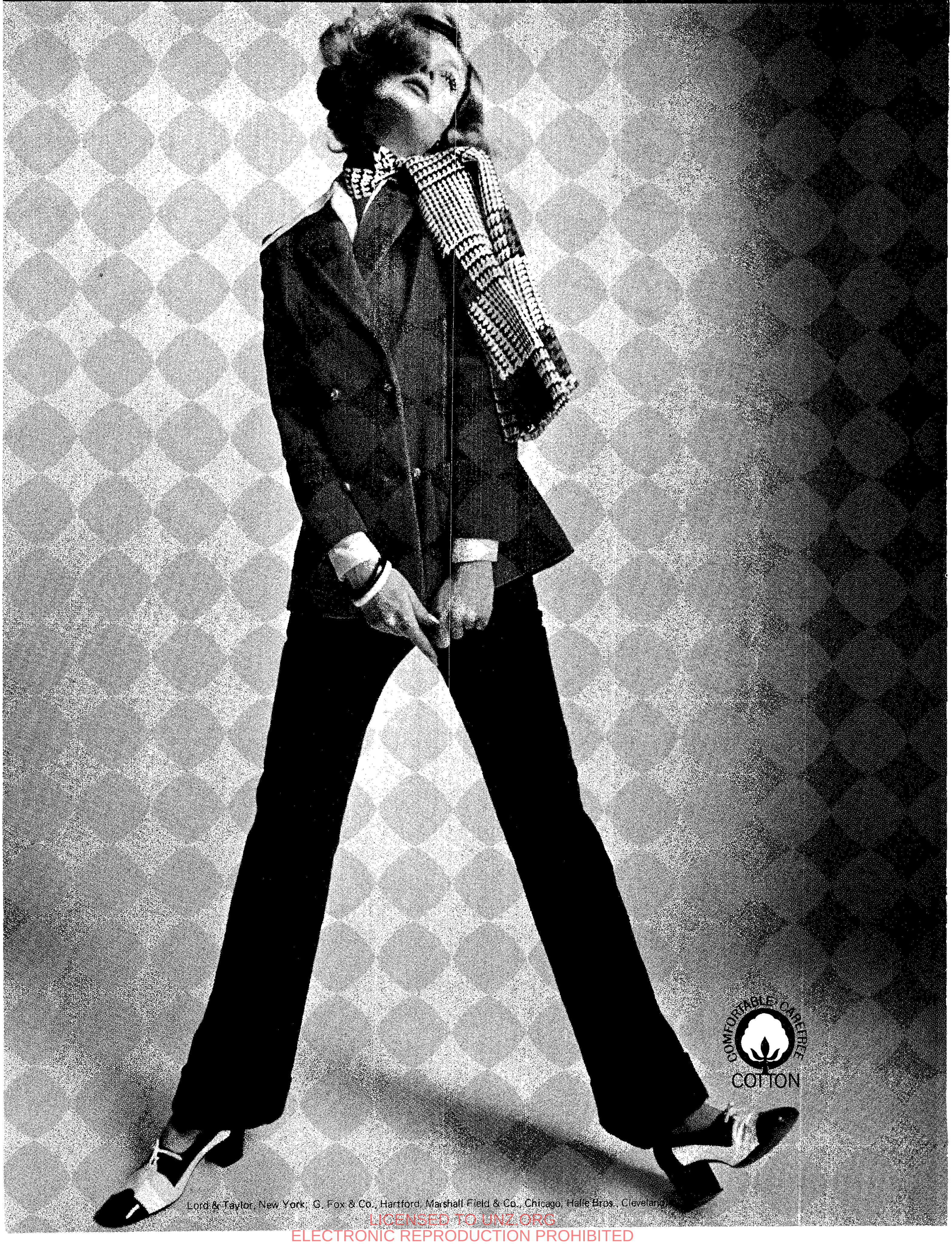

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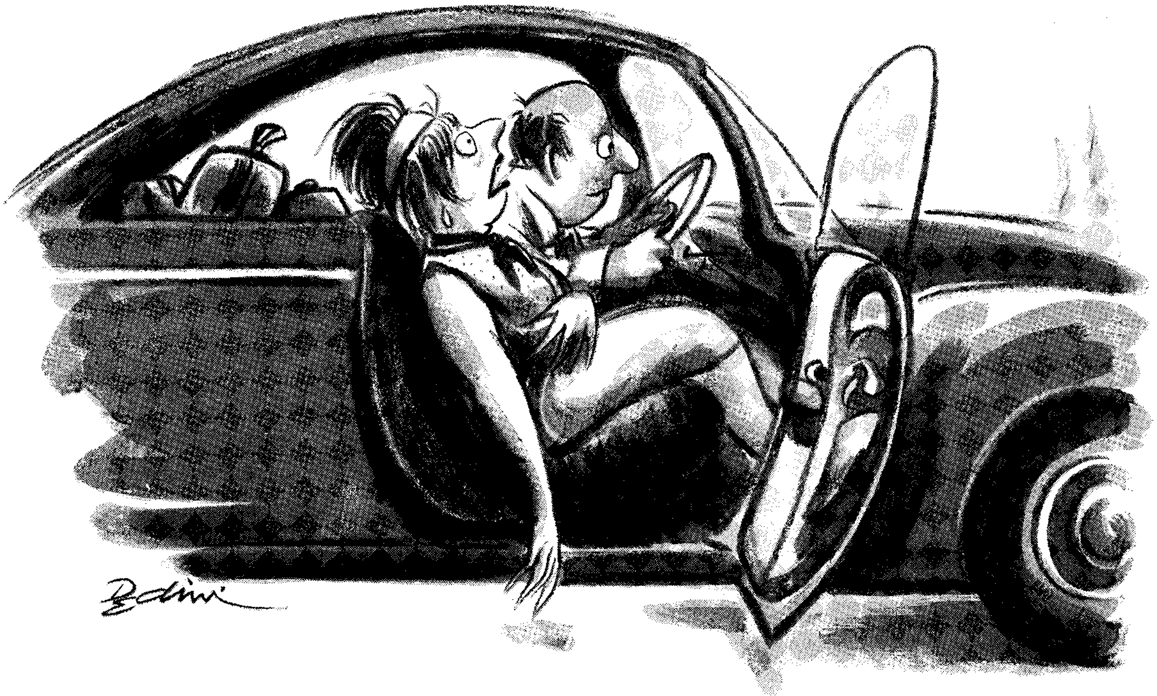
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 1

THIS has been an unsettling period in many ways, but none of its grand or dismaying events goes very far toward explaining the extravagance of certain of the judgments, metaphysical and political, that President Nixon has made as he westered his way along the course of empire from Washington to New Delhi. Conceivably, an irreligious historian of science could regard the successfully accomplished mission of Apollo 11 as having made the week "the greatest in the history of the world since the Creation" (though scientists tend not to think of the mysterious origins of the universe as "creation"), but it was strange talk for a man who values the spiritual counsel of Dr. Billy Graham, and one, furthermore, who was shortly to do business with Christians, Hindus, Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Muslims, and godless dialectical materialists. Still, the recovery of the astronauts was an occasion for Presidential exuberance, and it is a bit easier to understand his pronouncement aboard the Hornet than his later assertion that this nation may have gone through one of its "finest hours" in the war in Vietnam, or his presumably considered opinion that President Thieu is "one of the four or five best political leaders in the world." It all seems most uncharacteristic of the Nixon that friends and observers here know, or think they know. His rhetorical style has been faulted on several counts and praised on others, but—despite the fact that in 1956, as Vice-President, he conducted a campaign that consisted almost entirely of telling his fellow-citizens that "Eisenhower's the greatest, folks, Eisenhower's the greatest"—the overemployment of superlatives has never seemed a conspicuous weakness. Many thought it shocking but not altogether surprising that Lyndon Johnson could once speak of the late Ngo Dinh Diem as "the Churchill of Asia." Particularly in the period before Johnson assumed the Presidency, he was given to rhetorical escalation, just as later, in the White House, he was given to military escalation. But it is doubtful if even he could have found it within him to say that the wretched war in which he increasingly regarded himself as being trapped by malevolent currents of history could be described in the phrase chosen by the Churchill of Europe for the title of a volume whose "theme," as set forth by the Prime Minister, was "How the British people held the fort ALONE till those who hitherto had been half blind were half ready." It has yet to be revealed what President Johnson really thought of President Thieu. It is entirely possible that he didn't think about him much one way or the other but simply regarded him as one more politician—one more victim of fate and ambition—with whom the circumstances of his life compelled him to deal and frequently struggle. It is reasonable to suppose, though, that even if Johnson had an uncommonly high opinion of the President of South Vietnam, he would not have publicly assigned him a rank in the world's hierarchy of leaders that excluded so many others, in his own country and elsewhere, with whom he also had to seek accommodation.

It is also reasonable to suppose that in matters such as these Richard Nixon's mind would follow paths similar to those we can more or less assume to have been Lyndon Johnson's. Their differences of style may be large, but their modes of calculation are necessarily similar, and their predicaments—in Vietnam and in foreign policy generally—are just about identical. It appears to follow, then, either that Nixon has lately become uncommonly, and perhaps quite dangerously, careless in his speech, heedless of the conclusions that will be drawn and the consequences that may ensue from what he says, or that he is as mindful as any other politician who exercises great power that he is being listened to very closely in many parts of the world, and that when he speaks he is careful to choose words that will help bring about the consequences he desires. On the surface, this appears to be a clear either-or proposition; either the man is a loose, irresponsible talker or he is a very sly fox indeed. However, there is one other hypothesis that bears examining and that is under examination here at present. It is that the President—at least as of now—is an unsly fox. That is to say, he knows what he is after when he speaks but often chooses words that land far off target. On the one hand, he knows perfectly well that the war in Vietnam isn't the noblest undertaking in American history (how could it be if American exploration of the moon is the greatest thing to befall all mankind since Genesis?), but, on the other hand, it is part of his strategy in trying to get himself and us out of the mess in Southeast Asia to bolster for at least a while longer the morale of the men under arms there and that of their countrymen here who have any morale left to be bolstered. It was not absolutely necessary for the Commander-in-Chief to visit the theatre of military operations, but he was in the neighbor-



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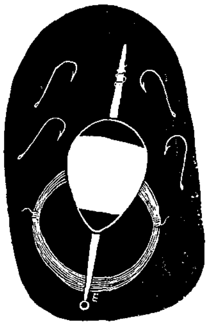
hood anyway, and a failure to make the side trip could and would have been described as having been motivated by cowardice or lack of concern, or both. Once there, he could hardly be expected to say that he had come to inspect the scene of one of the great disasters of American policy; he had to praise the troops for their courage, and if he chose a phrase that outrages the sensibilities even of those who have some sympathy for him in what they conceive to be his larger aims, it may mean little more than that we are saddled with a President notable for choosing phrases that now and then offend our sensibilities. If it means much more than this, we can probably expect a few even finer hours before doomsday. (A perverse logician might argue that the phrase was an apt one, the case being that valor in a lost and hopeless cause is more commendable than valor displayed in a clearly just and promising one. But that is not Nixon's kind of logic.) Similarly, if we are to give our President credit for any kind of intelligence and any capacity for sober second or third judgments, we must assume that he knows how absurd it is to accord President Thieu the eminence of being among the four or five "best" political leaders in the world. Thieu is a military dictator—or, somewhat more precisely, the leader of a military directorate—and as military dictators and politicians go he is no doubt better than some. But if he came anywhere close to being a "political leader" at all, the war would have ended long ago, and he would no more need the good opinion of President Nixon than President Nixon needs the good opinion of the Dame of Sark.



Nixon's characterization of Thieu was made at an informal press conference aboard Air Force One as it approached New Delhi en route from Bangkok. He requested that his comments not be quoted directly, but it is the habit of reporters working under this restriction to use the President's words exactly as spoken, so that while the form is that of indirect discourse, the words are, in fact, quoted directly and only quotation marks are omitted. (Nixon is the first President since Harry Truman to make much use of this technique.) At any rate, he had praise not only for South Vietnam's President but, according to the journalists' accounts, for "South Vietnam's governmental institutions," which he considered "strong;" this led him to believe "that they are going to make it." One purpose of the side trip, he explained, was "to demonstrate solidarity with the government of President Nguyen Van Thieu." Predictably, this kind of talk led to accusations—from here to Hanoi and on to Paris—of hypocrisy and of a determination on the President's part to embolden the Saigon government in its political recalcitrance and its failure to reform itself and broaden its base, and to encourage it in its quest for military victory. His words may, in the short run, have precisely this effect, and they may, again in the short run, make more difficult the work of our negotiating team in Paris (though how their task could become "more" difficult than it already is is very hard to imagine), but most observers here, while they would not deny the charge of hypocrisy, think that Nixon's intention was rather the opposite of what it seemed. If the Administration, it is reasoned, intends to pursue "de-Americanization" and "Vietnamization" of the war, it is clearly in its interests to create the impression that President Thieu and his military and political associates are equal to the task we are so eager to thrust upon them. Scarcely anyone here actually believes that they are up to it, and it is highly doubtful if any adviser to the President has sought to persuade him that a war that cannot be won with our assistance can somehow be won without it. But the fiction is thought to be a necessary one if we are to disengage in an "honorable" fashion. If our government were to admit what everyone here knows to be true—that the Thieu government is not "strong" but feeble, and that, short of a most unlikely collapse in North Vietnam, it cannot carry on a war of any intensity—then it would have to describe disengagement as surrender and betrayal. But if the American public can be led to believe, if only for the year or so it would take it to abandon its concern with the fate of South Vietnam, that we are turning the war over to a strong government led by one of the world's ablest statesmen, then we can—in theory, anyway—withdraw with a minimum of national guilt. Furthermore, heaping undeserved praise on our ally may contribute in certain ways to helping it solve some of its own problems. If President Thieu begins thinking of himself as President Nixon professes to think of him, he may actually become a somewhat more effective leader and may be willing to run some of the risks involved in forming a government with a broader base and in instituting some of the social and political changes that might, with luck and time, make his society a sturdier one.

THERE was a time when many people here would have been gravely offended by the thought of a President's attempting to doubletalk his way out of any tough problem. Now there is far less concern over the morality of what he is assumed to be doing than over the prospects for his carrying it off. It may be too late to implant any kind of fiction in the American mind, at least as far as Vietnam is concerned. But the grossest kind of duplicity would probably be accepted if peace ensued. There is no assurance, though, that any such strategy can work and no certainty that the strategy imputed to Nixon is actually his. Moreover, it may in the end turn out that we and others will pay a stiff price for some of the other things he has said in the last few days. For example, almost every time he has assured our Asian clients that we still intend to honor all our past and present pledges to them, he has committed us to render assistance in the event they are threatened by "internal" as well as "external" attack. At the same time, to be sure, he was warning them that they would be well advised not to expect assistance of the particular kind we have given the government of South Vietnam. In other words, we will dip into our treasury and into our arsenals, and may perhaps ship out some manpower to help train indigenous forces and provide them with air cover, but we will not again provide American troops for combat on the ground. This has been Nixon doctrine for some time now; he wrote in *Foreign Affairs* in October, 1967, "One of the legacies of Vietnam almost certainly will be a deep reluctance on the part of the United States to become involved once again in a similar intervention on a similar basis. . . . If another friendly country should be faced with externally supported Communist insurrection—whether in Asia or in Africa or even Latin America—there is serious question whether the American public or the American Congress would now support a unilateral American intervention, even at the request of the host government." These were strong words, carrying with them the clear implication that we had become so fed up with this sort of thing that we very well might *not* live up to the agree-

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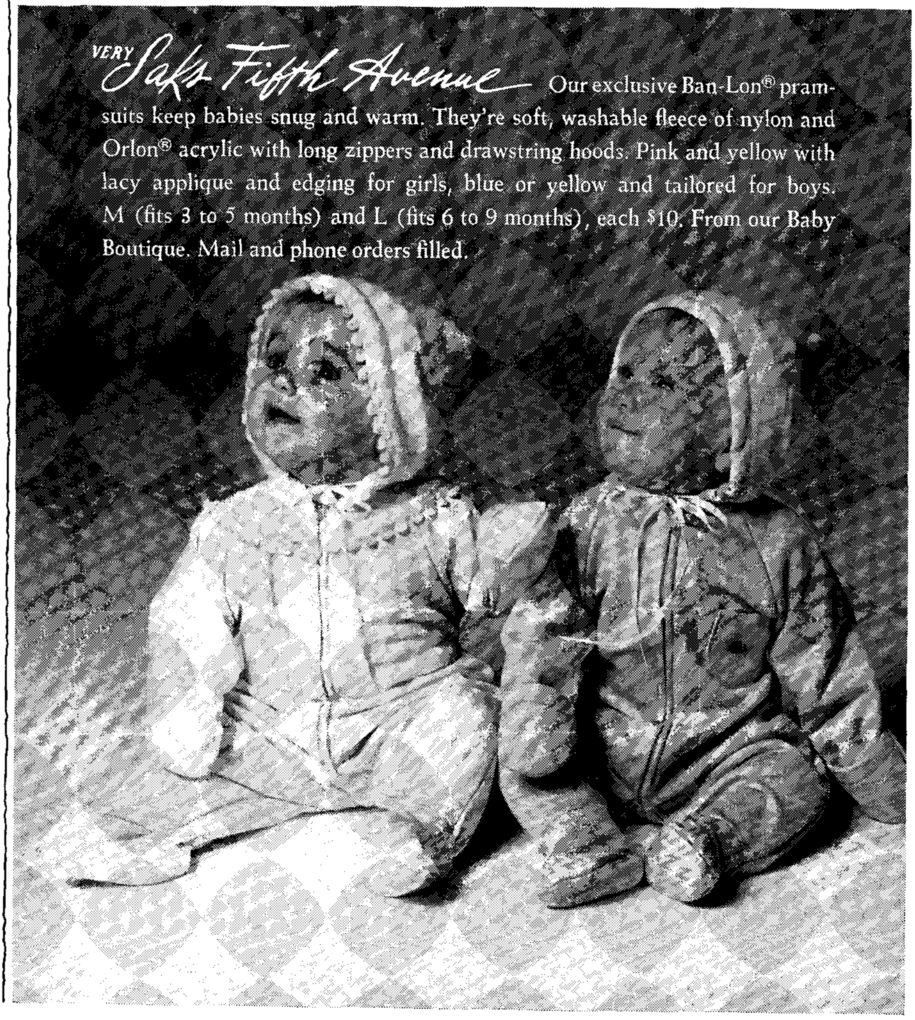

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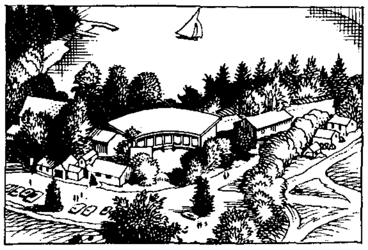

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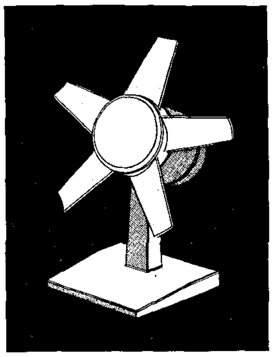

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ments to which the President last week recommitted us. But if this was Nixon doctrine two years ago, much of what he said in Southeast Asia this past week—that is, the commitment to assistance short of large-scale engagement of American forces—was once Eisenhower doctrine, Kennedy doctrine, Johnson doctrine. It was even Truman doctrine in Korea in 1950; the government entered that war persuaded, if only for a day, that the job could be done without American ground forces. Experience compels a certain skepticism about the possibilities of avoiding escalation. But the experience of intervention suggests that its consequences can be disastrous to the power that undertakes it. Thus, what we appear to be left with, according to Nixon policy as stated in recent days, is a commitment to a form of assistance that hasn't been known to work since the days of guerrilla warfare in Greece more than twenty years ago (and might not have worked then if our side hadn't received some unexpected coöperation from Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia), coupled with a pledge to help resist not only aggression but also "internal subversion." This is something new, or almost new. As it happens, that long-ago war in Greece where the strategy did "work" (although, considering the state of affairs in Greece today, one can have some doubts even about that) was essentially a civil war, a case of "internal subversion," but this fact neither deterred nor embarrassed us. Since then, however, it has been official policy to intervene *only* in conflicts that can be described as involving "invasion" as a means of changing boundaries or governments. Clearly, the policy has several times been honored in the breach or supported with half truths and self-deceptions and lies, but it has restrained us to a certain degree—we did not go into Cuba to save the Batista dictatorship, and John F. Kennedy would not commit American troops to overthrow the Castro dictatorship—and our policymakers have frequently assured us that the thing furthest from their minds is interference in the internal affairs of sovereign states. More than scruple alone has brought forth these assurances; as signatories to the United Nations Charter, as members of the Organization of American States, and as partners in several other arrangements, we are solemnly pledged not to interfere. Even when we sent the Marines into the Dominican Republic, we had to tell ourselves and the world that the primary threat was external. To cover a most awkward situation, that highly scrupulous and sophisticated diplomat W. Averell Harriman coined the phrase "internal aggression."

AUCTION
SUSAN

Now, from Guam to Lahore, the President has given the appearance of restoring as defensible and legitimate policy the use of American force—in the form of firepower and limited manpower—to quell domestic rebellions and support governments besieged by their own people. He may mean it—it is becoming tiresomely de rigueur to suggest this possibility just about every time the President speaks. But one can scarcely entertain this possibility without wondering how on earth he *could* mean it. How could a man seeking everyone's help in extricating us from one civil war—a man who seems to have a perfectly clear understanding that this country will fall apart if it does not sharply curtail its military commitments and its military spending—be really earnest in proposing a policy impossible to carry out and, if attempted, disastrous to our reputation and certain to multiply the perils of an already perilous foreign policy? The only halfway plausible explanation is that it was something he felt compelled to pledge to certain of his Asian hosts to make somewhat more palatable the bad news he brought about reduced military commitments. Most of the governments we are allied with outside Western Europe are far more seriously menaced by their own citizens or subjects than by neighboring states. To be told that they will have to defend themselves against aggression may produce some discomfort, but to be told that they can count on us for nothing if they are threatened from within their own borders will produce acute discomfort. And so, this line of reasoning would have it, the President had to give something with the left hand while taking away with the right. It is possible to hope that it is all just another shell game. One gets a powerful whiff of flimflammery from his attempt to explain himself at his news conference on Guam. In the "unofficial" transcript, which historians will soon be referring to as the "official" transcript, the following exchange is reported: "The President was asked [evidently by someone trying to get him off a very sharp hook] whether, when speaking of internal threats, he included threats internally assisted by a country from the outside, such as we have in Vietnam. The President replied that, generally speaking, it was the kind of internal threat that we do have in the Asian countries. For example, in Thailand the threat was one that was indigenous to a certain extent to the northeast and the north, but that would not be too serious if it were not getting the assistance that it was from the outside. The same was true in several of the other Asian countries, he said." These seem to be the words of a man wriggling and eager to be helped off the hook. Still and all, he has committed us, at least in words, to pursuing once more a policy that we have formally renounced in treaties and that, if applied again, could embroil us in wars for the rest of our history—which might, in that event, come to an abrupt end.

IT has often been observed that there is an unwritten statute of limitations in American politics and that it generally seems to run for about four years, or the length of a Presidential term. Richard Nixon has been a beneficiary of it several times over, and so have many other men who have reached, or nearly reached, the White House. It may well be that it will eventually work in favor of Senator Edward Kennedy, and it will be the country's misfortune if it fails to, at least in some degree. But his case—from this vantage point in time, anyway—seems to be very nearly unique. The kind of forgiveness and forgetfulness on which the statute appears to rest has never been tested in cases that have involved the death of a human being. This may be most unjust. Character assassination may be as terrible as any other kind, and surely is more reprehensible, in strictly moral terms, than reckless driving. But there are patterns of behavior that can be repudiated or discontinued or somehow atoned for, and there are questionable forms of political behavior that can be more or less adequately explained. Richard Nixon's "Checkers speech" of seventeen years ago was nothing to be cherished in memory, but it was a more or less adequate explanation of how his so-called "private fund" had come into being and for what purposes it had been used. It left few, if any, important

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questions unanswered. In Senator Kennedy's case, there has been a loss that is totally and eternally irrecoverable, and the explanations have been inadequate. He has said that he will discuss the matter no further, and while this is an understandable decision and one that he, as a private and suffering man, has every right to make, it will probably, if he keeps to it, come to be regarded as his statement of resignation from public life. For a public man, rightly or wrongly, cannot stand mute. He must speak to the people and make some kind of response to their questions, however painful or impertinent or irrelevant he may consider them. He must Face the Nation and Meet the Press, and if he finds this too anguishing to do, his days as a leader are nearly at an end, no matter what office he may continue to hold. It would seem, as of now, that this most promising of senators will find it increasingly difficult to exercise the kind of leadership he has in recent months been exercising, and the kind his country needs so much.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

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I wait for you
In the decayed city
A silverfish in the crazed plaster

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For you
Snipped lily
Sediment of a lost vintage
Suburbanite from so far out
The ruins at the center
Seem to glitter like a gem in sunlight

When you arrive here
I will make a fine noise
Appearing

You will think it is the city
Whispering *Belovéd*

And by the friction of my quick trip
Across the down of your arm

You will know where you are

—Dabney Stuart

•

While at the University of Illinois, she was encouraged to write. One paper was returned to her in freshman composition. Across the top were scrawled the words, "Your's is the writer's pen." That was great enough impetus to turn "Casey" toward journalism.—*Editor & Publisher.*

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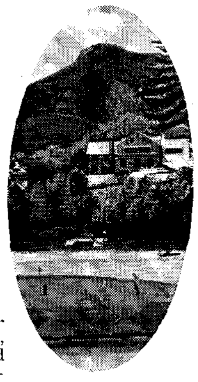

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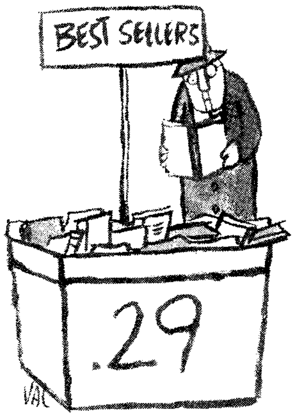
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Elise or the Real Life, by Claire Etcherelli, translated from the French by June P. Wilson and Walter Benn Michaels (Morrow). In 1957, during the Algerian war, Elise Letellier leaves Bordeaux to join her brother Lucien on the assembly line of the Citroën factory in Paris. They hope to begin "the real life" and find freedom to change the lives of their fellow-poor. But poverty proves a harder master here, where it unites with physical exhaustion and humiliation. The workers are hostile and hopelessly divided by self-interest and racism. The idealistic Lucien is persecuted as an agitator by the trade unions and exiled to the paint shop, where he contracts tuberculosis. Elise conducts a pathetic, furtive affair with an Algerian worker before he disappears in a brutal police raid. The novel, which is undisguisedly autobiographical, ends in a despairing lament for these piteous hopes of cheating fate. It is a clumsy, desperate document. Winner of the Prix Fémina.



GENERAL

Terror and Resistance: A Study of Political Violence, by Eugene Victor Walter (Oxford). An exceptionally fascinating study, original in concept and provocative (as well as depressing) in its conclusions. The author thinks that the use of terror by a government or by a ruler should not be considered—as it has been in Western political theory from the Greeks on down—proof of social failure or mental illness. He believes that terror is the price some societies accept to hold themselves together. Mr. Walter has chosen his examples from various African societies—some tribal, some organized as kingdoms, and a few unitary despotisms, like the nineteenth-century Zulu state. Using Africa strengthens the force of his argument, for against comparatively unfamiliar backgrounds we find behavior that is startlingly familiar: the Zulu subjects of Shaka resemble the Russian subjects of Stalin—terrified, obedient, and puzzlingly proud of their murderous overlord.

The Hills of Adonis, by Colin Thubron (Little, Brown). Mr. Thubron, an English enthusiast, visited Lebanon in the spring of 1967 and walked its rugged length and breadth in search of surviving evidence of the ancient springtime, resurrectionist cult of Aphrodite and Adonis. He found something of what he wanted in a hundred ruined tombs and temples, but he also found much else: "There cannot be a knoll which is free from the past, and there are heights and valleys which have guided men and armies the selfsame way, as birds are ushered south in winter, one after another into oblivion. . . . Perhaps nowhere on earth are so many generations fused." He is, moreover, for all his absorption in the distant past, a traveller as well as a pilgrim, and he has a splendid eye for the sights along the way: "Cream-colored sheep-hounds reared savagely from vantage-points in the rocks, and I saw a fortress-village, the hashish crop young in its fields, and men with guns walking on the crags." This is a delightful book. Photographs by the author, and a double-page map.

Iran: The New Imperialism in Action, by Bahman Nirumand, translated from the German by Leonard Mins (Monthly Review Press). The author is a young Iranian professor of philosophy (now living in West Berlin) who has singled out his native country, among the many nations of the world that receive "development aid" from the big powers, as a demonstration of his thesis that foreign aid is a fraud. The book, which is confined pretty much to argument and proof, and is only indirectly polemical, maintains that the international oil consortium clears a profit of a quarter of a billion dollars a year on Iranian oil, while the big nations, including the United States, contribute only a small fraction of that sum to the Iranians to help them develop their country

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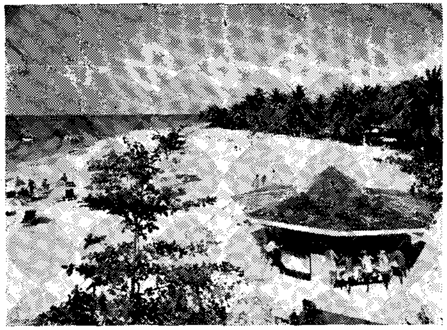

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economically. The country, then, is being robbed in the name of foreign aid. As part of his survey of the new imperialism, the author examines briefly another unsettling phenomenon in the underdeveloped lands—the sense of self-alienation that has seized people of ancient cultures who have been brutalized into believing that technological progress is synonymous with cultural superiority. This sickness, says Mr. Nirumand, which results in the cultural disinheriting of whole peoples, can have grave consequences and, unlike the economic ills, has little hope of being cured.

DEAREST MAMA: LETTERS BETWEEN QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA, 1861-64, edited by Roger Fulford (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The second volume of a newly published correspondence. The Queen and her oldest child have just lost their husband and father, Prince Albert. Though the years that follow are punctuated by joyous personal events (the marriage of the Prince of Wales) and momentous public ones (the Prusso-Danish War, which, because the Princess of Wales was Danish, divided Victoria's children), the Queen misses no chance to insist aggressively on her grief. The Crown Princess and her husband, although delighted by the war, suffer from their impotence during Prussia's constitutional crises; their dislike and distrust of Bismarck carry no political weight. At times, mother and daughter vie in complaining. Yet despite their troubles, both women are spunky, sparky, opinionated, and outspoken. They discuss every imaginable subject—a delinquent governess, a tactless ambassador, which German prince deserves the Greek throne, theology, obstetrics, Garibaldi, "Max and Charlotte" and "this wretched Mexico"—with energetic self-assurance. Neither woman appears fully to recognize her own vigor and certitude, but the reader realizes that they are queens: women who don't think—let alone say—"maybe."

•

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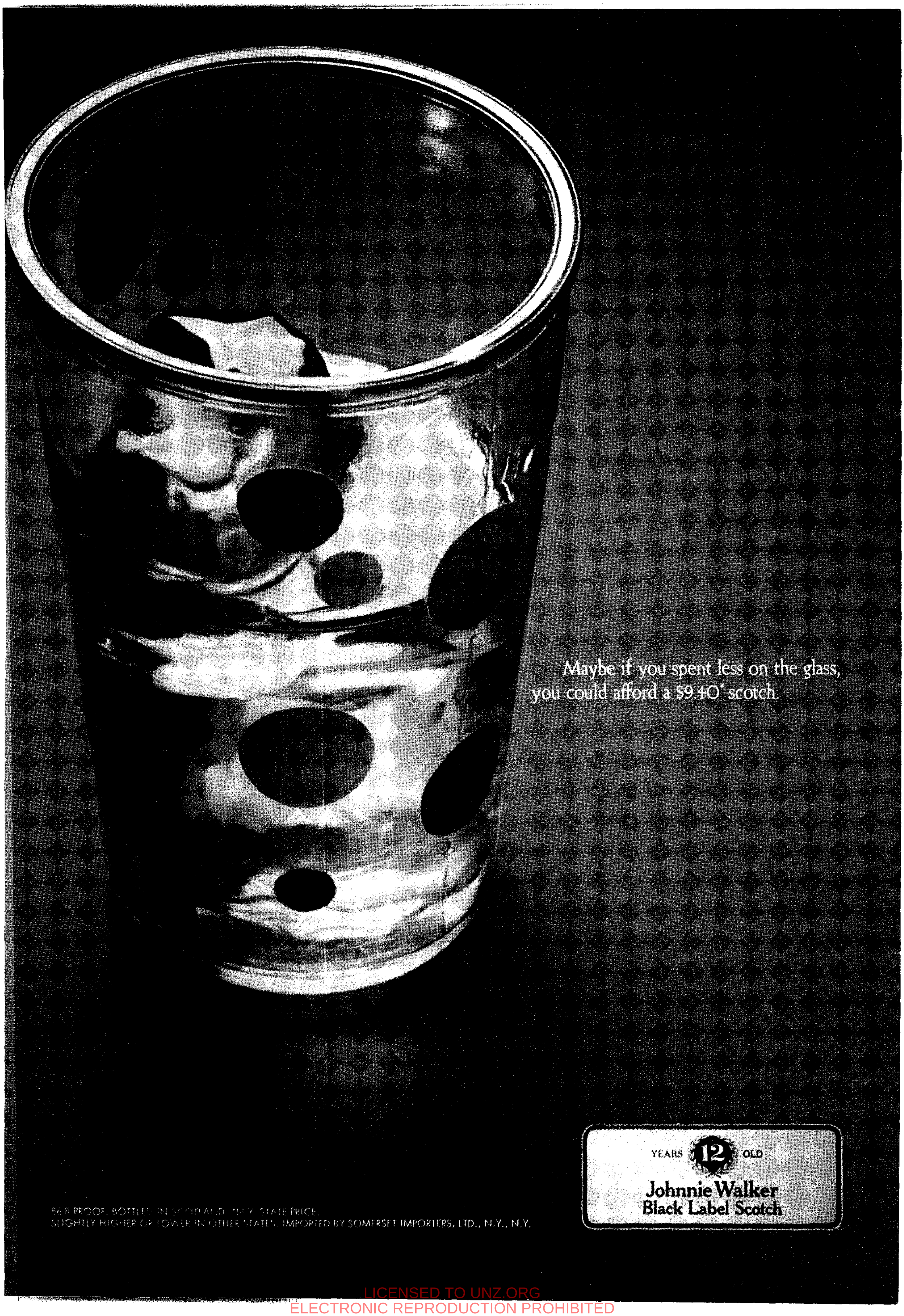

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